

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



FEBRUARY
1 9 3 2



Margaret S. McWilliams — Ellis Parker Butler — Elizabeth Jordan
Hapsburg Liebe — Albert Payson Terhune — Laura G. Salverson

"I learned from a beauty expert how to hold my husband

—and why so many women fail"



You must keep skin young, lovely, say experts, who advise daily use of Palmolive Soap—the one world-known soap made exclusively of vegetable oils . . . the only soap advised by more than 20,000 beauty experts.

"I'M convinced we wives grow careless—that husbands watch our complexions much more than we think. I realized it—not a moment too soon—and it was my beauty expert who warned me: 'Keep your complexion young—that look of youth is what men seek.'"

* * *

'Don't neglect your complexion. Don't use your face as a testing ground for soaps. How can you expect to retain beauty that way?

"Let me tell you the cleansing method I consider best. A thorough washing with the rich, deep suds of Palmolive Soap. Then a refreshing rinse with warm water, followed by cold.

"Cream? Yes, if your skin needs it, before applying powder. But Palmolive Soap. That's the important thing. I can't tell you the cases I've seen where harsh, strong, irritating soaps have dried once-lovely skin.

"Olive and palm oils are safe. I know of no two cosmetic oils that are better for the skin. Many of my own preparations are made of these same beauty oils. More than 20,000 of my colleagues believe in them, believe in and advise Palmolive Soap. You just try the method I have outlined. Watch the change it makes in you; the new light of admiration it brings to your husband's eyes."

L. Desfossé
Paris



"Your complexion decides your beauty possibilities", says the celebrated beauty specialist, Desfossé, of Paris. "I have seen the results, only too often, when women have experimented with the wrong soap. Use a soap you are sure of. A soap made of vegetable oils—a soap that CANNOT hurt your skin—Palmolive."

Some 20,000 experts say substantially the same thing. One and all of them advise Palmolive—the only soap ever endorsed by such a large professional group.



Made in
Canada

Retail
Price 10c

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Announcing **ROCKNE SIX**

**A car new in name, in performance
and in value**

THIS great new car, the last word in money's worth, appropriately swings upon the scene at a time when value means more than ever before to most of us.

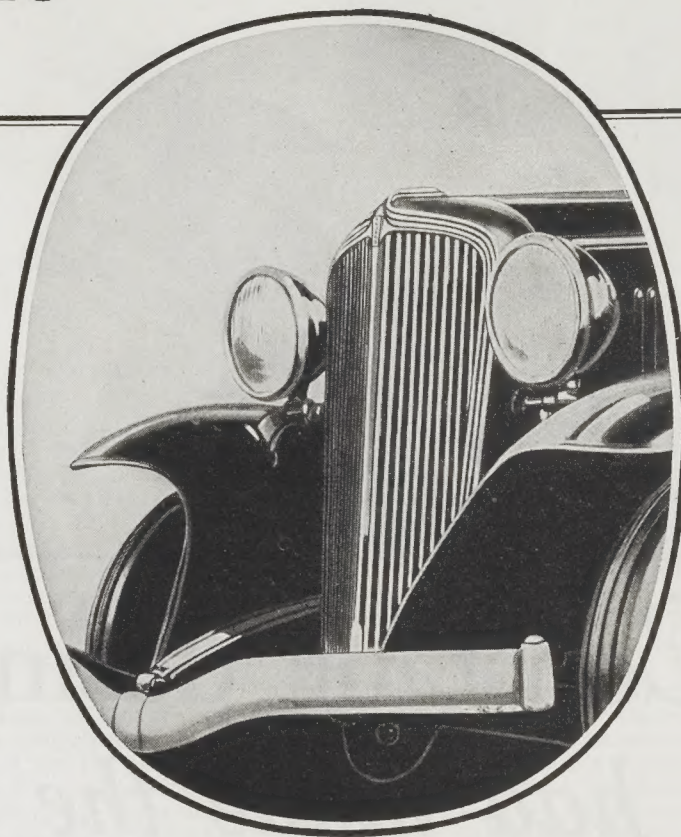
It is a low-priced Six of exceptional size, stamina and power—a product of the Studebaker organization.

It is built in Canada to uncompromising Studebaker standards of quality—and bears the same reliable warranty of satisfaction that has distinguished Studebaker vehicles for 79 years.

No car in the low-priced field offers so many advancements as standard equipment. Free Wheeling plus Full Synchronized Shift—Switch Key Starting—4-Point Cushioned Power—are among the many developments the Rockne Six provides at no extra cost to the purchaser.

The bodies are of vigorous sweeping design—reflecting alike the aerodynamic influence of the day and the brilliant sparkle and speed of the powerful Rockne Six power plant.

Shipments of the Rockne Six will soon be made to dealers throughout the Dominion—and the cars in all their smart style will then be ready for your inspection. Watch for local announcements.



F E A T U R E S

The Rockne Six has everything a great car should have . . . a magnificent six-cylinder power plant . . . the finest type of Free Wheeling in all forward speeds . . . a full Synchronized Shift . . . Switch Key Starting . . . 4-Point Cushioned Power . . . glass-smooth, electro-plated pistons . . . quadruply counterweighted crankshafts . . . easy-pressure, solid-gripping brakes . . . finger-tip steering . . . silent carburetion . . . self-adjusting spring shackles . . . hydraulic shock absorbers.

Built and sold by

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LTD.

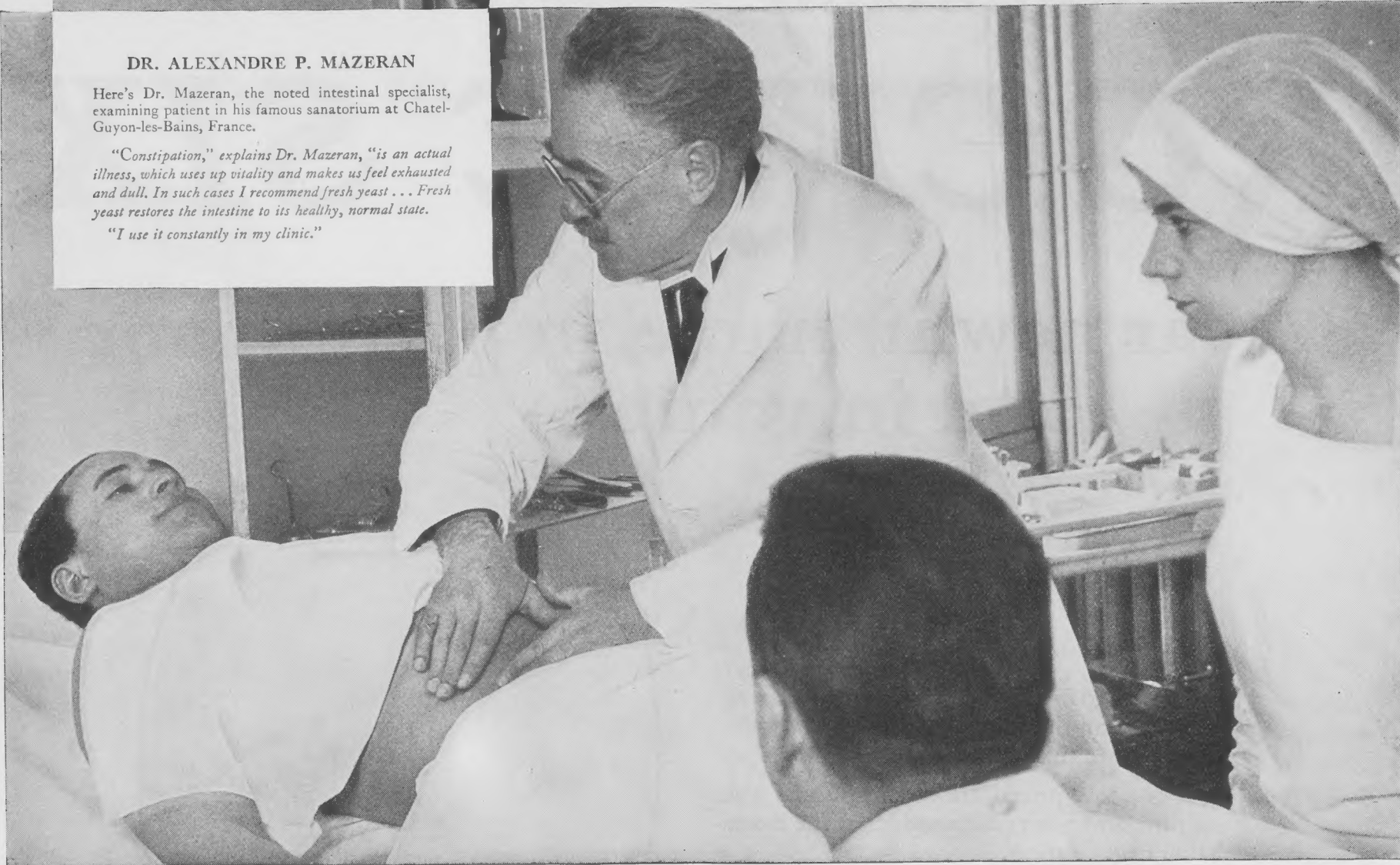
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

DR. ALEXANDRE P. MAZERAN

Here's Dr. Mazeran, the noted intestinal specialist, examining patient in his famous sanatorium at Chatel-Guyon-les-Bains, France.

"Constipation," explains Dr. Mazeran, "is an actual illness, which uses up vitality and makes us feel exhausted and dull. In such cases I recommend fresh yeast . . . Fresh yeast restores the intestine to its healthy, normal state."

"I use it constantly in my clinic."



"Constant 'dosing' with Laxatives had made the condition worse"

says the head of this noted clinic

A SERIOUS case of constipation. A resulting disagreeable breaking out of the skin.

Here's how the celebrated French physician, Dr. Mazeran, describes his experience in treating this extremely typical case.

"In an effort to correct these troubles," he states, "the patient had resorted to laxative pills, various cathartics and enemas. Instead of clearing up the condition . . . the skin eruptions grew steadily worse."

"I advised fresh yeast . . . In a little over a week the intestinal and digestive condition was tremendously improved. Soon, the skin trouble cleared up completely."

And he adds, "The ability of fresh yeast to correct . . . intestinal inactivity is extraordinary."

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast attacks and softens the waste masses that clog your system when intestines

grow weak. At the same time it actually "tones up" the muscles that help clear these residues away.

Thus regular daily eliminations are gently induced. Food wastes no longer remain to stagnate in your body. And as the poisons are swept away, appetite revives. Your skin clears, your digestion improves. A natural reserve of health and vitality is yours!

Decide now to try Fleischmann's Yeast—for at least 60 days! And write for booklet. Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

The Noted Intestinal Specialist, PROF. DR. BENCE, of Budapest, states: "For people lacking in vitality I recommend fresh yeast. Its effect . . . is astonishing."



Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend. At grocers, restaurants, drug stores, soda fountains. Rich in vitamins B, G and D.

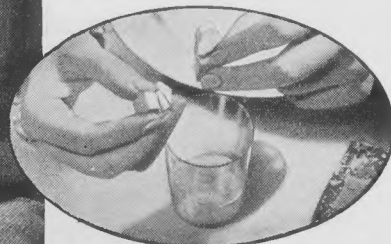
Important



"I soon felt ever so much better!"

"I felt completely tired and run-down," writes Miss Olivette Drouin, of Quebec (at left). "I had pimples on my face, and they worried me a great deal."

"I read that doctors were recommending yeast for poor skin and run-down systems. So I began to eat it regularly every day. Soon the pimples were all gone and I felt ever so much better again."



EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (a third of a glass).

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods



VOLUME XXXIII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 2

Labor and Wages

THIS magazine has never failed to denounce the selfish spirit manifested by some of those who control national trade and finance; nor has it failed to plead for justice to the working man, recognizing that the laborer is worthy of his hire. Yet it cannot sympathize with a theory now being pressed by some of the labor leaders, that in a time of depression the wage scale should be upheld, their argument being that lower wages would mean smaller purchases and eventually more unemployment.

It is only fair if a rule is to be made that it should apply all round. There is one great class, a laboring class at that, but never formally connected with labor unions, that can never hope to retain its income during depression. When the price of wheat drops from a dollar and twenty cents to sixty cents a bushel, how is it possible for farmers to retain their ordinary income? Many of them have only one-half or one-fourth of what they received two years ago. Some have even less than this. Would it be unfair for labor, as representing those who work in factories and shops and in industrial concerns generally, to reason something like this? "Two years ago a laboring man earned the equivalent of a thousand bushels of wheat. He should today be satisfied with the equivalent of a thousand bushels of wheat at prevailing price."

This is but another way of saying that it is a poor business to calculate income by measuring it in dollars, since the dollar has a sliding value. Apart from the reference to wheat it will be recognized that in the home markets a dollar today will buy as much as a dollar and twenty cents two years ago.

Fundamentally, wages and tariff are subject to the same law. It doesn't matter whether countries have a high tariff, a low tariff or no tariff at all, provided all have the same trade opportunities. So it matters not whether salaries are high or low provided all salaries, interest rates, dividends, all incomes in short, are high or low in the same proportion. The men to think about in fixing standards are those who are dependent upon world conditions. They are bound in a time of depression to have a lower income than usual. Why should not all who depend upon them feel the pinch at the same time?

The trouble with labor leaders is that from habit they are always comparing themselves with the capitalists. Why, for a change, should they not compare their lot with that of the farmers, the fishermen, the coal-miners, the office-workers and others whose incomes necessarily are cut in two? Or is labor here envious rather than shot through with a desire that all citizens shall prosper together, suffer together, as brothers in a great commonwealth?

When Fruit Turns to Ashes

AWAY back in 1914 there began a war for possession of wealth, power, territory, trade and all that seemingly makes for freedom and glory. Since the close of the war, by treaties and by independent action of nations, redistribution of wealth and power has been effected. For example, the gold supply has been transferred to the two nations that had most done for them during the conflict; tariff walls have been erected by these in the hope that this wealth might be conserved; great armaments have been built to protect property and trade and to resist possible invasion. Yet those who have seemingly gained most by the redistribution do not seem to find the satisfaction they hoped for. They appear to be caught in a net of their own making, and cannot find a way of escape. Experience alone will teach such truths as these: "Hoarded wealth is no wealth at all. A tariff of exclusion in the long run hurts chiefly the country that imposes it. A nation that lends must, for its own sake if for no other reason, help the nations to which it lends. Reparations and debts cannot be paid in gold by nations that have no gold to give, and they cannot be paid in commodities that will not be received, hence they probably cannot be paid at all. Armaments

do not ensure safety, but they do ensure poverty. In this new age no nation can be self-contained, for the world is a great neighborhood."

It is to discuss such truths as this that two great conferences will meet in Europe during this month. Lovers of peace and justice will hope that into the lovely Garden of Geneva there will not creep those two little whispering serpents known as national dignity and worldly pride. On the eve of that meeting we might do worse than ponder the words of H. G. Wells, the apostle of World Peace:

"Given that wave of sanity, what a world we might achieve! For most of our lives we should be released from toil. All the necessities of the human population—food, abundant transport, clean, fresh, and beautiful housing and furniture, adequate health services, education, social security—could be supplied now under modern conditions by something between twelve and twenty years of not too arduous work on the part of everyone. These are not the assertions of an 'imaginative writer'; they are possibilities proved up to the hilt by economists and by the scientific examination of these matters. There is no need why any human being now should be underclad or illclad, badly housed or sickly. The whole world could be run as one concern and yield a universal wellbeing."

The Menace of Wealth

IN ADDITION to international problems there are problems within the nations themselves. These, in the main, originate in the uncontrollable desire for possession, the objectives being wealth, power, preferment, luxury, leadership. Just now personal possession or possession by corporations, trusts and combines, has reached such a point, that comparatively little of anything but honor remains for the great mass of well-meaning people. The world in its long history has witnessed a struggle for personal, political and religious freedom, but most people in most lands today are yet in servitude in the fields of finance, industry, and trade.

The most serious circumstance is that when the nations meet to adjust their difficulties, the voices that will speak most loudly, if not the most effectively, are those men within the nations who have been most successful in acquiring possession of wealth. The great financiers, who are working hand in glove with the great industrialists and the kings of commerce, and who have the ear of governments because they hold the purse strings—these will, if they can, determine the policies that will be adopted at Lausanne and Geneva. That the prevailing theory of exchange, trade and profit is hopelessly unsound, will mean to them but little. What they have they will endeavor to hold. To quote from *Time and Tide* a sentence that was used in another connection: "They have been told so often that their prosperity is due to their peculiar energy and genius and industry, and not at all to special world conditions, that they cannot get it into their heads that they have been contemplating a mirage." Or in the words of one of the greatest and most generous financiers and philanthropists of all—Julius Rosenwald—"Rich men are not smart because they got rich; they are not better nor worse than other humans; their success is ninety-five per cent luck and five per cent ability."

Canada and Disarmament

NOW, when it comes to a discussion of armaments, of two things we may be assured. Some nations will oppose reduction on the ground that they must have security, and others will favor reduction on humanitarian grounds or because of ruinous cost. Secondly, in every nation represented at the Conference there will be some who for various reasons will urge further expenditure, and there are others who having experienced and witnessed the horrors of war will plead not merely for a reduction of armaments, but for a complete reversal of present policy.

Canada's opinion on a matter of this kind may be of little moment, but for her own sake she should have an opinion. After what she suffered during

the Great War, no one will dare to say that her opinion will be based on cowardice. There may be some who for private advantage—commercial, social or military—might wish another conflict, might wish the production of armaments to be increased; but men and women at large, in town, village and country, native-born as well as foreign-born, will be a unit in opposing any suggestion that the nation or the Empire of which it is a part should again engage in warfare. It is not a twenty-five per cent reduction that Canadians seek, but such a complete cancellation that nothing is left but a force sufficient to police the routes of trade and to preserve order within the boundaries of the various states.

If all the money now spent by nations in preparing for war were spent in erecting factories in which the unemployed could assist in providing the necessities of life, so that no one should be in want, there would be enough left to support schools, hospitals, homes for the aged and infirm, to build roads, to convert hovels into beautiful homes, to bring comfort within the reach of all.

If at Geneva the voice of womankind, of children, of common people with lowly ambitions, could be heard, the sun of March would rise upon a transfigured world. Has mankind not had enough of war?

Canada and War Debts

CANADA, in comparison with the Motherland, has little at stake. Nevertheless she longs intensely for a speedy and satisfactory solution of the problem. She recognizes that as Germany can no longer pay England, that England can no longer pay America, and that in any case as English gold is no longer available payment must be made in goods. These, however, are shut out by a prohibitive tariff. Therefore the only course for the British Government to take is to default payment until some readjustment is made. Provision is made for this in the Young Plan. A pendant to Article VI states that the British Government, upon not less than ninety days' notice, may postpone payment of principal on a time schedule roughly corresponding to the time schedule governing the postponement of German reparations. It is hardly conceivable that one "escape" will be invoked without the other.

All eyes are looking to Lausanne. As Canadians see it there must be either the rejection of extreme nationalism or general collapse.

Should anyone consider this an extreme view he might be interested to read the opinion of a journal which standing outside of politics is in position to make a non-partizan statement:

"France feels fairly self-contained, and safe. She is neither, but she feels that way. Britain and America, on the contrary, are alarmed. The most intelligent elements of both nations take, in a general way, the view of General Smuts, an astute, realistic and farseeing man. 'If Germany defaults, Great Britain is bound sooner or later to follow . . . If we don't do this (face facts) we may have social upheavals in which much more than reparations and international debts may go by the board.' If Britain defaults, not only her external debts, but the whole vast weight of her internal debts, will be involved. And if Britain goes, no other state will long survive. The entire edifice of world capitalism will come tumbling down. If Germany defaults, and Britain is forced to follow suit in due course, there is not a bank in the United States which will be immune from a panic run. This collapse of the capitalistic structure in Germany would carry down other European countries, jeopardize the bulk of America's \$3,750,000,000 of investments in Europe, and wipe out any hope the United States still cherishes of collecting anything more on account of inter-Allied debts to her amounting to a capital sum of \$5,600,000,000. Foreigners own real estate to the tune of 1.5 billion marks in Germany. They will lose the lot, unless their respective Governments care to send in armed forces to assert ownership. The Reichsbank figures the total of foreign investments in Germany at \$6,660,000,000. All that will go in the grand collapse of the private capitalistic structure."

Adventuring in China

By MARGARET MCWILLIAMS

"**L**IFE in China is one long adventure—an adventure for the foreigner but no less an adventure for the Chinese." So said one of the most influential and distinguished foreigners in China at a critical moment in the Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, held recently in Shanghai. The more one learns of China, the more these words have weight. It is, however, not only life in China which is one long adventure; a trip to China has precisely that same feeling. The adventure may never come off—in any adverse sense at least—but it is always there just ahead of the traveler, alarming the timid, but luring on those to whom adventure is one of the satisfactions of life.

It begins, this sense of adventure, on shipboard. In the first place one sails into the sunset to travel to the east. Then, shortly one comes upon the affair of the lost day. Thereafter in newspapers there is a continual sense of something outside the usual course of things since all despatches from Europe or America are dated two days before instead of one as with us. The ship's rumours, too, add to the mysterious. Whence they come none can say, but crossing in late September they were most definite. Disorder, dirt, disease, and a general breakdown of services made travel in China a threat to life itself which any wise woman would avoid.

It may, therefore, be easily imagined with what a sense of relief, and even of triumph, we found ourselves on a small boat sailing out of Kobe, one of the great ports of Japan, bound for Peking, the altogether desirable and alluring city. Better still, we were sailing in the certain knowledge that trains were running regularly between Peking and Shanghai, and that real people with whom we had talked had recently made the journey and had thought it no adventure at all.

OUR first view of China was at the mouth of the Pei River. The land on either side is so low-lying that we were almost upon it before it could be seen. Then it appeared as a rather faded, golden-yellow land with almost no trees. On either side of that river were features of the Chinese landscape which our weeks in China were to make familiar. On the one side, a closely-built village of yellow mud rectangular huts, or tiny houses, with narrow, irregular streets and far too many people for its size. Moored in front of this village are some of the junks—scarcely as large as a small York boat—on which millions of the Chinese are born, live, and die. And across the river, graves, and graves, and graves, as there are in all the parts of China through which we traveled. One must not think of these in terms of cemeteries. There are no regular rows. There are not even definite areas set aside for graves. There is just a continuing, irregular series of family groups, or single graves, all of them in mounds one, two, three, sometimes as much as five, feet high covering the wooden coffins which have been placed just as the necromancers said would be the happiest position for the deceased.

A train journey of a few hours, and we were driving through the streets of Peking, lying quiet and orderly under a midnight sky ablaze with stars as is sometimes

the midnight sky of the prairies of Canada. Something of its mysterious beauty was revealed to us as the lovely curves of its tiled roofs outlined themselves in the soft light.

Up again at sunrise to find a world full of clear strong light and gorgeous color, and the air resounding with the cries of the vendors who throng the streets, bringing food, cooked and uncooked, coarse grass—the fuel of the poor—coal and all sorts of services. Each has his own cry, or his special instrument on which he sounds his call. High above all—sweet and clear in the morning air—sounding as one had thought the call of the Moslems to prayers might sound in Turkey, rose the cry of the vendor of that almost universal food in China, the steamed sweet potato. "Sweeter than pear, sweeter than pear," is its equivalent in our English tongue.

There followed for us five magical days in which we sought no companions either Chinese or English. Frankly we were tourists drinking in greedily the wonders of this ancient city in which the soul of the northern Chinese expresses itself. Even the

fall of the early October evening did not bring rest from our labours of love, for the shops were still open, and shops in Peking—well, they are worthy of a story to themselves. Surely never anywhere else was such beauty to be found for so small a price, beauty both of the old and of the new.

But how to write of Peking so that those who have never seen it may yet imagine something of its charm? That is the difficulty which all its lovers find. Peking will take possession of you, but to explain why you are possessed is all but impossible. Perhaps it is not too fanciful to say that it is the spirit of the city which surrounds you gently like a mantle of graciousness. There is an age, a wisdom, a gentleness, a serenity, a brooding loveliness about it all, as if it understood time's secrets, and so had lost all fear.

KUBLAI KHAN, that mighty prince who ruled the world from the coast of China to the modern Bulgaria, first built Peking and Marco Polo published its glories to an unbelieving world. But it was the third, and greatest, of the Ming Emperors, Yung Lo, who almost four hundred years ago rebuilt Peking, and made it the city whose fading glories the traveler of today beholds. The story is told that Yung Lo when banished to the far west of

China by an angry father, met there a young Taoist monk who had dreamed a dream of a new and glorified Peking, and had reduced his dream plan to paper.

Years later that plan was actually used for the building of the city. Whatever the truth of the tradition may be, Peking is certainly a remarkable instance of town planning. One must imagine a great rectangle with its length lying north and south. The more southerly third of the rectangle is later in time. It is called the Chinese city because into it the conquering Manchus drove the Chinese who were living in the older city of Yung Lo. This is now called the Tartar city and occupies the northerly two-thirds. It is still surrounded by the brick walls which Yung Lo ordered built. Forty feet high are those walls, and almost as wide. They have imposing gates, picturesque watch towers, embattlements and embrasures for military defence. In the centre of the south-half of the Tartar city lies the Imperial City covering two square miles and traversed by wide highways. Once it, too, was surrounded by a wall. Here the officials of the Chinese Empire had their homes. Inside the Imperial City—the very heart of Peking—lay the Forbidden City so long hidden from all western eyes. It was, and is, surrounded by a massive wall now of a lovely faded rose color. It has beautiful

ceremonial gates, and on the walls were built at intervals lovely towers and pleasure houses.

It is on record that when Yung Lo decided to build this heart of his city for himself and his court, he ordered his architects "to seek harmony with the universe and obey the laws of space and direction." So there is a symbolism, quite hidden, in the manner in which the buildings are placed, their entrances, and even the steps by which one approaches. What the ordinary traveler sees is not one great building as at Windsor or Versailles, but a succession of palaces, throne rooms, offices, and living quarters. After the Chinese fashion these are built in

groups around courts and some of them are surrounded by walls. But it is not so much the number of buildings, or even their grouping, which impresses the traveler, as the riot of color and the beauty of the lines of their sloping and curved roofs against the clear blue sky. Every building is red, many of them covered with red lacquer, and all the roofs are of yellow tiles, yellow being the imperial color of China as blue is the republican. Add to the gorgeousness of the outside the wealth and minute artistry of the interiors with their carvings and gildings, their porcelains and marbles, and one leaves regretfully by a ceremonial gate, through which formerly only the Son of Heaven might pass, feeling that one has left behind one of the great fairylands of the world—if not indeed the greatest of those remaining.

There are still many others of the wonders of Yung Lo to be seen. The sea palaces, so-called, with their remarkable lakes and gardens built just outside the Forbidden City. Fairy-like arched bridges of gleaming marble cross these lakes, fairy-like teahouses and temples gleam on its shores. Near at hand is the famous dragon screen showing in its imperial tiles nine dragons in high relief, as brilliant in color,

[Continued on page 37]



General Chiang Kai-shek



Dr. Wu, President of Genling College



A typical Chinese Village—houses made of mud.

*The largest selling
bacon in the world*

Now even better:

Ovenized

Always it has been marvelously good. People thought so 30 years ago; they think so today. Exceptional goodness has made Swift's Premium the largest selling bacon in the world. Yet it's *even better* now!

For now Swift's Premium Bacon, like Swift's Premium Ham, is *Ovenized*!

A new method of smoking—that's where the secret lies. No tightening of control... there couldn't be. You must have guessed, knowing Premium's wonderful uniformity, that Swift has long had positive, scientific control of every step. Nor is there any change in the Premium cure, so famous for the mildness it gives.

Smoked a new way

But after the curing is completed, while the fragrant, hardwood smoke is working its magic—it's then that Swift's Premium is *Ovenized*. It is smoked by a new method and this is what results:

First of all, a still more delightful flavor. Even milder than before, and with a new mellow richness, a marvelous blending of the flavor of the meat with the woodsy, tantalizing flavor from the smoke.

A new, inviting brilliance of color. Just notice, when you take the bacon from the pan, how ruddy-brown the lean is.

And there is an improvement in texture, too. An extra tenderness you notice the minute your fork cuts in.

But please don't merely take our word for all these things. Find out for yourself what *Ovenizing* has done. Quality dealers everywhere carry Swift's Premium Bacon. Be sure that's what you get.



Better in 3 ways

MELLOW FLAVOR. A new, delightful blending of the meat and smoke flavors... and even milder than before.

MORE TENDER. Plenty of lean, but in narrow strips, wonderfully tender.

FINER COLOR. When you take the bacon from the pan, notice how ruddy-brown the lean is.

Omelets taste better than ever if you mix bits of Ovenized Bacon right in with them.

Won't you please be sure it's Swift's Premium you get? We've promised you a better Premium, now that it's *Ovenized*, and we don't want you to be disappointed. Identification is easy. The pound and half-pound packages are plainly marked; the slabs bear the name Swift in tiny brown dots down the full length of the side.

Swift Canadian Co., Limited—Purveyors of Fine Foods



Swift's Premium
Ovenized Bacon and Hams

Every minute that you live you are in a Beauty Contest



Here's an incident in the great Beauty Contest of every day! The girl above is meeting her husband's big chief! What impression would you make if you were in her shoes? Every man, office boy or president, responds to clean natural loveliness, the kindly tribute that gives every woman a thrill.



Even children judge you in the Beauty Contest that you face every day! Like men and other women, they are honest in their liking for the woman with the clear and lovely skin. Look at your own skin. Is it so pretty? If it isn't you ought to switch to Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, today.

A cake of Calay Soap—and you have the finest beauty treatment in the world. Buy a dozen cakes—today—and watch this gentle soap bring out the natural beauty of your skin. With Calay your skin will always be fresh and delicately glowing—lovely with new, deep cleanliness!



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



Delicate Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

Less than a minute with luxurious Calay lather, a soft cloth, and warm water; then a rinse with clean cold water—and your skin can breathe again! ☆ It has regained the delicate, shell-like beauty which through the ages has been the greatest asset of the feminine skin. Calay leaves it soft, too, of flower-petal smoothness. ☆ No longer are your pores clogged with the invisible dirt that filters down out of the air to dim the natural loveliness of your skin. ☆ Gentle Calay has seen to that. ☆ Guard your skin by using no soap less gentle, less safe. 73 of the country's leading skin doctors say Calay is safe enough for that precious skin of yours! ☆ You are in a never-ending Beauty Contest! Let Calay help you win!

Made in Canada
CALAY

©1932, P. & G. Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



"Two cents due on that one," said the postman.

THE BLANK WALL

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

AUTHOR OF "PIGS IS PIGS", ETC.

Illustrated by R. O. Herbert

IT WAS one of those wonderful September days. The sun was like wine—or perhaps it is the air that is always like wine. Whatever it was that was like wine was like a clear, thin, rather tart wine, a little too thoroughly chilled for Mr. Muller's taste, but Grandma Muller sat in the sun on the hotel veranda, fat and full of breakfast, and enjoyed it.

Being eighty-two contented years of age Grandma Muller wore a wig, but she had worn the same wig since her fifty-second year, when she had become completely bald, and in those thirty years nothing much had been done to the wig. It still remained a rich chestnut brown. Now and then—every year or two—Grandma Muller placed the wig on a table and beat it thoroughly with a flat wire-mesh egg-beater, knocking the dust out of it. Then she gave the wig a couple of punches and pats to knock it into shape again, and put it on her head, and all was well. The wig was shaped like the top of a semi-round mushroom, and kept that shape because of two or three hair-nets that were stretched over it. When her husband died Mrs. Muller took to wearing a small black-lace widow's cap. This was sewed firmly to the top of the wig.

"Ach! Such a day!" Grandma Muller said to the big dog Bruno on the walk below her. He had found a spot in the thin sun, but he did not hear what Grandma said. He was so old and deaf and blind; he had rheumatism in all his joints. One of the jobs Andy Muller put off and put off was doing

away with Bruno, whose life had become a misery and a bore. Andy knew he ought to take the poor old wreck down to the river and shoot him, but he hated the job.

"Ach! Such a day, ain't it!" Grandma said to the postman. "Give me the mail. After so much rain the sun feels good, yes?"

"Two cents due on that one," the postman said.

"You could take the mail in yet; Andy is by the office," Grandma said promptly; "It brings me nothing anyway."

In the office Andy Muller, Grandma's son and sole proprietor of the Midville Cottage Hotel, was standing by a window with his back to the office. The four fingers of his left hand were bunched together at the tips like four stalks of asparagus, and Mr. Muller was biting all four nails at once, a sign of nervousness and unhappiness. As he heard the postman enter he turned from the window and, when he saw who it was, he made a gesture of maddened despair.

"Bills!" he exclaimed. "More bills! Nothing but bills!"

"Two cents due," said the postman.

"And they couldn't even pay their own postage to dun me!" cried Mr. Muller. "Here!"

He reached into his pocket and thrust a nickel upon the postman, who looked at it, weighted it on two fingers and shook his head.

"Lead," he said; "counterfeit," handing it back to Mr. Muller. Mr. Muller took the coin and in anger threw it the entire length of the lobby. It hit a chair-back and glanced, striking the side of a goldfish-bowl and as if by magic the bowl parted into two almost exact halves, letting a gallon of water and three goldfish splash down upon the floor. At the sound of the crashing glass the oilcloth door of the dining-room opened and Mrs. Muller came hesitatingly into the lobby. She sniffed twice, as is sometimes the way of the depressed, and backed out again, to come in a moment later with a tumbler of water and a dustpan. She went to the end of the lobby and put the three goldfish in the tumbler, gathered the broken glass onto the dustpan, and went out as silently as she had entered. Mr. Muller, having given the postman two pennies, had retreated behind his desk with his mail.

"Ach!" such a nice day!" Grandma Muller said to the postman as he came out. "Maybe it stops raining once now. Yes?"

"Maybe," the postman agreed.

Never, in the five years he had owned it, had Mr. Muller known such a bad hotel year at the Midville Cottage Hotel. The season had begun with



Polly

such cold weather that the house-dwellers who usually went to the country for relief from the heat remained at home and ordered two more tons of coal, while apartment house dwellers complained because the heat was shut off. Except for one or two frightfully hot days the weather reports at the tops of the newspapers had said, almost invariably, "Cooler today and tomorrow." The variations were "Continued cool" and "Rain today and tomorrow; cooler." Once in the middle of a five-day rain, the weather report had been "Increasing cloudiness."

Those who had engaged rooms at the Midville Cottage Hotel cancelled their reservations. Those who had not engaged rooms were glad they had not. Old ladies who had not missed a season at the Midville Cottage Hotel since it was built in 1872 missed this one. It was a terrible hotel season everywhere, but at the Midville Cottage Hotel it was no season at all; it was a calamity.

In 1880, when it was rebuilt after a fire, the Midville Cottage Hotel lobby brought forth exclamations of approving delight. The black and gold chandeliers had glass prisms by the score. The grill-work over the doors was real cherry. Guests loved to stand before the cherrywood cabinet of sea-shells and brain-corals, or study the two frames of mounted butterflies. The whole lobby, from the huge steel engravings of "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence" and "Washington Crossing the Delaware" to the gypsy maid upholding the engraved red glass gas globe on the newel post of the stairs was considered *recherché*. There were two genuine Rogers' groups between the windows and, on pedestals, marble busts, one representing "Night" and the other "Day." Thick red carpet covered the wide stairs that led up from beside where the tiny office was almost hidden by imperishable palms, and there were eight rocking-chairs, at least twenty potted geraniums and fuchsias, two canary birds and the goldfish bowl.

Joseph Bradlaw, who owned the hotel then, expecting a good proportion of his guests to be ladies, had made the lobby a place where ladies might like to sit, and the ladies approved. In that day the room was thought to be "quite perfectly ultra;" in the present year of grace it was considered stuffy and shabby and lady guests entering it for the first time exclaimed "Oh, horrors!" and then laughed. The first thought of antique hunters was "A gold mine!" but when their eyes noted the separate pieces the word was "I wouldn't give five dollars for the whole lot of junk."

ANDY MULLER, behind his desk, began opening his mail. He tore open the top envelope and laid its contents on the desk just as he heard his daughter Polly's feet on the landing at the turn of the stairs. With an effort Andy Muller drove from his face the look of gloom that had settled there as he read the figures on the sheet the first envelope had contained.

Polly came joyously down the stairs, her cheap little hat snug over her bobbed hair and her face bright with smiles. She leaned on the railing and looked down at her father.

"Father, has my college bill come yet?" she asked.

"I have it here; it just came," Mr. Muller said, and Polly ran down the remaining steps and took the bill from his hand. At the bottom of the bill were the printed words: "Tuition and other fees

must be paid in advance and are not subject to return, rebate or reduction."

"Did they take off the fifty dollars credit I got for being on the Honor List last semester?" Polly asked, and answered herself: "Yes, they did. Oof! That's a lot of money! Two hundred and fifty for board for one semester; three hundred and fifty for the year's tuition; thirty dollars for fees; that's six hundred and thirty. Less the fifty is five hundred and eighty dollars. That's right. You know the check ought to be there by the time I'm there, father."

"Yes," Mr. Muller said. "I haven't forgotten that."

"Just so it gets there," Polly said. "And you can imagine me a sophomore? Won't I be grand?"

Outside an automobile horn honked twice.

"There's Walter," Polly said, handing back the bill and hurriedly digging her compact from her purse. "Walter has to go over to Bryville," she said, dabbing her nose with powder and looking in her compact-mirror to judge the effect, "and he asked me to ride over with him—that will be all right, won't it?"

"Of course, Polly," her father said. "It is a nice day—a nice day for a ride."

"I may buy a sweater while I'm there," she said. "At Jenkins."

"Have you got money?"

"Three dollars. That's enough; I only want a cheap one."

The automobile horn tooted again and she said, "My gracious! he is in a big hurry, isn't he?" and started for the door, lifting her hand to see that she had both gloves in it.

"Polly!" her father called when she was half way to the door, and she stopped with a "Yes?"

She was a lovely girl, her father thought as she stood with her face turned toward him, smiling. He liked the look of her—slender and youthful and modern, knowing what she wanted and expecting to have it as surely as flowers have the sun. Or the rain, this sort of year. It had been on the tip of his tongue to tell her the dismal truth—that she could not go back to Greyden College the next week

—but why spoil her ride? The evening would be time enough.

"Nothing," he said in answer to her query; "Never mind; it can wait. Go along and have a good time."

She hesitated a moment longer, but young Walt Wilson tooted his horn again and she hurried out. Her grandmother spoke to her on the veranda.

"Ach! such a nice day, ain't it?" she said. "You go for a ride, yes? Tell the young man he should drive careful and not make any accidents."

"I'll tell him, Grandma," Polly said. The big dog felt the jar of her feet on the walk and tried to arise, probably fearing to be stepped on, but he uttered a subdued whine of pain as he moved his legs, and lay where he was, putting his head on his paws with a grunt of discomfort. Polly scrambled into the car and it swung out and shot away, with Polly waving her hand.

"He drives too crazy, yet," Grandma Muller said to no one in particular, and added philosophically, "Ach, well! the Lord fetches her back safe and sound, I guess," and she rocked placidly, letting her eyes turn up the street and down the street in search of matters of any mildly interesting nature.

Behind his desk Mr. Muller looked at the college bill again before he put it to one side. He looked at it with neither resentment nor frowns, but dully, as at a thing that was beyond all hope. He opened the next envelope. He knew in advance just about what that envelope would contain, having seen the return notice on its upper left



A useless thought that ran around and around in his head getting nowhere—a despair rather than a thought. He was up against a blank wall.



"My book-keeper
just called my atten-
tion to your account
over at the bank."

corner, and he spread open the letter and read it without a trace of emotion on his face. It was from the Hillside Realty Company (per G. C.) and reminded him of what he already knew too well, that he was now five payments, \$200 in all, in arrears on the two lots he had purchased in Hillside addition, and that taxes amounting to \$24.60 were past due, and that unless immediate payment was made the Company would be obliged under the terms, and so on, to take back the lots, "Yours very truly." Mr. Muller put the letter on top of the college bill and opened the next envelope.

This envelope contained only a printed statement-head of Herman Ruck, Meats, Poultry and the remark, "Bills rendered, \$136.42; past due; Kindly give this your attention." Mr. Muller looked at it expressionlessly and placed it on top of the letter from the Hillside Realty Company, and opened the next envelope.

This envelope had a glazed oval in its face, and Mr. Muller knew what it contained even without the hint given by the name of his bank printed on the corner. Nevertheless he drew out the slip of paper and looked at it. "Your note for \$1,000 will be due at this bank September 15. Kindly arrange to give it the proper attention on or before that date." He put the bank's notice on top of Herman Ruck's statement. The final envelope contained a room key attached to a heavy metal tag and it was on this he had to pay the two cents due, one of the year's few guests having carried off the key. Mr. Muller placed the key on top of the bank's notice.

For a moment or two Mr. Muller stood with his hands idle on the desk. Then he sighed. The bank, he hoped, would renew the note for another three months, as it had renewed it several times before.

The interest he would have to pay, and that would be fifteen dollars. He took his checkbook from its pigeonhole and looked at his balance. It was \$18.47, he saw, but suddenly his eye caught an error in subtraction. The balance was \$8.47 and not \$18.47. Gently Mr. Muller put the checkbook back in the pigeonhole. He cleared his throat cautiously, hardly making a sound. In his pocket he had, he knew, a quarter dollar and a cent piece. That was all the money he had. He turned his head and looked out of the window. His wife was hanging dishcloths on the wire line. She looked up and saw him and hastily dropped her eyes and hurried into the hotel kitchen, as if afraid of him. She was like a frightened animal scurrying to cover.

Well, he had been cross for a week or more. He had been snappish. It was enough to make any man fierce. No money; no place to get any money. The hotel out-of-date, running down, mortgaged to the limit, not a place to turn to for money. Winter coming, when a cottage hotel was dead. No coal. And Polly expecting to go back to college in less than two weeks!

Mr. Muller walked from behind his desk and seated himself in one of the rocking chairs. He leaned forward with his hands on his knees, staring at nothing. Now and then his thumbs rose, and fell back against his knees, punctuating a useless thought that ran around and around in his head getting nowhere—a despair rather than a thought. He was up against a blank wall; he had come to the end of a road that had no turning, no outlet, no way back, no way forward. His brain would not work because it had no road to travel but a circle, always coming back to Polly's disappointment when he told her there was to be no more college for her, to the five hundred and eighty dollars he could not

possibly get, to the butcher bill, to the note due at the bank, to Polly's disappointment when he told her there was to be no more college for her.

Women, more often than men, have sat thus not knowing where to turn or what to do—with something that must be done and nothing to do it with—grasping a thought only to find it ending in nothing. Andy Muller raised his hands and let them fall on his knees. It was the [Continued on page 55]



Walter



For a whole half minute Loris stood, mouth ajar and back slumped, while the agent recited the death sentence of his hopes.

CASHING IN

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Illustrated by John H. Paul

THE movies, a hybrid industry, have bred a hybrid race. They have transformed countless unpromising clerkings, and at least one dock-laborer, into leading men whose salaries eclipse that of many a financial giant.

The movies, too, have seized upon girls who were squalling hopelessly in the chorus, and in a year have changed second-row plodders into semi-millionaires.

The same mystic power has lifted penniless immigrants to undreamed-of heights of finance.

To Loris Grod this movie magic did more than to all the foregoing combined. Upon his thin-thatched head it dumped the whole bag of tricks—good and bad alike. And—because he was Loris Grod—he was neither smashed nor inflated by this avalanche. He merely hammered it all into a crown—which he wore a little on one side.

When Loris and Sonya, his wife, were passed through the immigration hopper and tossed at the tip of the thin, feverish tongue that is Manhattan Island, all their joint effects were carried in one lumpy flour-sack and in Loris' right-hand trousers-pocket. The pocket contained forty-seven American dollars and a grease-grimed little pamphlet whose blurred Russian title might best be translated as "English at Sight."

Loris was twenty-two. Sonya was ten years older. Like her husband's, her cheekbones were high, her nose tended toward flatness, and her eyes slanted just a little. Unlike his, her forehead receded. She was thirty-two. Thanks to field work and scant food, Sonya looked forty-two.

Before he had been in New York a year, Loris Grod had begun to climb—partly because there was no other direction in which he could move, but chiefly because he was that kind of man.

Twelve years later he shook from him the lint of the one-room Division Street garment factory whose foreman and part-owner he had become; and he leased the ground floor of a condemned rattle-trap, far east on Fourteenth Street, which he turned into a motion-picture theatre.

The photo-play business was in its shambling and loud-mouthed boyhood, afflicted by quaintly grotesque growing pains. But from some Tartar forebear Loris had inherited the Mongolian dream-habit—along with his nose and cheekbones and eyes. Hence his desertion of the garment trade and his braving of Sonya's shrill protests at his madness. Yet presently, when a single week's profits at

the nickelodeon were greater than three months' net gain from the Division Street garment factory, Sonya felt a change of heart. She began to look on Loris with something like approval.

LORIS was growing rich. Already he had paid for all his theatre's rickety fixtures; and every Monday he deposited in the savings bank a sum larger than once he had known was in circulation. He cast about for new worlds, to string on a chain with the one he was now conquering: a chain of nickelodeons—acquired, one theatre at a time—all through the East Side.

Loris was forever studying. Among other things, he had mastered—except in moments of dire stress—the mysteries of the English language. He was growing—growing rapidly.

Then, with no shadow of warning—to Loris, at least—came the blow.

Old Jacob Carlaer, who owned the bulk of the block whereon stood the nickelodeon, died; and the estate was cut up. The condemned building and some property on either side of it fell to the dead man's nephew, Royle Hunter, a Wall Streeter, a power in his own social sector, a financier of the lean gray type—gray of eyes, of hair, of clothes, of soul.

In due time a brisk and obese man called at the nickelodeon, just before the opening hour. He informed Loris—who was scouring the vestibule while Sonya dusted the wabby seats—that on the expiring of the lease, five weeks hence, the Grods must clear out. The building was to come down.

For a whole half minute Loris stood, mouth ajar and back slumped, while the agent recited the death sentence of his hopes. Then he began to talk, in a broken English he thought he had forgotten, while Sonya scuttled forth from the black maw of the theatre and added tearful screams and four-syllable Russian lamentations to the din.

The agent cut short the noisy duet by saying, as he stuck a paper into Loris' pitifully gesticulating hand and backed away out of the scene:

"Owner's orders. I'm sorry. See Mr. Hunter if you think it'll help you any—Royle Hunter, 999 Wall Street, he is."

Dodging Loris' hands, that waved hypnotically in the visitor's very face, and ducking an effort of the loud-weeping Sonya to hurl herself at his feet, the agent vanished.

SONYA disregarded the momentarily swelling "gallery" in the vestibule, and poured forth the vials of her vitrolic grief upon her stricken husband. She cursed him; the mother who bore him; his unknown male ancestors, back to Rurik, the Law-maker; his equally unknown female ancestors, back to the Flood. She cursed him for dragging her across seas to this doubly accursed country, for giving up their happy sweatshop, for embarking on an enterprise too perilously great for his gnat-brain.

Then she passed from objurgation into a faint. After which she trotted quickly around to the cashier's window to receive the nickels of the day's first patrons.

As her tirade had been delivered in voluble Russian—in Moscow dialect, at that—the avidly interested crowd at the entrance had not gleaned the full benefit of it. But Loris had. And—inured as he was to Sonya's tongue-lashings—it seared him to the marrow.

There *must* be a way to retrieve what the agent's decree had cost him. His dazed mind began to work again.

Bitterly he went over in his mind the agent's visit. When his rehearsal brought to memory the words, "Royle Hunter, 999 Wall Street," his idea was born.

He delayed the starting of the day's initial show for nearly half an hour while he wrote and then rewrote and wrote again the following epistle:

Mr. Royle Hunter, 999 Wall Street.

Respected Sir: I am Loris Grod, who proprietors the moving-pictures at 8756 East Fourteenth Street. It is a small business, but it is my everything. It gives bread to me and to my aged wife. Without it, we are as the beggars at the gate.

Respected Sir, you own the house where our theatre is. It is yours. May the Most High grant to you happiness to enjoy such a possession! Your happiness will be a sweeter dish if it is savored with the Blessing of the Poor. Earn that blessing, I pray.

Your servant tells me that you design to tear this house to the ground. If you do so cruel a deed, you will tear my happiness and my livelihood to the ground with it. I beg you to take back that order and to let this house stand, and my business with it.

That you may not suffer from your goodness to a poor man, I will pay you five dollars more each month in rent than now I pay. I can ill afford it. But I can ill afford to be destitute. Have pity and let stand this house, Respected Sir. And the Most High shall bless you and your dear ones.

Yours servant, LORIS GROD.

His mind still agitated as he wrote, Loris lapsed more than once from the carefully stilted English diction he had been at such pains to learn. But, thanks to the pocket dictionary on his single bookshelf, even the longest word was not misspelled—as Royle Hunter's yawning secretary might have noted with approval had not that functionary wastebasketed the appeal after reading the first three sprawly lines.

A WEEK sagged by—a week punctuated by Sonya's railings and tears. A week in which her husband made life a horror for the postman. On the morning of the eighth day Loris attired himself in the garb he wore on his bi-weekly attendance at St. Mary's Russian Orthodox Church in East Fourteenth Street.

The frock coat was not shiny enough for vaudeville use, and it fitted Loris' stocky body reasonably well—for a hand-me-down. The felt hat was clean-brushed and still retained much of its nap. The low collar was not too loose nor too tight. The tie was black and almost new. Loris wore his clothes well. He had an innate taste in dress—a taste thus far unbacked by knowledge or money.

So, when he bowed himself into the ante-room of Royle Hunter's compact little suite of offices, he might have been almost anyone—except a man to be thrown out on sight.

"I wish to speak with Mr. Royle Hunter, if you please," he told the office-boy.

"Got an appointment?" grunted the boy, at once despising and suspecting a man who wasted such a wealth of humble courtesy on him.

"I am his tenant," continued Loris, "whose letter he has read. I wish to speak with him. I am Loris Grod. Take him my name, if you please."

The boy nonchalantly shoved toward him a block of printed slips with dotted lines after the words *Name* and *Business*.

Loris wrote his name on the topmost bit of paper. Pausing a moment to stare at the printed word *Business*, he wrote after it:

"About the letter I wrote, begging you not to tear down the house at 8756 East Fourteenth Street."

The boy loafed into an inner office whose ground-glass door had on it no legend at all. Loris, peering eagerly after the messenger, had a flashed glimpse of a small room whose severe good taste appealed instinctively to him. At a flat-top desk was sitting a man in gray. Loris saw the man for barely a second as the boy went in, closing the door behind him—and for perhaps less than a second as the boy came out, closing it again.

"Mr. Hunter can't see you," reported the lad. "G'-by."

"But he *must* see me. It is necessary. Ask him again. Tell him I—"

"Nothing doing," answered the boy. "He won't see you. Better get out."

Loris' hand slipped reluctantly into a trouser-pocket, to emerge gripping a nickel. This glittering bribe he laid timidly on the young autocrat's desk.

"What's this chicken feed for?" snapped the youth.

"It is yours," said Loris. "Now will you please ask Mr. Royle Hunter—?"

"I'll ask the special cop instead," returned the boy, in a temper, reaching for the telephone with one hand, while with the other he tossed the five-cent piece contemptuously to the floor. "I'll rustle him up here in just three seconds, if you don't get out. Git!"

Loris, at the tone of authority, gave up hope. Sighing, he retrieved the discarded bribe from the floor, and pattered out. But in the elevator, on the way earthward, a dogged resolve crept over him.

HE STEPPED out of the elevator, and took up his station at a pillar hard by. And there, with all the bovine patience bred of a thousand Russian peasant ancestors, he waited.

At one o'clock the man in gray emerged from the elevator and started lunchward. With him were two other men.

Before they had taken a dozen steps, Loris Grod was skittering and sidestepping apologetically in front of them, with timorous persistence trying to bar their advance.

"Mr. Royle Hunter. Please!" he said, smiling deprecatingly up at the man in gray. "Please."

The trio came to a shuffling halt. Hunter looked down at the excited stranger who had spoken to him. A single quizzical glance told him the fellow was no one with whom he could possibly have any business. Grod's next sentence tabulated him in Hunter's mind as a crank.

"Please, sir," implored Loris, "please do not tear down my theatre. It will ruin me. I said so in the letter. It will be so little to you to let it stand. To me it is everything on earth. For the love of my mother and of yours—"

He got no further. With a shrug of very evident disgust, the fastidious Hunter eluded the none too clean fingers that were trying so conciliatingly to pat his gray coatsleeve. One of the other men laughed. Hunter hated ridicule. He brushed by Loris and moved on.

But this time Loris' fingers found their hold. Self-consciousness lost in the terror of his overlord's escape, he clasped Hunter's coatsleeve, almost fiercely exclaiming:

"For God's sake, Mr. Royle Hunter, listen to me! For God's sake, sir! It means so much to me. I—"

Several people had paused in curiosity and were watching. The building's big special policeman sauntered up.

"Here, you!" Hunter broke in on Loris' frenzied plea, beckoning the officer as he spoke. "Get rid of this greasy idiot! You've no right to allow cranks to clutter up the hallway and annoy tenants."

"Certainly, Mr. Hunter," answered the policeman obsequiously. "Certainly I will. And I'm very sorry it happened. It won't again."

As he spoke, he collared Loris and gave his neck a practised wrench that well-nigh cut off the Russian's air supply.

"I'm not a 'greasy idiot'!" gurgled Loris, fighting for breath. "I'm a business man. I'm not a crank. I came here to—"

"Shut up!" snarled the officer, throwing more power into the twist.

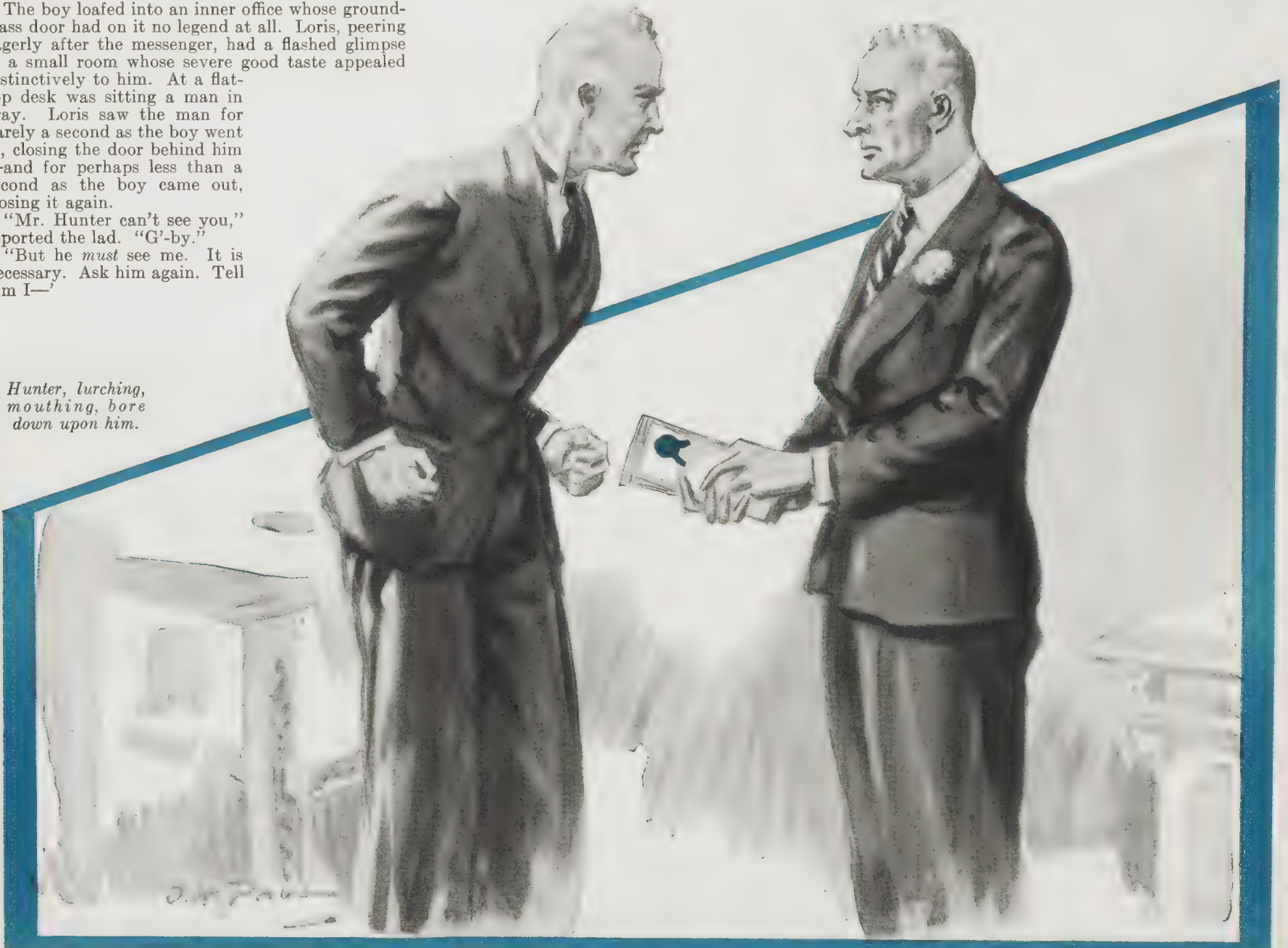
Then Loris Grod went quite mad. By sheer strength he tore free, leaving his tie and a shredded strip of his coat-collar in the policeman's hands. Flinging himself at the departing Hunter and fighting like an angry cat against the combined restraint of the special officer and the elevator starter, he screeched:

"I'll make you do me justice, you gray-faced ice-berg, you! I'll make you! I'll get my rights! I'll cash in! A 'greasy idiot', am I! I'll cash in on you, you—"

English failed him, and a torrent of lurid Russian came to his aid. He howled it, at the top of his sob-choked lungs, all the way to the police station.

[Continued on page 43]

Hunter, lurching, mouthing, bore down upon him.



I WENT TO THE DOGS!

By RENNIE RENFRO

*As Told to
Frederic Beck*

I was a sure-enough jynx, and so after Bingo died I just decided I didn't want anything more to do with dogs. I tried to free myself of my ambition to become a better dog trainer than anyone else in the business.



They found her up a back alley—and now her income tax runs into three figures.

Part Two

THE steamship *Siberia Maru* steamed out of San Francisco Bay—through the Golden Gate, pushing her great steel nose through the swelling Pacific.

She was bound for Manila—and with her went Bingo, the brave little Boston bull terrier that meant so much to me. We had been following in the speedboat for an hour, tossed by the angry sea and drenched by the relentless spray that seethed over the tiny craft at intervals.

It was difficult, but I managed to keep an eye rivetted to the spot that I knew marked the porthole of our friends' cabin.

At last the signal had come. A light flashed three times in the porthole, and I knew that Bingo had been rescued from the hold of the ship and was in the stateroom of our fellow conspirators.

The scheme was working and we were cheating Fate's cruel plan to separate me from Bingo. Bingo was not going to go back to the Philippines just because of some red tape ruling to the effect that no animals from the islands could come into the United States.

The four of us in the speedboat were keyed to a high pitch of nervous excitement, and, as if it too were trying to help, the motor roared reassuringly as we rushed full speed ahead and swerved close under the high steel walls of the liner.

I knew that Bingo was being made ready, that according to my instructions our friends were rubbing grease into the dog's hide.

And then we saw the light again in that open porthole and this time the light stayed on. There was Bingo—head, shoulders and front paws in the open porthole.

I stood up in the speedboat, ready to dive in to help my dog if it should become necessary.

I whistled the long, shrill whistle that my dogs, all of my dogs had known way back to the 'possum-hunting days in Denison, Texas.

Bingo heard me and barked ecstatically. He showed no sign of fearing the long dive through the darkness, a dive that would leave him gasping and thrashing for his life.

This was different to his dive from a thirty-foot springboard, the dive that had made him the star performer in Rice's Water Circus.

I whistled again, and shouted to him to jump—the old water-circus shout.

"Allay up, Bingo!"

There was a second's hesitation, and then Bingo barked a sharp cry that I knew he meant as reassurance to me.

He plunged down through the night, cutting the surface of the Pacific as neatly as he had ever slid beneath the surface of the water of our own tank.

The speedboat was less than twenty feet from the spot where Bingo had gone under and I was able to judge where he'd come up.

The speedboat was being tossed in the swell of the liner as I pulled my brave little show-dog up over the sides of the boat.

I wrapped him in the blanket that we had in readiness, and we raced back toward the Golden Gate.

As the last lights of the *Siberia Maru* disappeared in the murk, I watched, holding Bingo in my arms. I guess at that instant I was the happiest dog owner in the world, and once again I began to plan the career that was ahead of us—ahead of Bingo and me.

A week later I was back in Hollywood, busy establishing Bingo at the studios. I had the best performing dog in the world at that time and while my agents were working on vaudeville bookings I was figuring on seeing Bingo get a start in pictures.

But I was too optimistic. I paid little heed to a peculiar, racking cough that the dog had developed, and I almost overlooked a slight lameness in his right hind leg. It all started with the adventurous night when he was rescued from the S.S. *Siberia Maru*.

On the very day that my agents wired from New York to say that Bingo and I had been signed for a forty-weeks booking in big-time vaudeville, the veterinary that had been working on Bingo announced that Bingo's leg was paralyzed.

He died later two thousand miles away from me. His former owner had taken him back, and in the backroom of a grocery store in Keokuk, Iowa, Bingo, whom I consider the greatest performing dog of all time, and the most intelligent animal of my experience, died an obscure death.

I guess it took me more than a month to get over a feeling of being completely licked. It was just no use, I thought—and I resolved never again to have anything to do with dogs. Losing Bingo meant more to me than merely losing a dog that was certain to become a fortune-builder for me, had he lived.

I lost the best friend I'd ever had—or at least, it seemed that way at the time. I don't know whether there's anything in Fate or not. Probably not, I guess—but anyway, nearly every dog I'd ever had had brought me misery and disappointment sooner or later. I had the feeling then that it wouldn't be fair to a dog to let him become my dog.

MOVING pictures in those days were a lot different than they are now. I had a lot of friends in Hollywood, and as I slowly began to get over the loss of Bingo I again went to work with Fox pictures, putting in most of my time with the company producing the Al St. John comedies. Those were pretty happy days—days of getting hit in the face with pies, falling down flights of stairs and sliding from banana peels into tanks of wet plaster. A funny way to make a living, I guess, but I kind of liked it.

From time to time I'd get an extra check for doubling big stars. Finally there came a time when hardly a week went by that I wasn't engaged to leap on to a roaring mail train or drive a car over a cliff. The boys with the collar-ad profiles were getting the credit for these stunts, but I was being well paid. At that, though, my pay for a difficult stunt wasn't as big as that paid each day to the stars who watched me double for them. Salaries were unbalanced even in the days when moving pictures really moved.

When my contract with Fox was up I accepted an offer to go over to the Jack White studios, doubling for Lige Conley in a series of short comedies that were very successful at the time. I doubled Conley in tough spots, played parts in the pictures and somehow continued with my stunts without dismembering myself or getting anything worse than an occasional sprained ankle.

There was a prop man on the Conley set who used to bring a little pet bulldog to work with him every day. Phil Mandalla was the man's name, and his dog was pretty intelligent. I got to know the dog—Ted, they called him—and without thinking much about it I worked him into a few little



The gentlemen on the left are just a couple of movie directors. The dogs are canine stars of note and Mr. and Mrs. Renfro are also in the picture.

tricks that impressed Mandalla a whole lot. We got him in pretty good shape and had used him a few times in Lige Conley's pictures—but, as I've said, any dog that had anything to do with me was almost certain to run into trouble. Phil Mandalla used to keep Ted at his house, and one night he got away. I guess he'd gotten after someone's rabbits or chickens or something, but anyway—he came limping home that night with his poor little face just a smear of blood. Phil and I and a vet worked on him all night picking shotgun shot out of Ted's

face and shoulders—but he died before it was quite light.

Phil Mandalla did a thing then that might have made it a real tragedy. He started out with a loaded gun and questioned every chicken owner in the neighborhood. But he never found the person who'd shot Ted.

I went back to work at Fox after that, and one day I saw a crowd of people gathered about a litter of nine-day old puppies. They belonged to a fellow named Henry Lehrman, a comedy director and producer. The dogs were born on the Fox lot, and I guess I figured they were just natural born movie dogs. I got thinking it over that night and I decided that there was one dog in that litter that I wanted. There was just something about him that appealed to me and when I should have been trying to get to sleep I was half planning, half dreaming what I'd do with Buster. I'd named him before I got him, and I saw Buster's name in lights and I saw a bank balance building up as a result of what Buster and I were going to do together in pictures.

I knew Lehrman pretty well and I figured he'd give me the dog gladly. The next morning I looked him up and asked him for the pup.

He refused.

"Nothing doing," he said. "That's about three hundred dollars worth of dog there. I'm going to have me fifty bucks apiece for those babies."

"Well," I told him, "I'll try to find twenty-five dollars, but I'd never give you a nickel more."

Henry just laughed, and I walked away.

I'd gone about ten feet I guess, when he called me back.

"There's one dog here that's not so good," he said. "In fact I don't think he'll live."

Henry was kind of joking about it, but he reached down in the packing case and pulled out the one puny-looking mutt in the litter. He had something wrong with his eyes, too. There was a sort of film over them and he might not have looked like much of a dog to most people, but it just so happened that he was Buster.

I paid Lehrman twenty-five dollars, and a few days later I took delivery of what is now the world's most valuable dog. I've got Buster insured for sixty-five thousand dollars, but I guess I've mentioned that already. And I guess I told you that Buster earned about forty thousand of the fifty-four we cleared last year.

The night Lehrman turned the pup over to me, my wife and my mother were at my house cooking dinner. Only my wife wasn't my wife then. She was just little Babs Arnold of the movies. Dad was at the house, too, just waiting for me to get home so he could eat.

When I walked in with Buster they all wanted to know where I'd picked up the scrawny-looking pup—and when I said I'd paid twenty-five dollars for him there was a howl from all quarters.

Babs figured that the twenty-five dollars should have been added to the pot that she and I were going to start housekeeping with. My mother didn't like dogs anyway and Dad just couldn't see paying cash money for a dog. He kind of figured that dogs just came along.



Buster and Oscar have a custom-built limousine of their own—and just in case you are interested, the girl in the picture is Conchita Montenegro.

But I had a hunch on Buster—and I was right. Buster earned his price the first day he went to work.

I had a new theory with Buster. I wasn't going to have him major in a lot of clockwork dog tricks, but instead my idea was to plan his training with a view to developing the dog's intelligence. He had a phenomenal understanding of things even at six months, and with the care and feeding he was



Reading from left to right:—Director White, a Great Dane named "Major" and Director Myers.

getting he was fast developing into a sound and healthy dog. Even his eyes corrected themselves and lost that misty, far-away look they'd had.

Buster's first real work in pictures was just looking cute, but even that took training. Of course, he was cute-looking naturally, after his health was right, but what I mean is he had to be smart to do the things he did even when all he did was bury a bone. As I've said, Buster understood things thoroughly and when I wanted the bone buried at a certain spot, according to the director's instructions, well, Buster seemed to get the idea and he didn't try to walk off and bury the bone where he thought it should be buried. He did things right, and such things as klieg lights and sun arcs and a couple of cameras grinding away never seemed to bother him. That's one reason why, before Buster was a year old, Henry Lehrman tried to buy him back for five thousand dollars.

One of the things that never fails to get me down is when I get into conversation with someone who has the half-baked idea that animals are trained with cruelty.

An animal trained with a whip is never reliable, and I know that in both pictures and on the stage, and in the circus ring, an unreliable animal is useless, regardless of how clever he may be.

As far as moving pictures are concerned, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has its representatives on the set whenever an animal sequence is being shot. Please take my word for it that I have never known of cruelty being used in the training of dogs or in getting them to do the things they do in a picture.

ONE of Buster's first parts was in a comedy with Lige Conley. Lige was playing a pedlar who was selling flea powder. He goes up to the door of a house, in the picture, and when the lady of the house opens the door, there's little Buster scratching himself to beat the band. Lige sprinkles a little powder on Buster. The pup suddenly stops scratching, looks decidedly pleased and

wags his tail. When Lige isn't looking Buster gets into his satchel and steals the flea powder a can at a time and takes them down an alley to where a lot of his dog pals are in need of the powder. The alley dogs, after rolling in the powder, likewise stop scratching and look happy.

I think that that sequence evoked Buster's first fan mail, and it wasn't flattering. A lot of grouches wrote in accusing us of all kinds of cruelty. Most of them imagined we'd used some dread chemical to make the dogs scratch, others figured we turned a troupe of trained fleas loose to work on the dogs and I guess some thought we'd scared the dogs into scratching by threatening to put them back into a dungeon.

All we did was wrap a bandage around each dog. When we were ready for the scratching scene we got the dogs in front of the cameras, removed the bandages and started shooting. The dogs scratched themselves, relieved at having the bandages off but in no way hurt and at worst only mildly inconvenienced for ten minutes.

The tail-wagging business was done probably two hours later and the dogs wagged their tails at the prospect of a load of hamburger that was off set. There was no cruelty in that and as a matter of fact the dogs did get the hamburger.

Sometimes we appear to do impossible things with the dogs, and these things might look cruel. They aren't cruel, though they may be impossible. For example, you'll see a closeup of Buster very much puzzled, apparently, and scratching the back of his head where he could never reach. Or you might see Oscar, who plays the feminine lead in M-G-M's all-dog barkies. Oscar in a tulle evening gown, before a mirror plucking his eyebrows. Such effects are obtained by using a prop paw. You'd see Buster's head all right, or Oscar's, but I would probably be handling the paw.

We've got a trunk full of prop paws to match every size and color of dog.

The only thing approaching cruelty that I've ever witnessed in pictures, is better classed as an accident. And nobody was ever madder about it than I was.

We were using Buster in a Billy West picture at the old Fine Arts' studio. Buster was supposed to sit down on a cigar end, jump up and scram with his tail burning.

I didn't like the sound of the gag from the first, but they told me that they put liquid smoke on humans, so how could it harm a dog?

I'd had it on myself lots of times, and hadn't even been uncomfortable. The cigar butt was a prop, of course.

Buster sat down on it, apparently, when the film was backed up. That is, we made him sit down on the cigar and then get up slowly and walk off. On the screen he backs up and sits down on the cigar.

Then for the scene where he gets up and runs, we had him sit down—and then when I whistled to him he gets up and runs to me.

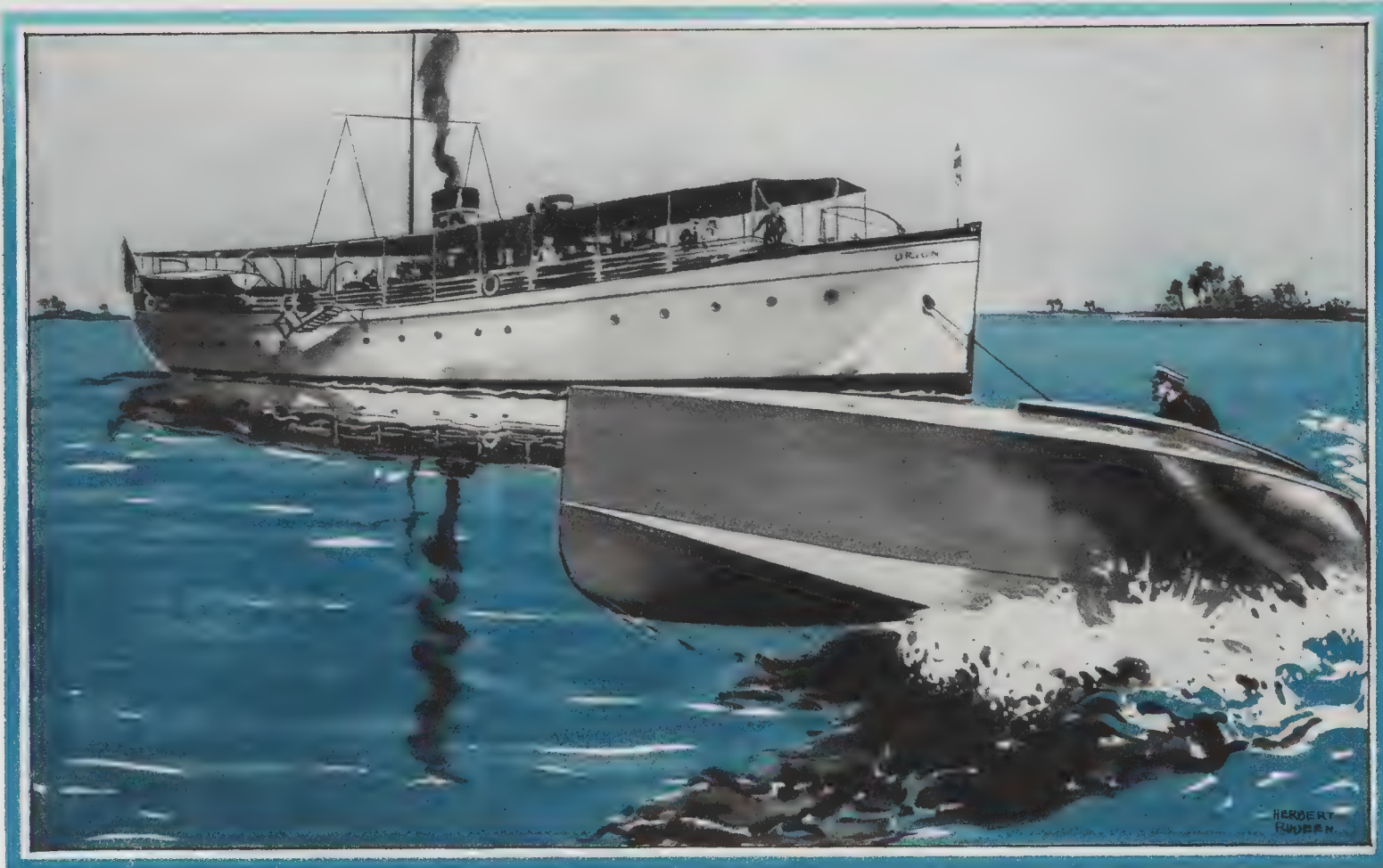
Well, to get to the point, the prop boy mixed an overstrong mixture. I found it out that night when Buster cried for hours. I still figured nothing much was wrong and simply smeared the tail with vaseline and bandaged it up. I had Buster sleep with me so he wouldn't tear off the bandage.

Neither of us really slept though, and next morning Buster was still complaining. Instead of going to the studio I took Buster to a veterinary and, well, we had to amputate the tail.

Poor Buster rested in the dog hospital for a few days and then was well and happy again, but minus about eight inches of tail.

I sent the hospital bill, \$22.50, to the studio. When they refused to pay [Continued on page 26]

Just sixty-thousand dollars worth of dog:—Buster.



It slowed, circled the "Orion" and brought up half a cable's length off the starboard bow.

THE BEACH-COMBER

By HAPSBURG LIEBE

Illustrations by Herbert Rudeen

IT WAS not until weeks afterward that I learned how Grimshaw had chosen to explain the disappearance of Miss Barrett. Maybe his way was the best way, however, after all, though it seemed crazily whimsical to me at the first. If Grimshaw was anything, he was whimsical.

I had resumed my work of taking tourist sportsmen in my cruiser to the deep-water fishing grounds off Big Pine Key, and the newspaper came aboard wrapped about somebody's lunch. The item was in the shipping news. It was blunt, like this:

The charter yacht *Orion*, Captain Quick, made port this morning and reported a member of its party lost in Tuesday's gale off Sombrero Light. The *Orion* had just finished a week's cruise among the Florida Keys.

There might have been something more concerning it elsewhere in the paper, but I didn't see it. The shipping news item was enough for me, anyway. A member of the yacht party was lost, certainly—as Doctor Grimshaw saw it. But I fancy that Buck Palmer had an entirely different view of the matter.

Now this Captain Quick was an old sea dog, and he knew his charts with his eyes closed; but he did not know the uncharted reefs and shoals of the Keys; not many people do, unless they've spent years there, as I have. So Quick arranged to have me aboard the yacht as a sort of pilot for the cruise.

It was the second day out when the thing began to happen. The tide was low, and the water in the Man-O'-War Bush Key section was none too deep for the yacht even at high tide. While we waited at the end of a lazy anchor-chain for better depth, I saw a speck come to life a mile or so out on the shimmering water toward the Big Mangrove group. Grimshaw saw it, too, and so did his maiden sister;

and so did the broker, Evatt, and his wife, and Mrs. Evatt called Miss Barrett's attention to it.

"Looks like a boat," said Miss Barrett.

She and Doctor Grimshaw were to be married soon; I had picked this much up without trying. Also I had seen easily that she didn't care greatly for the doctor. He was much too old for her. He wore a van-dyke beard; was wealthy, fine looking, and a fine fellow if one overlooked the whimsical things he did, but—June and October don't mix very well. I have reason to believe that Miss Barrett was none too well off in worldly possessions, and that she had agreed to marry Grimshaw sort of as a means of survival. The always sad look in her eyes told me much. She was handsome. My, but she was handsome!

I watched her as she watched the speck on the water. It grew larger and larger as it came nearer, until it got to be a weatherbeaten old dinghy with a rusted old outboard motor hung to its stern. The sadness of her eyes almost died out for the moment, and an odd look struggled for supremacy in its place; there was curiosity in it, perhaps, and perhaps a little of desperate hope.

"Why," exclaimed Grimshaw, "there's nobody in the blamed thing!"

So far as I was able to see then, the statement was correct. On the dinghy came, straight as an arrow toward us. It was like a phantom, somehow! When it was plain that the little craft was heading straight into us at top speed, Captain Quick sprang to the railing and yelled a warning. Still we could see nobody in the dinghy!

"Lord!" cried Evatt.

Just before she struck our starboard side in a splintering crash, her half-rotted wood crumpling like an eggshell, we saw the figure of a man lying in her bottom. He was either dead or sound asleep, I knew. Ragged, barefooted, bareheaded he was,

badly sunburned, with a beard at least a month old. Beside him lay a revolver. It went down with the boat.

Quick had two of the yacht's crew in the water immediately. They got the newcomer out of the dinghy just before it sank, and we helped them to the deck with him. He was unconscious, Grimshaw said, and pointed to a bleeding wound on his temple.

"The man was asleep," the doctor pursued. "He got that wound when the dinghy struck."

Grimshaw was a good doctor, no doubt. He went to work with hands that were quick and sure. As we looked on, Evatt nudged me and whispered: "Know that chap, Farrington?"

It never pays any man who lives among the Florida Keys to tell all he knows.

"He belongs to the beach-comber crowd," I whispered back, "and there are so many of them that nobody can be acquainted with them all."

Evatt screwed up his brow, the brow of a hard business man. He was about to pin me down to cases, when "Hop" Snarr—he had a limp in one leg—opened his eyes suddenly and stared at Grimshaw's face in fright, plain fright. Said Hop nervously:

"Where's—dinghy?"

"On the bottom," frowned the doctor. "You rammed us. Peeled a square rod of our paint off. Good thing we're metal!"

"Sunk?—good," mumbled our beach-comber. He sat up under the awning, and looked about him. His eyes were clearing rapidly. If he recognized me, he gave no sign of it.

"Listen," he said to Grimshaw, fairly snapping it out—"somebody's after me, and it's Davy Jones for mine if he finds me. No time to explain. You hide me, gov'nor, until I can explain; humph? It would take me too long to tell you everything now. Please, gov'nor, humph?"

"Rather unusual," smiled Doctor Grimshaw, twisting absentmindedly at the point of his van-dyke beard. "Who is it that you're afraid of?"

Snarr half whispered the name, Buck Palmer. If it meant anything to Grimshaw, he was a good actor and didn't show it.

"Please, gov'nor!" Snarr begged. "You'd be savin' a man's life, mebbe, and savin' yourself some trouble too. Please!"

"I must know more about the matter," frowned the doctor. "I cannot—"

Evatt cut in there: "Grimshaw, look!"

He stood pointing off toward the Big Mangrove group. Snarr climbed to his bare feet, and went ashen under his old-brass sunburn.

"It's him—speedboat—here in two minutes!" chattered Hop Snarr.

There really was not time for an explanation. Grimshaw made a sign to me, and I at once saw Hop Snarr down to the engine-room. Through a porthole I could now see Buck Palmer's speedboat coming like a streak of lightning, riding on its tail, roaring thunderously. Snarr, too, was watching—over my shoulder. He was too badly frightened, I think, to recognize me.

The swift little vessel was like a knife on the nose, blunt-sterned, round-decked over clean to the cockpit aft, and painted a battle-ship gray. Here and there on the hull were the scars of bullets, some long and others short, some rusted and others still new and bright. The boat had no name. It slowed, circled the *Orion*, and brought up half a cable's length off the starboard bow.

Then Buck Palmer rose in the cockpit and stood facing the yacht. He was twenty-six, maybe, and had gray eyes that were as keen as a pair of spearpoints, yellowish-brown hair, and a yellowish-brown beard several months old and as well kept as the doctor's.

I went back to the deck, and heard his call:

"Have you seen anything of a game-legged skunk in a motored dinghy?"

A member of the yacht's crew read correctly a wink from Grimshaw, and answered a negative. The doctor then asked:

"Anything wrong?"

"Does it make any difference to you?" growled Buck Palmer. "What side-swiped you like that?"

Once more the subordinate read correctly a look from the doctor.

"I've been on Snarr's trail day and night for a week, he said sharply. "I wouldn't let him sleep. If you want to wear a man down, don't let him sleep. That must have been why he rammed you. Now trot out the skunk, and save yourself a lot of trouble. If you don't think I can make it hot for you, ask Jim Farrington there."

Until then, I hadn't been aware that he had taken note of my presence aboard the yacht. But that, however, was Palmer's way. Grimshaw looked narrowly toward me.

"If you were me, Farrington, what would you do?" "I'd give him his skunk, doctor," said I.

You see, I knew Hop Snarr.

Grimshaw nodded. It was the simplest way to wash his hands of the thing. Two men were sent below, and came back with Snarr, who was struggling feebly. They lowered him over the side and into the speedboat's cockpit, and he sank into a corner like a crawling, beaten cur.

"Thanks!" smiled Buck Palmer.

He cranked his motor—it occurred to me at the time that he was queerly anxious to get away—and was off in a roar for Man-O-War Bush Key, which lay like a big emerald a mile or more north-eastward from us. Then Mrs. Evatt muttered oddly to her husband:

NOBODY had missed the doctor's fiancée, Miss Barrett. I turned from the Evatts in time to see her entering her cabin; she had just come up from the engine-room. In one hand she carried a not-very-large black object, which she tried to keep from my gaze; she was nervous, and almost as white as chalk. A sharp click when she had closed the door behind her, and I knew that she had locked herself in. She had recognized Buck Palmer. Mrs. Evatt told me afterward that Palmer was an old sweetheart of Miss Barrett's, and that Miss Barrett hadn't married him because he was not a wealthy man.

Just then Grimshaw called to me, and I went forward with him. We sat down close together, and the doctor muttered:

"You seem to know this Palmer fellow. Who is he, Farrington?"

I was still thinking of Miss Barrett. Quickly I concluded that Hop Snarr had hidden something in the engine-room—something that he had stolen from Palmer—and that Miss Barrett had gone down there and found it, the black object. I was not mistaken in this.

"Who is he, Farrington?" repeated Grimshaw. He seemed much interested. I saw no harm in telling him the truth as I knew it:

"Maybe a good many people would know Buck Palmer if they saw him without that fine, new beard he wears," I said, "and I have an idea that 'Buck' is only a nickname. We down here have understood that he's from Atlanta, and that he has some property there that pays him in rents as much as a fair salary. The Keys are full of missing men, some innocent, others guilty, some that are simply misfits anywhere else—and all of them beach-combers. They have their factions and their little wars. Palmer's crowd is the biggest of them, and he's king, a beach-comber king. This fellow Snarr, they say, is so bad that no crowd will keep him for any length of time. Snarr, that's the fellow who hid."

"You mean," said the doctor, "that Palmer is a sort of outlaw?"

"No," I said. "Nothing like it. Why, he won't carry a revolver, because that would be unlawful. Hence the rifle; see? But, oh, what a shot! I've heard of his shooting men's hats off, and even nicking their ears, but I've heard of no blood on his hands. Whale of a fist-fighter, too, I'm told. Also, he's a great singer. Any night you can go to Man-O-War Bush and hear him singing to his crowd around their campfires. 'Mother Machree,' 'My Buddy,' I Have Signed to Rest Me—he knows them all. He very nearly supports his gang with the money he gets, and they worship him."

This was the third time that day that I saw a face deathly pale. It was the iron-nerved Grimshaw now!

He, too, knew the beach-comber king.

"You say—" he mumbled—"Palmer is a great singer—"

With that he rose, seeming to have forgotten me. He went to the nearby post railing, and stood there staring off across the shimmering water.

THE tide rose to slack high, but the *Orion* remained at anchor. There was something in Grimshaw's countenance that kept anybody from asking questions. Miss Barrett remained locked in her cabin until supper was announced, and then she didn't eat anything.

A pall had fallen over the yacht. Something was bound to happen. [Continued on page 25]



Palmer's voice came across the water—
"But—, they never knew the Spanish Seas,
The regal purple visions weaving fancy
spins
Nor drowsed a tropic-day siesta out—
Let those who ken these things pass
judgment on my sins!"

"George, I've seen that boat before!"

"So have I," replied Evatt. "In fact, I've won money on her. Three years ago at the Savannah regatta; remember?"

"Ssssh!" cautioned the lady. She had seen that I was listening in—I couldn't have avoided it, without stopping my ears, for I was standing very close to them. She was a wise woman, I think. Evatt frowned at me.

"A—a reef," he said.

"Hell of a skipper you've got," was Palmer's immediate comment.

He knew it was a lie, about the reef. It was not that kind of a mark. Palmer cranked his motor, and the gray boat stole over very near to the *Orion*. Then Palmer cut off his spark, and began to peer down into the clear, shallow water. Of course, he saw the wreck of the dinghy. The next moment he had straightened with a high-power rifle in his hands. It had been said of him that he could take a fly off a sleeping dog's nose without disturbing the dog, with that rifle.



Not even the presence of two noiselessly padding servants who came and went with the dishes could hurl them back into their abyss of agonized self-consciousness. Peace fell upon them.

PHILIP'S "FURNIS MAN"

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

Illustrations by Bert Cranner

MISS ANITA HOLLOWAY rested her arms inelegantly on her breakfast tray and frowned down at the silver coffee pot, the cream pitcher, the two slices of toast, and the pile of letters that met her weary glance. She was twenty-four. A loving but candid friend had once said of her that she looked twenty when she was interested, and thirty when she was bored. She was not interested now. Another day had begun, and there was every prospect that it would be very much like the seventy-eight days which had followed her reluctant return to New York from her big house in the country. She had been bored there, but not oppressively; she was oppressively bored in town, and she fiercely resented the fact.

In twenty minutes her masseuse would arrive, and the strenuous hour of this young person's visit would be succeeded by the attentions of a maid, who might or might not arouse the momentary interest attending the building of a new style of coiffure on the head of her mistress. After that there would be the nuisance of getting dressed, Anita reflected, gloomily; and then a luncheon, at which eight or ten women would gabble, none listening to any of the others. At five she must go to Harriet Mason's tea, "to meet" a person she had not the slightest desire to meet; and she must get away from that in time to dress for a seven o'clock dinner, followed by a play concerning which she had

heard the most depressing reports. As to the mail, she knew before she opened her letters about what they contained: an appeal in behalf of the missionary fund; an almost tearful plea from a local charity organization not to forget the deserving poor; several invitations to dinners; five or six invitations to luncheons; four requests that she be a patroness of entertainments for worthy ends, and buy half a dozen tickets at five dollars each; one or two casual notes from women friends as blasé as herself; several notes from uninteresting men, inviting her to see the Russian dancers, when—as Miss Holloway reflected with increasing gloom—one should see those Russian dancers with interesting men or one should not see them at all.

She opened her letters. They realized her darkest forebodings. But at the bottom of the heap, almost hidden under the rim of her plate, was a tiny envelope addressed in sprawling, printed letters; and at the sight of this the charming but cold face of Miss Holloway warmed and brightened as if touched by a sudden beam from the sun of romance. She tore open the envelope, swept an eye past a line of white ducks in a frenzied flight across the top of the page, and read the words below:

Dere Aunt Nita:—Mother says I can Ask just the Ones I want for my burthday Partie, it is Thursday so I want You. Mother says Tell you the Rest, so it is Jim who does not belong to eny One. He sels papers, he is Older than Me. And my nurs. And the Furnis man and Carlotta from Sweden she is ofel lonsom. And my Own docter

and Profeser Gray. Father says he nos more Than Any one els in the Unervercity but he has not Got eny Litel Boy. Please cum. I kno you will like The furnis Man.

Your loving frend, PHILIP

Miss Holloway read the letter twice. Then she threw back her head with a joyous laugh—a sound so unexpected that it had a shattering effect on the nervous system of the maid who was removing the breakfast tray. Subsequently, as Anita resigned herself to the ministrations of the masseuse, and still later to those of the hairdresser, her lips were curved in a tender and absent smile. She recalled the list of Philip's prospective guests, and they seemed to pass before her in review: Carlotta from Sweden, who sounded like a princess royal, but was probably a cook; Professor Gray, visualized as a dried-up, academic person who had won Philip's heart by showing him a tadpole or a caterpillar; Jim, evidently a pal, near Philip's tender age; and last, but far from least, the Furnace Man Philip was so sure she would like. She knew the boy must have met this person in his explorations through the cellar of the great Cameron house. She could picture the big-eyed, passionately friendly child sitting on an upturned box, watching the Furnace Man at his labors, and winning the heart of that sooty individual, as he won the hearts of all who touched his life. Philip was a darling, a very prince of darlings; she had always adored him, and now she was almost passionately grateful to him for giving her a thrill of real interest.

She wrote a personal acceptance of his invitation, and, light-heartedly leaving the remaining letters for her secretary to answer according to the dictates of a somewhat limited intelligence, she went to the gabbling luncheon, which was fully as gabbling as she had expected it to be. In one of the rare intervals in which she herself was permitted to gabble, she mentioned Philip's invitation, and was rewarded by immediate attention, even from a group which was discussing flesh reduction.

"That child will have a lot of money when he's twenty-one," contributed her hostess. "But he'll probably be a communist by that time and give it all away, because of the peculiar notions of his parents. *Fancy* letting him associate with newsboys and furnace men!"

"But think of getting Professor Gray!" another breathed in awe. "He never goes *anywhere*, and his books are simply wonderful."

"The Camerons ought to be putting Philip up now for the best schools and the big clubs, so he'll get in when he's old enough," another matron thought. "We entered Billy for Groch the day he was born."

"Are you really his aunt?" a fourth asked Miss Holloway.

"No," Anita admitted; "only his godmother. But when he was old enough to notice names, and heard his mother call me Anita, he thought it meant 'Aunt Nita', and so—"

Nobody was listening.

"That luncheon of his will be a weird affair," said a girl who affected offhand speech. "Where d' ye s'pose he'll sandwich you, Nita—between Jim and Carlotta?"

Anita laughed. "I hope so," she declared. "I'd infinitely prefer them to Professor Gray and the doctor."

THE same problem was at the same moment disturbing the breast of Master Philip Cameron. Following their usual method with this precocious infant, his parents had thrown upon him the burden of the preparations for his party, as well as of the entertainment itself. They were, they lightly mentioned, at his service as a source of general information; but they expected him to untie his own somewhat tangled social knots. Pale but calm, Master Philip asked a few questions. He learned that the table arrangements of his guests was highly important. Also that there were hosts so given to detail that they actually wrote out a list of their guests and then made a diagram of their positions at the banquet board. His mother seemed to admire such hosts. Philip disappeared with a wan smile. A little later he returned with inky fingers and a blotted list, to which Mrs. Cameron gave immediate and respectful attention.

- Jim
- Nurs
- Dokter Clark
- Carlotta From Sweden
- Aunt Nita
- Profeser Gray
- the Furnis man

"How many does that make?" his mother demanded.

Breathing rather heavily in his interest, Philip counted the names. It was an important matter. There must be no mistake.

"Seven," he decided.

"Eight would be better," mused the exacting parent. "Eight is an even number. They could go into the dining-room in pairs."

"Like an'mals into the Ark," confirmed Philip, grasping the point.

"Can you think of anyone else you'd like to ask? There really *should* be eight."

Philip shook his head. Then his brow cleared. "Would I do?" he suggested, diffidently. "You know I—I—really 'spected to be there!"

His mother laughed and hugged him, hiding in his yellow hair a conscious face. "I think you will," she conceded.

When the question of the diagram came up after this refreshing interval, Philip drew a circle that bore a depressing resemblance to a leaky egg. A few patient touches gave it better proportions, and then, still following a large general plan, he made crosses at the head and foot to represent his guests, and three marks on each side of the imaginary table. There remained the delicate matter of arranging the guests, and at this point Mrs. Cameron departed somewhat abruptly, murmuring that a lady usually sat between two gentlemen, and that the guests "one most desired to honor" were placed at one's right and left. The hints left Philip rather limp, but that night when he was sleeping—somewhat restlessly, it must be confessed, after his mental exertions—his father and mother found

this document in his small desk, and bent reverent heads above it:

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| | Aunt Nita | |
| | X | |
| Jim— | | —The Furnis man |
| Profeser Gray— | | —Dokter Clark |
| Carlotta from Sweden— | | —Nurs |
| | X | |
| | ME | |

"Couldn't have done it better myself," chuckled the elder Cameron. "Few pictures could be more stimulating to the tired mind than that of Clark between Nurs and the Furnace Man."

"Unless," murmured his wife, "it's that of Nita between Jim and the Furnace Man. Oh, Phil, isn't it an appalling mixture!"

"They'll carry it off," predicted her husband. "Trust Gray for that."

"Nita could swing the thing alone, if she happened to be in the humor," brooded Philip's mother. "But probably she won't be. She almost never is, nowadays. How a girl with money and beauty and position and brains can be so desperately discontented *all* the ime is more than I can understand. But about this party—Really—hadn't we better—"

"Not a bit of it," interrupted Philip senior. "Give 'em a good luncheon, and let 'em muddle through. You and I would spoil everything. Moreover, my dear—pardon me for mentioning it—the cold fact is that our son has not invited us!"

ON Thursday morning Anita learned by telephone that the time set for Philip's luncheon was one o'clock, a detail her over-worked host had omitted to mention. She presented herself at five minutes before that hour, and was escorted to the drawing-room by a servant who appeared to be struggling with abysmal emotions. She was, it appeared, the last arrival, and Philip, his blue eyes blazing with excitement, shook hands with her ceremoniously, and hastened to introduce her to his other guests—an attention complicated by the abrupt disappearance of two of them. Jim had taken refuge behind a divan, over the back of which his agonized red ace was sinking with something of the effect of a setting sun. Carlotta, the Swedish nurse of a neighboring child, had coyly retreated into a corner behind a potted palm. Three men, however, rose as Anita entered, and two of these Philip presented in turn.

"This is my doctor," he said. "He's awful busy, but he came

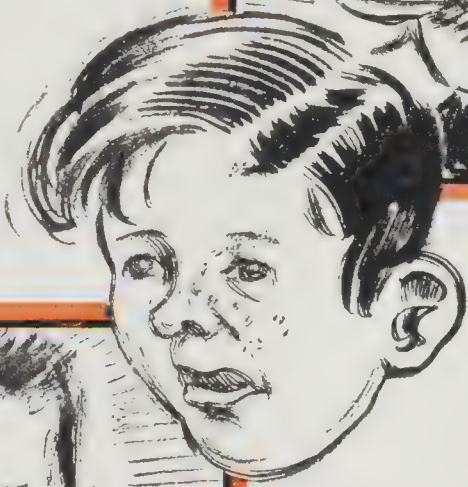
and bring Carlotta, so please do it, quick." Professor Gray looked very much as Anita had expected him to look. Clark was an elegant person, with a Van Dyke beard and a manner. Both murmured pleasant phrases, to which Anita replied in kind. Both were utterly insignificant in the presence of the third man, a young giant with brown eyes and the handsomest head and face Miss Holloway had ever seen. They were almost too handsome; they rather took one's breath away and made one self-conscious—but the manner of their possessor was extremely simple and natural. His eyes were as brilliant as Philip's; there was an amused tremor in the voice that spoke to her.

"May I take you in?" he asked.

Anita took his arm without speaking, but with an extraordinary feeling of having done so before; indeed, of knowing this young man surprisingly well, though certainly she had never met him until this hour. If she had, she could not have forgotten him. Her spirits rose dizzily. This was sure to be an interesting luncheon. The portieres leading into the dining-room had been drawn back, and Philip, hand in hand with the beloved nurse who was his guest of honor, was advancing at the head of his short procession. Behind him, Carlotta and Jim, equally out of their native element, dragged reluctant feet; and back of them Gray and Clark walked, arm in arm, exhibiting a surprising gift of airy badinage. Anita and her escort came last; and now she shot a second glance at him, quick but appraising, taking in this time not alone his brilliant eyes and handsome face, but the swing of his big shoulders, his splendid length of limb, the perfection of his carriage, the shabbiness of his clothes. His



Carlotta—from Sweden.



Jim, who does not belong to anyone.



Professor Gray

clothes were very shabby indeed—threadbare, even; and one of his carefully polished shoes showed a break at the side. It was a most incongruous thing that such a man should wear such garments. He was a prince in a fairy tale, badly disguised.

"Philip does not believe in names," she smiled, "but you are—"

"The Furnace Man? Yes." He smiled down at her from the height of his six feet, and something in the smile moved her oddly. No man had ever smiled at her quite like this; it was exactly such a smile as Philip might have given her, and it matched perfectly the look in this young giant's eyes—the look of the happy boy. Those eyes held, too, something of the sudden intimacy of a little boy's expression when he meets and likes a new friend. "Isn't this a lark?" he asked. "No one but Philip could have thought of it. And see him carry it off!"

They were at the table now, looking for the place-cards that bore their names, Gray and Clark continuing their cheerful talk in an obvious determination to make the affair "go," Philip wholly at his ease, Carlotta and Jim still souls in outer darkness. But a few moments later Anita found herself a sharer of the Furnace Man's theory that Philip would carry his

[Continued on page 40]

YE REBEL GLORY!

By LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON

Illustrated by Ralph C. Smith

Part Two

IT WAS not yet dawn when the rattle of musketry, flying hoofs, and fierce cries wrenched the tired girl from heavy slumber, sending her at a bound to the casement window. Thanks to a splendid elevation, Adam Neff's new colonial house commanded an excellent view, both of the country round about and the troubled city, on whose furthest edge the handsome estate was situated.

A more than troubled city, since the coming of General Gage to supervise its struggling destiny; its hard-leashed rebellion was burst into flame at last.

"Dear God!" cried Dorcas, panic-stricken. "This mob—this shouting—these martialling troops . . . God's mercy! Can they have found our arms. Can they—but what is this?"

Thundering round a bend, two Redcoats—and another—Lieutenant Coleman!—Lieutenant Coleman with a riderless horse! Dorcas' heart stood still. No mistaking that king of horses! Jeffrey's Emperor! But where was Jeffrey?

Trembling, she flung into her clothes, and none too soon. Already her father's step was on the stair, his gruff commands beating upon her shrinking sensibilities like hammer blows.

"Dorcas, my girl, make haste to rise. Make haste, I say! We are honored this morning. Lieutenant Coleman breaks fast with us—and has a word of thanks for you besides!"

Had she dared Dorcas would have fled, so violent was her aversion for the gallant officer just then. He brought her thanks! Cruel! Cruel! How should she bear it?—But her father's patience brooked no long delay. With a prayer in her heart and a smile upon her lips, Dorcas flung wide the door.

"Good morrow, dear father—what said you the while? Lieutenant Coleman is here? At this hour and the town in such confusion?"

"The town is well enough." Adam surveyed his dainty daughter with fresh interest. "Aye, the town is well enough and will be better than well, now that hornet's nest at the Green Dragon has been discovered. Mistress, you do me proud to have played so fine a hand in it!"

Dorcas caught his arm fiercely—she would have liked to shake him. "What extravagance is this? What said you—of the Green Dragon?"

Adam raised his voice for the benefit of every keyholed ear: "I said, child, that thanks to you, the chief agitator, and a rebel against His Majesty's glorious rule, has been captured and is on his way to the guardhouse where he'll taste the justice reserved for such as he. Ah—but here's the Lieutenant to tell the tale himself!"

One glance at the sombre officer, waiting in ill-concealed impatience at the foot of the stairs, and Dorcas knew she had need of wit and every artifice. He may have captured Jeffrey but it hadn't increased his faith in her.

"Good morrow, Lieutenant!" Never had Dorcas courtesied more gracefully or smiled more divinely. "You honor us overmuch, sir. May I ask to what we owe so unexpected a pleasure?"

"Hardly an honor, Mistress," blurted the poor Lieutenant, fighting hard for neutral dignity, "no honor surely. As a gentleman I owed it to my conscience to make certain of your safety—as a selfish mortal I followed less lofty promptings in seeking an ever generous host."

Adam Neff attempted a bow: "Lieutenant, you overwhelm us! But come! If I be not mistaken, that is Mahitable announcing breakfast."

Never was Dorcas to forget that meal. Forced to eat when every mouthful choked her, to listen un-

moved to an intelligence that tortured her heart, and to augment sallies that struck at hope itself, she wondered the torment hadn't paralyzed her reason.

But fear is less an enemy than a friend. Terrified lest further harm befall a cause she loved, Dorcas grew thrice gracious to the now suspicious but no less inflammable officer. Adam, meanwhile, convinced the King's forces must speedily end an infant rebellion, congratulated himself on a daughter whose sparkling coquetries he formerly condemned.

"Ho! Lieutenant!" Adam actually beamed. "This has been a rare hour! But, sir, having honored us thus far, might I ask a private confidence before you leave?"

Ignoring the desperate appeal signalling from the Lieutenant's admiring eyes, Dorcas arose hastily. "Gentlemen, in our

Blindly, breathlessly, she dashed into her chambers, bolted the door and found herself face to face with Jeffrey himself!





Slowly the ragged column rode. Plain men made forever glorious by a people's gratitude. Riding slowly—suiting their pace to the injured.

pleased excitement we've quite forgotten the better half of duty! The poor soldiers who accompanied our guest must need refreshment. Lieutenant, an may it please you, I'll have their needs attended."

Whatever his doubts or personal desires, placed as he was—and commissioned to win the support of just such men as Adam—Lieutenant Coleman could scarcely refuse. He bowed charmingly. "Mistress Neff, a British Regular thinks less of need than duty—but who can refuse a beautiful woman—anything?"

Dorcas courtesied. "Lieutenant, you should have been a courtier to grace a palace," she dimpled; then, conscious of the doubts still troubling him, rang the gong for Mahitable. When the old woman appeared, Dorcas granted another dazzling smile to the infatuated Englishman. "Mahitable, Lieutenant Coleman has enlarged his courtesy. You have his permission to demonstrate your cookery to the Regulars on watch before the house."

Mahitable waxed scornful. "You'd have them foreign soldiers in my kitchen?" she demanded, "and me a virtuous female?"

Lieutenant Coleman laughed his relief. "Precisely—and for that reason. My good woman, let me assure you the King's Regulars aren't peddled off promiscuously!"

Mahitable discouraged levity. "Mistress, if you must have it," she gave back grudgingly, "I'll do my duty. But mark you—" here she glared at the affable officer darkly, "King's men or no, 'tis not my will nor pleasure."

The dour old woman gone, Dorcas abased herself charmingly. "Sirs, a woman has no head for grave discourses. By your leave I'd much prefer a moment's grace to make myself the more presentable."

Was it courtesy alone, she wondered, that induced the Lieutenant to see her to the stairs? Perhaps—perhaps! Alone at last in the dim quiet of the upper hall, she gave the turmoil of her thoughts free reign. Oh, what had they done with Jeffrey! What would they do—'twas said they tortured rebels—hung spies . . . God's mercy! She must get word to John Dowell . . . aye, she'd find some way to leave the house . . .

BLINDLY, breathlessly, she dashed into her chamber, bolted the door and found herself face to face with Jeffrey himself! Luckily for her his muscles were as agile as his wits. Swift as a chetah he leaped the space between them and caught her as she reeled. "Dorcas, Dorcas, 'tis I—I, Jeffrey, a fool, so take me, but your eternal slave!"

"Call it paradise—not folly," laughed Jeffrey softly. "Nay, frown not, sweet. 'Tis true—each glimpse of you brings heaven nearer—"

"Oh, Jeffrey, unless God gives a miracle, I fear the opposite of heaven draws near. Heed you, Lieutenant Coleman sits closeted with my father, his soldiers in the kitchen—"

"God's wrath!" Jeffrey shot out impatiently.

"Aye, Adam Neff learns how good Colonial moneys may best defeat good Colonial ends! But listen, sweetheart, go you to that balcony—perchance the miracle you sought has come to pass."

Dorcas hastened to obey. Flinging wide the window she glanced about her lazily like one searching the skies for signs of changing weather. Jeffrey sheltered behind the heavy curtains. "Are the horses in sight?" was his first question.

Dorcas affected a yawn. "Yes," she whispered. "But there's an old wench squatting in the road—she looks suspicious."

"Are the horses tied?"

"No, they're nosing the flower-beds, small forage they find this time of year—but the old wench must be posted there."

Jeffrey slipped to the door and listened intently; then back to Dorcas, grinning: "Sweetheart, your pretty head is marvellously suited to intrigue. That old wench, so please you, is the Jeffrey your bright Lieutenant captured some hours since—of him, more later."

"Wait," Dorcas' eyes were dancing. "For sure I understand. The old wench yonder is Paul Revere. He had been riding hard, you had been riding . . ."

"Divinely!" interjected Jeffrey, kissing a curl dangerously near her dimpled cheek. Dorcas ignored this except to flush a rosy red, "less hard; and you met on the Green Dragon trail," she continued, with pardonable pride. "You exchanged horses—and some time later our good Lieutenant made his lucky blunder."

"Bravo! Mistress, bravo! But now to act. Get you on the balcony, sweet; stand there till yonder wench takes to the thickets—and look well if the garden be clear."

[Continued on page 24]

Resumé of Part One

It was the year 1774, and the Boston Tea Party had left Adam Neff, the city's richest merchant, in a quandary. He couldn't be sure which side of the impending struggle promised the greatest profit to himself. For this reason his daughter, Dorcas Evangeline, was given more liberty than her Puritan neighbours approved, her father hoping that her association with the British staff officers might bring him some useful information. As Dorcas returned with Lieutenant Coleman from a party at the Green Dragon the wheel of their chaise, evidently tampered with, came off, and as it began to rain she was rescued from her predicament by Jeffrey Howells, a leading rebel and friend of Paul Revere. Jeff carried her home on his horse and made love to her on the way—not unsuccessfully.

Oh, magic marvelous! Life surged back to her trembling self in singing ecstasy. Jeffrey! Jeffrey! Jeffrey! Each nerve and fibre thrilled with it. Like silken chains her arms stole around his neck, to work destruction, ravishingly sweet, the glory of her face hid shyly on his breast. Oh, Jeffrey! Oh, Dorcas! Oh, transports most divine and most ridiculous!

Dorcas heard the stormy beating of Jeffrey's heart—a precious sérénade sung to her ear alone—and fear and common sense rushed back to her. "Jeffrey, this is madness! To come here of all places. 'Tis worse than folly—'tis death!"

A Room For a Man

By EMMA DEAN

Photographs by Courtesy Robert Simpson Company, Limited and Ridpaths, Limited

IT SEEMS that a definite attempt must be made to create a room for a man, for in the average house the atmosphere is overwhelmingly feminine. Even in the bedroom which is furnished for two people—of whom one is a husband—everything is feminine: the furniture has light, delicate lines, fabrics are likely to be dainty, mirrors are hung too low, lights are not placed where masculine tastes prefer and there is an air of feminine charm about the whole thing.



The flowered fabrics, simple furniture and plain walls create a room which is interesting without being fussy. A room where a man can relax without fear of creating chaos.

The average masculine requirement of a room is that it shall be comfortable. After that, it should look masculine—colours, textures and furniture should convey a general idea of masculine habitation. Then there must be a place to keep his things where he can find them at a moment's notice; and there must be a place for all his things.

It is far easier, of course, to furnish a room for a man alone than for a man and his wife. That is why the average man likes a "den." Here we find all the things which his wife will not have cluttering up the dressing table or dresser or for which he can find no safe place beyond the children's marauding hands.

In the den should be a couch—a good, comfortable couch with a cover which can be used. The ideal couch cover will not show dirt, much; and it will not crease. There will be a table or desk with a good light and plenty of space for reading or writing or pursuing a hobby. There will certainly be some place for cherished objects such as pipes, perhaps in drawers, perhaps in a cupboard. There may be a wall cupboard which will house old smoking jackets and disreputable fishing garments. There may even be a box of tools.

The draperies in a man's den should be sturdy in character rather than dainty. There is no objection to flowered cotton materials provided the man for whom the room is furnished likes this type of fabric and design. The popular homespun appeals to the majority of men: it is colourful and unobtrusive at the same time, and it has an air of cosiness and comfort which men like. Mohair is another fabric which is suitable for such rooms. It is a thin woollen, made, in fact, from goat's hair. While thin, it is not sleazy and it seems to take such rich, deep colours in dyes: maroon, warm autumn brown, winery reds, Reckitt's blue, deep green. Linen is a very good drapery material and so is rayon in any of the various popular novelty weaves.

For the couch cover and a slip cover on his comfortable upholstered chair, nothing is any better than a tailored cover with a box-pleated ruffle. Denim or poplin may be used; figured linen (which will not show creases and will not soil too quickly); homespun are all good. Moire, for the more pretentious room, makes a very good looking cover.

THE floor covering could be good quality linoleum.

This type of floor treatment has been growing in popularity because it is so easy to keep in good condition. Ever so many patterns and colour combinations are being put out by Canadian manufacturers that are smart and attractive. By a special process linoleum is being given a "warm" finish so that it is much more agreeable to the touch than the old type which was clammy and chilling. Waxed, inlaid linoleum while more expensive than the ordinary quality, wears so much longer and so much better and requires so much less work to keep clean that it is a far better investment.

For best results linoleum should be laid over felt on a wood floor, and cemented over a concrete foundation. At the very least, lining paper (which can be bought wherever linoleum is sold) should be laid between the linoleum and the floor. This doubles the life of the linoleum.

Apropos of linoleum floors one of the newest floor treatments features designs worked out in linoleum. Mosaics resembling tiles can be had; various designs can be made to order. Any man who has a special hobby such as aeronautics or map drawing would be extremely pleased to have a suitable motif worked out on the floor of his den. The cost for

these made-to-order floors is not a great deal more than the ordinary linoleum, outside of the labour costs, of course. Many of the stores carry motifs in stock which could be used. Where special designs are desired, Canadian manufacturers supply them on very short notice.

The congoileum rug is another good floor covering. There are so many types and sizes in this type of floor covering that any taste can be suited. Many of the congoileum rugs have been copied from very high-priced rugs and are very pleasing to the eye.

Brussels carpeting will stand a lot of wear, as will broadloom. These are both inexpensive and can be used to advantage to cover the whole floor area, thus giving a feeling of unity and spaciousness.

WHEN it comes to wall finishes, there is practically no end. Paint, oil paint or water paint, is one; wallpaper, of course, is to be had in almost any design; wood panelling is being made (by a special new process) to apply to walls like paper. This latter is not expensive and it looks very rich, quite as smart as the real, old, genuine panelled walls.

There are two types of this synthetic panelling: one which is made from cotton and is applied to the walls in the same way that decorator's canvas is hung. The other is made of wood veneers applied to paper. The latter is put on the wall like wallpaper. In both these wall coverings practically any kind of panelling may be had: walnut, pine, oak and less well known woods. If the man's room is in the nature of a library this treatment is excellent.

A wall treatment which is sometimes seen in men's rooms is varnished brown wrapping paper. The walls are covered with lining paper, the ordinary

inexpensive lining paper which costs a few cents a roll, then the wrapping paper is put on just like wallpaper. Then the whole wall is varnished. With the proper draperies this wall covering looks most unusual and very attractive. It makes a good background for pictures, maps or ornaments.

Leather furniture is the first choice for a man's room. It is durable, comfortable and good to look at. In dull red or dark green or warm brown leather arm chairs create a distinctly masculine atmosphere. If desired, one chair may be slip covered.

Wrought iron is a wise choice for lamps and accessories. It is quite in keeping with the scheme in general and its air of masculine simplicity, almost severity, is distinguished. Parchment or metal shades look well with wrought iron.

WHILE it is a comparatively simple matter to furnish the den where there is a room to use for this purpose, many households have no room which can be used for this purpose. In such cases, space has been reclaimed from basement or attic. Often much preliminary work must be done before these places can be made habitable.

Insulation is the basic problem of the attic, and sometimes of the basement as well. There are many varieties of insulating board available which can be tacked into place with narrow boards placed over the "seams" by way of finish. Such insulating board may be painted and the boards stained or painted in a deeper tone. This simple treatment is often sufficient to make the attic comfortable; in the basement the insulating board may be used to enclose the area around the furnace, coal cellar and fruit cupboard. Then the wall, the entire wall, may be painted with water paint. In the basement room warm, cheerful colours in light tones should be used: pale yellow, coral, bisque or light green where colour can be introduced in the furnishings.

Many families have been surprised to find that comfortable, attractive rooms could be made with little trouble and expense in the basement. The



The rugged lines and sturdy character of these furnishings come from a masculine period in history and are admirably suited for a man's room. When these almost plain papered walls, embroidered homespun and inlaid linoleum are combined with old oak and interesting lighting fixtures, a colourful room, calculated to win the heart of any man, is achieved.

young man who likes to make chemical experiments or the older man who has a hobby to pursue likes the freedom of having a room on a floor away from the family where he may make as much noise or create as much litter as he chooses.

After enclosing the room sufficiently with wall-board, the floor may be covered with linoleum. Then the window can be hung with colourful material; furniture arranged and plenty of lights provided. Basement rooms need at least twice as much artificial lighting as do rooms on other floors.

[Continued on page 25]

ARE Frenchwomen MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN American Women?



Read this interesting interview with

Mrs. James J. Cabot
of Boston and Paris

WHAT IS THE TRUTH? *Are Frenchwomen more attractive than American women?*

"Most certainly not," says Mrs. Cabot. "But... Frenchwomen are clever! Often they give the impression of being better looking than they really are..."

"They are expert in the art of make-up and are always fresh and charming because they think nothing of renewing their make-up half a dozen times a day.

"Each time they cleanse their skin completely," Mrs. Cabot emphasizes. "They rarely allow water to touch their skin, but prefer cold cream for cleansing.

"This is a new reason for appreciating an old friend—Pond's. Not only is Pond's Cold Cream the purest and best for cleansing—but it is so economical it reconciles French chic with a New England conscience.

"Another little nicety of the French toilette," Mrs. Cabot tells us, "is the use of vanishing cream as a foundation for make-up. How subtly rouge and powder may then be blended!



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1. Amply apply Pond's Cold Cream for

thorough cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all dirt to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent... white or peach.



2 Softer, more absorbent... Pond's Tissues.



3 Discreetly stimulating to the skin... Pond's Skin Freshener.

3. Pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to brace and tone, close and refine the pores, firm contours.

4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder. This disguises little blemishes and forms a lovely velvety finish. Use not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms... And to keep your hands soft and white.



4 For powder base and protection... Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal.

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"East, West, Home's Best"

Prepared for the Western Home Monthly

By V. W. HORWOOD

THE Colonial house with an entrance on one side is more unusual than those with the familiar centre entrance, but often makes possible a better arrangement of plan for the house of modest dimensions. The planning of the modern home must be regarded in a vastly different way to that of the home of only a few years ago. The conditions are now so varied. There is an absence not only of traditions but of the recognized local style which can be seen today in the old homes of Ontario and Quebec. Houses which retain all the handmarks of the craftsman, and although beside one might be a house similar in plan, yet different in its craftsman, each showed the individuality in his work. This individuality in house building has almost disappeared, or can only be obtained at great cost. In those days now past, mouldings were wrought by hand work. Now they rush thousands of feet in a day through a planer, and the method of judging perfection is to keep them absolutely the same. Your mouldings are likely to be exactly the same pattern of a thousand homes if your architect happens to be lazy, and allows the mill operator to use his own knives without reference to the architect's details. This of course cheapens work, but at a loss of the prized individuality in your home. The times that produced such work as some of the old Quebec farmhouses have passed away—although imitations are being planned everywhere—but the spirit is not in them. They were built when the architect owner was the master mind; the leader of craftsmen who not only worked with him but understood his aims and ideals, each in his own way carrying them out, not mechanically but with a personal interest that reflected itself in the general result.

IN THE arranging of the actual plan of a home, a plain common sense disposal of the rooms is always the most satisfactory, and in this plan the rooms

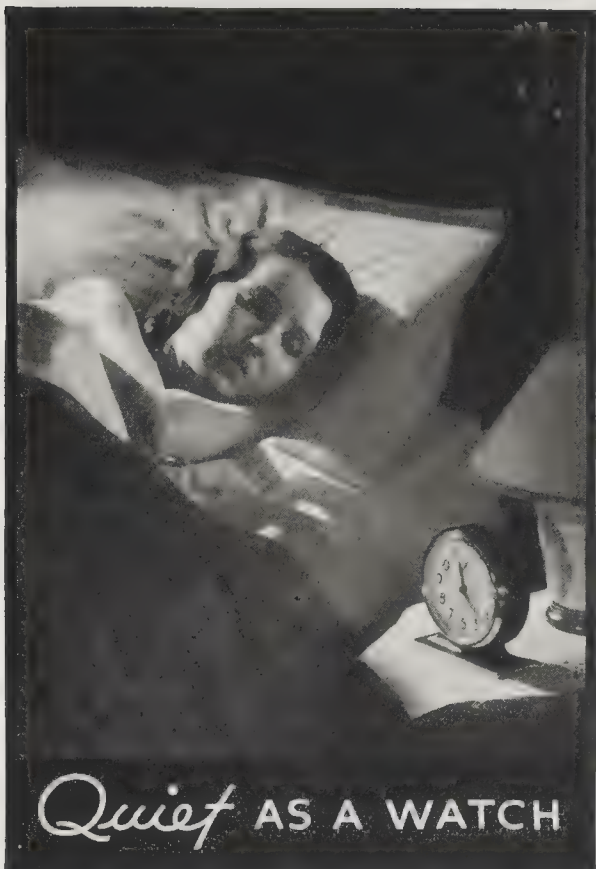
are all kept square in shape. There is no attempt at eccentricity—and you will look in vain for ill-shaped rooms full of angles and recesses. The simpler a house is made both inside and outside the more successful it will be. This home is planned with an absence of anything that will make extra work, concentrating the various departments and always bearing in mind in a small house like this the problem of privacy. I have tried to give a similarity of treatment throughout. One room leading to another without violent contrasts and the whole plan grouped into a connected scheme.



Associate the furniture with the panelling.

A comparison of a colonial home of yesterday with one of today is generally to the disadvantage of the modern, but it must not be forgotten that the old builders did not have our problems. Drainage and sanitation were practically unknown. The water supply gave little trouble, for the uses of hot and cold water had yet to be discovered—and in the past few years electricity has almost revolutionized the economy of housekeeping, and many another of these modern necessities by which the architect is governed, very much to the disfigurement of his plan. I am well aware that the times demand what one might almost call an indecency of design in revealing the skeleton of a house, but I cannot see why the skeleton should be revealed especially if it is ugly. Machinery and its developments in the home economy may be mechanically beautiful, but its beauty is only in its mechanical excellence.

There really cannot be any basis of comparison between the difficulty brought about in present and past home buildings. Building has been a tradition and like all tradition from frequent repetition grows stale. The architects until recent years were the most conservative of designers, until shocked out of their easy chair meditations by the influence of the great decorators. Look at kitchens! They were a shame to the designer, until the women began to use their influence. When a draughtsman, our standing joke was, that a woman designed a house around the cupboards, and a woman client was generally regarded in the office with faint condescension for her ideas—but "autres temps, autres mœurs"—with the advent of magazines exclusively for women, lo presto, the solemn and sedate sacerdotal architect who so ponderously wrote (some of us still do so) of his Art, has disappeared in a revel of bright-colored kitchens and bathrooms. Maybe the fad is a little over-colored, but still no one will deny that [Continued on page 50]



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NEURALGIA

TAKEN at the first stab of neuralgia, Aspirin tablets will relieve the pain—often in a few moments. Just as easily, they relieve the pain of neuritis—so difficult to distinguish from neuralgia.

Women who suffer from facial neuralgia, or from neuralgic pains in chest, neck or back; men who suffer from that other form of neuralgia, known as sciatica, find prompt comfort in Aspirin. It is a blessing to sufferers from pain of any kind. It brings quick relief for colds, sore throat.

Aspirin is perfectly harmless to the system; causes no habit; cannot depress the heart. Box and tablets always bear the Bayer cross for your protection.

(MADE IN CANADA)



A SEEMING eternity it was only a moment until the dim wood had swallowed up the ancient hag. Yet not a thought too soon. Sudden shouts, running feet—an ugly clamor, told its tale of discovery. "Ah, God!" prayed Dorcas, feverishly arranging her hair and snatching up a crimson shawl. "Dear God, hold them yet a while. Give him time—give him time, dear God, to prove the glory of Thy Rebels!"

Heart on flame, eyes burning black in the pallor of her face, she darted down the stairs, all but colliding with the startled Lieutenant as he made for the front door, Adam after him.

"What's this?" Lieutenant Coleman was all soldier now; steel-hard, impersonal. "The horse is gone—can a horse vanish in thin air under your noses?"

"No, sir—yes, sir—" stuttered the Regulars, saluting deftly. "That is, sir, though we didn't see him go, he appears to be gone."

Adam Neff made bold to interrupt. "Your pardon, Lieutenant, but the grounds are fenced—there is yet no cause for alarm."

Dorcas thought otherwise. Playing for time, she burst out laughing: "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! You play the part of women. Why, not ten minutes since, the horses crossed my flower beds. Had it been summer—"

"Aye, aye," Adam frowned impatiently. "To the point, my girl. Not ten minutes since the horses were here and none else about?"

"None, father." Her voice rang clear. "None, that is, save an old woman who must have been hunting herbs."

The soldiers nodded emphatically, grateful to have this advocate in case of further dispute. "'Tis true, sir, we saw the old witch ourselves, sir, digging about before we entered the house."

"Enough!" Lieutenant Coleman was beginning to feel a fool with Mistress Neff's quizzical eyes upon him. Nonetheless, he added sharply: "Search the grounds—that horse, gentlemen, is worth your uniforms!"

The air was tense. Adam hastened to reaffirm his hopes of early peace; Dorcas expressed alarm over the musket fire at dawn. The Lieutenant was still smarting from a dozen indignities, not the least of which was his ridiculous return to the Green Dragon astride a plodding carthorse. He—a King's officer—bouncing bareback after a runaway coquet. Touched with malice, he answered shortly: "'Tis unfortunate, Mistress, but I fear your pretty ears will hear much more of the kind—and worse."

Ah!—Adam detected a new and ominous note. "An please you, not war?"

The Lieutenant made a grave mistake. "War?" He drew himself up haughtily. "England wars with nations, sir—she merely blots out rebellion!"

Adam colored to the roots of his hair. Dorcas broke into laughter. "Alack, sirs, we grow too comic. And see, yonder come the soldiers—the suspect with them." She said it lightly, gaily, though each word tolled a knell to her dearest hope.

Vastly relieved and, consequently, ruing his hasty utterance, Lieutenant Coleman scarcely glanced at the splendid creature his soldiers led up triumphantly. Not so Dorcas. While her father drew the young officer aside for a final consultation, and the Regulars went to fetch their own mounts, she studied the coveted horse in fascinated despair.

The same clean limbs—deep chest—and kingly head. The same glossy

YE REBEL GLORY!

Continued from page 19

coat—rippling of matchless muscle and sinew. The same—ah, but what of the sensitive fire-breathing nostrils—the restless quiver—the little wind-born forefoot ever pawing to be off . . . here was a king, yes, but a king tamed!

Dorcas put out her hand. There was a green stone in Emperor's headpiece. There was no green stone here. "Emperor," she whispered coaxingly, "Emperor."

The great horse paid not the slightest heed. Her hand on Emperor's satin neck had awakened a thousand quivering nerves. "Emperor! Emperor!" She shot the name out sharply this time. So sharply her father flung around amazed. Dorcas made a playful grimace. "I think but poorly of horses," said she. "Here I am lavishing one endearment after the other and get not so much as one flip of the ears in return!"

"Let be," cautioned Adam, hurrying towards her, "mayhap the brute is mean tempered. Aye, but mean or no, 'tis a mount to be proud of, Lieutenant."

Completely restored to good humor, Lieutenant Coleman gave back in kind as he vaulted the saddle. "Proud is the word, Adam Neff. None prouder than I." Then, to Dorcas: "Mistress, swear me by those sweet eyes of yours, once peace is restored you'll follow a long lane—on a proud horse, to your pleasuring?"

Dorcas smiled, her eyes feverishly bright. "An may it please you, sir," she answered truthfully, "'tis the highest hope of my heart to follow such a road . . ."

Lieutenant Coleman thundered away on Paul Revere's mount (Jed Howells' pride till Glory threw Emperor), indulging false hope and fatuous pride.

Adam turned to his daughter, a queer, strained look in his face. "Look, you, child," said he huskily, "one thing seems quite forgot . . . 'Tis very certain good Englishmen won't be so lightly squelched—blotted out—whatever side the water!"

THAT was the eighteenth of April. After picketing of the troops in the town, all was quiet enough. No one was caught smuggling ammunition, spreading sedition, or even abusing the dignity of British arms. Indeed, the whole of Boston and its environs had about it a deceptive docility.

Deceptive, but gratifying, nonetheless, to the King's forces; though quite possibly had General Gage been less preoccupied with his own plans, he might have found the sudden calm less attractive.

Dorcas spent most of the day in her room, as restless in her self-imposed incarceration as the town. She was far from idle, however. Sitting by the window, whence she watched the roadside anxiously, her nimble fingers plied a familiar task. Hours on end, throughout the weeks gone by, Dorcas had labored in secret at the making of panniers with little pockets destined to carry gunpowder. Thanks to which feminine atrocities, the Turtle Parties, and the pretty girls sworn to the service, the Minute Men, from Medfordtown to Concord, were well supplied with powder and quite content to wait their destined hour.

At dusk, Eliza Hartwell, Dorcas' bosom friend, and Adam's godchild, dashed in unceremoniously to end a task no longer necessary.

"Dorcas—it's coming!" she cried, slamming the door behind her and

striking a tragic attitude. "God help us, 'tis nothing less than war!"

Dorcas could never quite rid herself of mischief. "Well, 'twas surely not for exercise we crossed so many bridges," said she, solemn as an Elder. "Sit down, Eliza, sit down. An so please you, bad news should not be carolled to the winds."

"Alas, 'tis true," Eliza whispered indignantly. "The King's spies are everywhere. But heed you, Mistress Neff, we go them better. Aye, thanks to Paul Revere's illusive friend, whoever he may be, we're not . . ."

"Sh-h-h, Eliza, this is a house divided."

"Poof!" Mistress Hartwell shrugged disrespectfully. "My good god-father gives me small concern. The Regulars watching our house have all too much of it."

"They watch too late. But come, sweet friend, 'tis not their watching causes these alarms—there's nothing now in the Hartwell cellars to fear. 'Tis something else, Eliza, something new."

Eliza got up and paced about the room, her tall, somewhat angular figure, replete with nervous fire. "Aye, Dorcas, after all we've done—all these risks—we know the worst but not the remedy!"

"Be plain," Dorcas spoke sharply.

Eliza caught her by the arm. "The British march tonight, but whether by land or sea—God only knows."

They stared at one another in mute dismay. To know so well one's danger, yet not the way to meet it—time, place, every essential of success denied . . .

"Eliza," Dorcas flung her off, "you despair too soon. There's some way out—there must be. I know it!"

"You'd know less, Mistress, if your lover was on the road to Lexington with a keg of powder and fifty muskets," Eliza shot back angrily.

"Alack, perhaps," admitted Dorcas humbly. "Still, I know your John. He'll get to Lexington and back, never doubt it."

Eliza thanked her with a glance. Then, half irritably: "There's this small hope. Just at daybreak Paul Revere came to the house. He'd been captured, locked in an abandoned barn while the Regulars sought their officer, who, it appeared, desired particularly to humiliate him in person. But thanks to that friend whom one never sees, he escaped—both of them disguised as old women packing baskets."

"Aye, aye, Eliza, to the hope—to the hope!" Dorcas interrupted impatiently, knowing all this and more besides.

"A fool's hope! It seems this friend, so careless of danger, means to haunt the British closer than a shadow. At the first sign of movement, he will fly to the Old North Church to flash a signal from the tower—Paul Revere, meanwhile, waits on the Charlestown shore, booted and spurred and ready to ride to every Middlesex village and farm."

"Glorious! Glorious! And you call it a little hope? Eliza Hartwell, mark me, the soul of our country will flash from that tower tonight, and the world will wake to heed it!"

"Bother rhetoric! The Minute Men, not the world, will lose or save us! Brave man or no, how shall Paul Revere ride in time to rouse them?"

Dorcas' face was aglow with a sudden luminous understanding. "Eliza, 'tis borne to me in a way I cannot now explain, that long since—years since—God took up what men

[Continued on page 38]

THE BEACH-COMBER

Continued from page 15

I would have sworn it, though I could never have guessed just what it was that did happen.

The full moon rose soon after night-fall, and such a moon! It was so big and so bright that it seemed artificial. All was silence except for the occasional splash of a sportive porpoise, or, now and then, a savage barracuda striking in a school of fat mullet. The breeze was straight from Man-O'-War Bush Key to us. On a night like this one, with the wind favoring, it would surprise you to know how far sound will carry.

I had noted a softly glowing spot on an edge of Man-O'-War Bush's dim outline, and I guessed it to be the nightfire of Buck Palmer's outfit of beach-combers. Then we heard, faintly, and yet so distinctly that there seemed something supernatural in it, Palmer's splendid voice stealing over the barely ruffled waters; it was Ira South's poem, "The Beach-Comber," that he sang, and the air was his own and all aquiver with pathos:

"They say, because I walk the sand barefoot

Among a brown-skin people, better I be dead.

My friends made, ages gone, their prophecies,

And now, long since, the last 'I told you so' is said."

We were sitting under the forward awning, and not a word, as I remember it, had passed between us since supper. Miss Barrett went to her feet at the end of that first stanza, and walked, like a woman in a trance, to the rail. I never knew why I did it, but I rose and followed her, stood beside her. And then Palmer's voice came across the water and the distance again:

"But—, they never knew the Spanish Seas,

The regal purple visions weaving fancy spins

Nor drowsed a tropic-day siesta out—

Let those who ken these things pass judgment on my sins!"

Palmer sang out of his soul, and it showed me a thing I had not seen before. He had been a misfit in so-called civilization; he simply didn't belong to it. An atavism, you'd call it, perhaps. It was all in his voice that night, for those to read who

could. Miss Barrett, at my side, did not seem to know that I was anywhere near her. She took from her bodice the black object that Hop Snarr had hidden in the engine-room, and the moonlight enabled me to see that it was a large wallet. It was stuffed with papers, and some banknotes, and the worn photograph of a woman—the photograph of Miss Barrett herself!

Of course, it had been only the banknotes that had appealed to the villainous Snarr.

Miss Barrett thrust it all back inside the wallet, then thrust the wallet back inside her bodice. She turned, without seeing me at all, to the others. Doctor Grimshaw sprang erect, took two steps toward her, and stopped.

"I'm going—" she said, and she seemed smothered—"I've got to go; there's no other way—"

She didn't say where she was going. But Grimshaw knew, and so did I. Grimshaw was angry. He was more than angry. But he was what the world would call, and correctly, a sport. I don't know what he'd been before, or what he has been since, but I am sure that he was a sport that night.

Within a very short space of time, we had lowered the little motor-boat that the *Orion* carried on davits, and Miss Barrett, Captain Quick, and I got into it. Quick ran it. I told him how to go. We headed toward Man-O'-War Bush.

When the nose of the motor-boat had stopped in the sand of the bottom near the moonlit, firelit shore, Buck Palmer was not singing. In point of fact, he was wading out to meet us, quite as though he knew who we were. And then Miss Barrett was out of the boat and wading to meet him.

"Go back," she had said to Quick and me, with all the happiness in the world in her voice.

And we went back.

A beach-comber too, Miss Barrett? I don't know. How should I know? But I do know that before the captain and I reached the yacht that night we heard the thunder of the gray speedboat's exhaust, stretching rapidly out toward Key West, and I had no doubt that they were going there to be married.

A ROOM FOR A MAN

Continued from page 20

Men of athletic tastes will choose gymnasium furnishings for their basement rooms. Gymnastic equipment can be obtained today at low cost and installed with little trouble.

THE bedroom for a man presents a problem which is slightly different from the den. There is the problem of dressing and housing clothing as well as sleeping. Under ideal conditions there should be both a den and bedroom for the man of the house, but ideal conditions seldom exist.

In a bedroom for a man which is shown in the photograph here arrangements have been made for sleeping, storing clothing, reading and writing, and space provided for keeping some cherished objects whether they be pipes and tobacco or collections of coins, stamps or what not. The floor is covered with linoleum; the furniture is oak and has definitely masculine lines. One chair is leather and with it are a small table and floor lamp which gives good light for reading. There are three floor and table lamps in all so that the centre fixture is seldom needed. Draperies are made of linen in natural colour with conventional flowers in red with green leaves. The

coverlet on the bed is of light wool which is not easily mussed and is in keeping with the character of the bed itself. This room satisfies all the requirements of the average man.

So many men feel, at the end of the day, that they would like an hour's rest, a nap before dinner perhaps, but there is no place where they can be quiet and where they won't be scolded for musing things up. Few men would dare get into bed just for a rest; they would rather do without the relaxation which they really need than be questioned about whether they feel badly (few men would go to bed before the conventional hour for retiring otherwise) or be reproved for upsetting the bedroom.

The chaise longue is an excellent adjunct to the bedroom and offers a place for a man to rest and relax. He may read his paper, if there is a good light; he may just stretch out at full length and ease cramped muscles; or he may enjoy a light sleep. Men who have known the comfort of having a chaise longue are never willing to give them up. They look well in a room and do not take up a great deal of floor space.



Some women are funny that way

Some women have a happy knack of finding joy in the simplest everyday things.

A table set with crisp, snowy linens—a cake baked to fluffy perfection—sunbeams dancing on spotless floors—towels fragrant with sweet, airy cleanness—in such simple homely things, these women find delight. They're funny that way.

It pleases us greatly that these women are the very ones who fill our files with friendly letters about Fels-Naptha. Yet it doesn't surprise us. For, as far as soap-and-water tasks go, Fels-Naptha brings *extra* help that makes it easier to get things done beautifully.

Fels-Naptha, you see, is more than soap alone. It is good soap and *plenty* of naptha. So much naptha, you can smell it plainly. The velvety feel of the bar and its *clear*, golden color will tell you that the soap itself is unusually good. So you get two skillfully combined cleaners in one big bar—soap and naptha working hand-in-hand. Under their gentle urging, even stubborn dirt lets go—without hard rubbing. Smudges vanish and woodwork sparkles. Bathtubs gleam. Windows shine. And clothes come off the line clean through and through—white and sweet!

Fels-Naptha washes clean in hot, lukewarm or even cool water. It gives *extra* help in tub or machine; whether you soak or boil. And Fels-Naptha, containing glycerine, treats your hands gently and helps keep them nice.

On your next grocery list, jot down Fels-Naptha—the 10-bar carton, preferably. Then try this soap! And see for yourself why so many of the best housekeepers say—"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

Here's a Chipper for you!—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. With the chipper, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with only four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. WH2-32

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

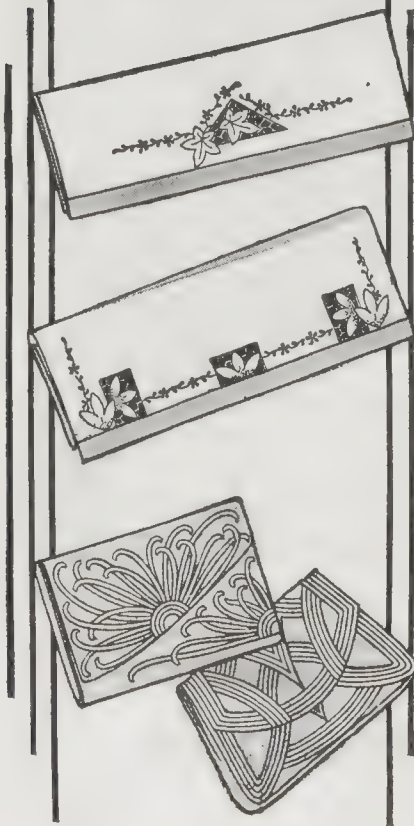
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FOR EMBROIDERED SECURITY USE CLARK'S "Anchor" STRANDED COTTON



Colors that remain fresh and clear, thread that works into the fabric easily without knotting or pulling—these qualities give Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton the right finish for your embroidered linens. It is excellent for monograms, quilting, cross stitching or where a durable cotton is needed, such as on towels, luncheon sets, pillow cases and children's frocks. It is remarkable how a touch of embroidery will add beauty and smart individuality to your linen. It is an art that is filled with fascinating discoveries.

Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton comes in the most delightful array of 121 shades that are absolutely fast and will stand years of hard wear. The threads are smooth and strong—easy to work with because they do not snag.

Designs illustrated: towels, Butterick Pattern No. 16146; quilted bags, Butterick Pattern No. 16147.

IN SPECIAL TANGLEPROOF SKEINS

CLARK'S "Anchor" STRANDED COTTON

MADE IN CANADA BY

THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,
MONTREAL
Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton

I WENT TO THE DOGS!

Continued from page 13

it I was pretty mad. I didn't care about the money, but it made me mad to think what they had done to Buster, and then have them be like that about it. A lawyer named Milton Cohen told me that Buster had quite a suit.

Most people gave the publicity credit for it, but it's a fact that Buster sued the studio for twenty thousand. That's what Cohen figured a dog's tail was worth in Hollywood—and I guess it's a lot of money for a dog's tail because the papers took it big.

Before the case came up, Billy West came around and settled, but I didn't do any more work at that particular moving picture studio.

After that Buster and I went into vaudeville together with a Hollywood revue. It was a girl show, but Buster and I did our turn and I guess we were all right. Buster always got a pretty good hand, anyway.

When the show closed we went back to Hollywood. Sometimes I worked to keep Buster in hamburger and sometimes Buster worked to keep me. Between us we made a living, but I was still a long way from any real success as a dog man in Hollywood.

AT THAT time, about five years ago now, the best paid dog in pictures, aside from Rin Tin Tin, was a yellow bull named Pal. Pal was the original dog with the "our gang" comedies, and he worked so steady in that series that Tony Campaniro, his owner, saved up forty thousand dollars. Tony owned an antiquated flivver and he lived with Pal and his other dogs and a monkey named Chicago, out on the Hal Roach ranch in Culver City.

Tony's tastes were simple and to him the forty grand that had piled up on him was just about all the money in the world—and I suppose like all good sons of sunny Italy, the day he went back to look over his old home town was just about the biggest moment of his life.

Now Tony was well known about Hollywood. Everybody knew him and everybody kidded him.

I never kidded anybody in my life, and if Tony was a butt to a lot of extra boys and electricians, to me he was just a mild sort of fellow who knew plenty about dogs.

A lot of people, including some fellow Italians, offered to lease Tony's dogs when they heard he was going away for a trip, and maybe for good.

I would like to have had Tony's stable myself, but I was far from being in the money. Buster was making progress but we were still just doing things on a small scale.

Tony came to my house one night, just before he left for Italy. He asked me if I'd take care of his dogs and said that I could have any proceeds that might be forthcoming.

And so, Tony Campaniro loaned me his dogs—a great Dane, a thoroughbred police dog that wasn't much good, a little shaggy mutt and the great Pal.

I guess that was the turning point in my career as a dog man. I made the rounds of the studios and used the telephone every day. Nobody knew when Tony would be back, if ever—but I figured he wouldn't be gone long.

I put more promotion into Tony's dogs and my own Buster, than Tony ever could have done, and finally I got a good spot for Shaggy and the great Dane. I made four thousand dollars in one picture and then I got some pretty steady work for Shaggy and Buster over at Mack Sennett's and then the Hal Roach studios called

to say that they were ready for Pal because they were beginning production again with the Our Gang company.

When Tony came back I tried to get him to split with me on the money I'd made with his dogs. He said the dogs were worth twice what they were when I took them, and he refused to take a dime.

I guess that was the first time I'd ever had a bank roll. Mrs. Renfro and I talked it over, and we decided to make a down payment on a five-acre peach orchard near Hollywood, and to go into the dog training business in a big way.

And so we started Rennie Renfro's Dog Farm, where I now have seventy-four dogs including Buster and Oscar. Buster is now the highest paid dog in pictures, and Oscar is apt to be next year.

We built kennels on the new ranch. We built a special kitchen where the dogs' meals are prepared. We installed a dog bathhouse and exercising equipment and last but not least, we started in acquiring dogs.

It's an experience that's given me more thrills than I ever got jumping out of airplanes as a Hollywood stunt man. While our seventy-four dogs are probably the most valuable collection in the west, from a purely commercial standpoint, strangely enough there are very few dogs that I have bought.

FOR a day or so Buster was the only dog on the farm, and a week later there were nearly fifty. I got them through the S.P.C.A., from the city pound, from back alleys and from people who just wanted a good place to dump an unwanted dog. All in all in the past five years, I guess maybe eight hundred dogs have passed through the farm. I've never sold a dog, although I've given away hundreds of pups, and it's very seldom that I've gone out and purchased a dog.

I've bought a few specialties of course, such as a Mexican hairless. I got him for a gag at Paramount studios, I think it was, when Buster was supposed to walk through a patent dog-shaving machine. Buster walked in at one end and the hairless walked out at the other.

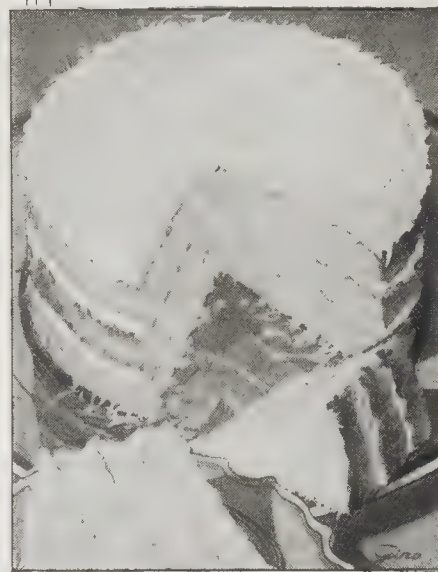
The poor dog is still with me, and most people can't even look at him, let alone pet him. As a matter of fact he's a swell dog. I guess that Mrs. Renfro and I are the only friends he's got. He's kind of dumb as well as, er—strange looking.

But at that he's not the queerest dog we've ever had. Tom Mix brought a dog from France that was stranger than the Mex. I found out later that the man who gave him to Tom paid seventeen-hundred dollars for him—some French sportsman who admired Tom Mix's brand of riding.

When Tom got back he gave the dog to a cowboy who used to work with him in pictures. The dog was a pure bred French sheep dog, and the weirdest hound that ever came into these so-called United States.

One day one of the studios sent out a call for a funny-looking dog. Every dog man in Hollywood (and there are plenty of them) was on hand with a full string so the director could take his pick. I had about fifteen queer dogs there myself, and there were lots of kids with dogs. The director looked them over with an expression like an art critic, and pronounced the lot the soberest, sanest, most commonplace dogs he'd ever seen. "Mundane" I think he said. [Continued on page 35]

COCONUT at Every Season



HERE'S one important thing most wise housewives know about coconut:— At every season you can buy Baker's Coconut just as fresh and full-flavoured as when the shell was opened.

That means a lot to you! At all times of the year you can add the fascinating tropical flavour of fresh coconut and make every favourite cake or pie unbelievably more tempting.

Try Baker's Coconut in today's cake or pie. Sold in tins, packages and by the pound. Your grocer sells it. Made in Canada from fresh coconuts.

DELICIOUS!

7-minute Coconut Frosting

2 egg whites (unbeaten), 1½ cups sugar, 5 tablespoons cold water, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups Baker's Coconut, SOUTHERN STYLE.

Put egg whites, sugar, water, and cream of tartar in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire. Add vanilla and ¾ cup coconut. Beat until thick enough to spread. Sprinkle remaining coconut over the frosted cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. Double recipe for three 10-inch layers. (All measurements are level.)

BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free recipe book to Consumer Service Dept., General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ont.

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WE PRESENT

FOR YOUR CANADIAN ALBUM

FAY WRAY

MISS WRAY was born in Alberta, Canada, September 5, 1907, the daughter of an inventor and a non-professional mother; is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes, and was educated in Utah and Hollywood. She entered pictures simply because "she wanted to," having had no previous theatrical training save some amateur school theatricals and a bit in "The Pilgrimage Play." Her first screen role was in 1924 as leading lady in a Century comedy. Miss Wray has appeared as the feminine lead in some notable pictures, among them "The Wedding March," "The Legion of the Condemned," "Thunderbolt," "The Four Feathers," and others. She has been seen in "The Sea God," "The Texan," and "The Gay Caballero," and is now appearing in "Dirigible." An enthusiast in "real" golf, tennis and ping pong, Miss Wray is a reader of modern fiction without preference to authors although she reads most of them. She is married to John Monk Saunders, famous as the author of "Wings," "The Dawn Patrol," and "The Last Flight." They have no children.





Moir Lynd retains her charm despite masculine attire—the charming English star of "The Verdict of the Sea."

STARDUST



Dr. Cecil Reynolds, internationally famous psychiatrist, discusses the psychological qualities of the much discussed play "Grand Hotel" with its author, Vicki Baum, and Edmund Goulding, who will direct the picture.



Lillian Hall-Davies who appears in her first talkie, "Many Waters," which will be exploited by British International Pictures.



A happy team from the English comedy "The Love Race." From top to bottom—Dorothy Boyd, Jack Hobbs, Dorothy Bartlam and Stanley Lupino.



Arty Ashe is able to preserve a hopeful expression, even though playing the part of a taxi-driver in "The Love Race."



Three good comedians, Louise Fazenda, Jimmy Durante and Bert Lahr, get together for lunch and a few laughs between scenes.





Trouble in the forecastle—One of many stirring incidents in the British production "The Verdict of the Sea," a spectacular film produced by Clayton Hutton.

STARDUST



Marcelle Rogez with two charming canine friends. Miss Rogez appears in the British International picture "Money for Nothing."



Evan Thomas, who plays a leading part in British adventure drama "Tin Gods."



An informal pose of Robert Montgomery. He will be seen next in "Private Lives," co-starred with Norma Shearer.



The Bachelor (Henry Wenman) and the Baby (himself) in "The Bachelor's Baby."



Miss Joan Crawford en route to her dressing room at the studio. Miss Crawford will be seen next in "Possessed."



Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne

SANTA BARBARA from the sea, a dream-city lying against her hills like a fairy crazy-quilt, colorful with the fantastic polychrome of flaming eucalyptus, purple wistaria, the bloom of lemon trees and the terra cotta, blue, and white of a thousand bungalows. That is typical of one sort of sight that intrigues the visitor. But there are other kinds. Tourists get a big thrill out of the simplest happening; anything in the smallest degree unusual which may occur on the streets of Hollywood is interpreted by them as an epochal event or at the very least a picture in the making, and they will congregate in staring groups to watch. For nothing, to their enchanted eyes, can possibly be ordinary in or about this magical place.

On the outskirts of the town there is a large ostrich farm and folks with a liking for that sort of thing may go out there and look at the huge birds and even, I believe, take a ride on their backs if so inclined. One day a few weeks ago a certain producer had taken some friends from the East out to this show-place and they were wandering around the various enclosures having a great time. The producer himself didn't care much for ostriches but he was feeling good on his own account because he had just paid a good round sum for a specially-written drama by a celebrated English author and thus outwitted a rival studio that had been angling for the rights. The final act was even now in his coat-pocket and he had been conning it over and gloating all morning. The author had gone back to England . . . And then suddenly a big male ostrich playfully thrust its beak into the producer's pocket and snatched the opus away. A gulp or two and it had disappeared.

"Gane!" cried the talkie magnate in a fury. (This is a Hollywood term meaning thief.) He seized the bird by its long neck and began to urge it in passionate language to "give it up," but the creature broke away and galloped out of sight among the rest of the flock. The producer ran part way after him but soon gave up the chase and returned hatless and forlorn to his friends.

"What's all this?" demanded a keeper, coming up on the run. "Ten pages of high-class English dialogue that *rosier* has swallowed on me," shouted the producer. "It means a lawsuit."

The keeper was literal-minded. "Oh, you needn't worry about that," he said, soothingly. "Them birds can digest anything—we wouldn't think of suing you, sir. But after this keep further back from the wire, see?"

And the delighted tourists listening in on this racey episode doubtless returned home and told their envious friends that they had seen one of those two-reel slapstick comedies made and that it was a WOW.

THE visitors don't always recognize fellow-tourists.

One day after it had been raining heavily a party of three schoolma'ams were trying to negotiate the wet pavements in a car that lacked safety treads. It wasn't so bad on the level stretches but Hollywood is more or less hilly and if you're not mounting a slope you're descending one. Two thin ladies were in the front seat but there was a quite hefty member in back, who no doubt had been placed there for ballast or to serve in place of non-skid chains. Whenever the car struck a bump this rear-seat passenger bounced up and down like a sandball to the great joy of all the small boys looking on. The zig-zag progress of the party attracted no end of attention and people lined the curbs to watch and to call out advice. At a congested spot a truck was halted just behind them, its driver waiting with remarkable patience for the strangers to move on. They skidded to right and left, they swerved round and slid sideways like a crab. They threshed about indecisively, while horns tooted and traffic cops shouted. They threw in the clutch and then threw it out, changed from low to high, stamped on the brakes, gave the accelerator a push, ceased

operations altogether—finally shooting backwards and mounting the curb before a cleaning-and-pressing establishment. The fat lady bounded up so high she all but went through the top. More cheers. A bearded man with fright written all over his face appeared at the shop-door with a pressing-iron in one hand calling loudly



Douglas Fairbanks was a visitor on the "Private Lives" set recently. He was entertained by the entire cast, including the Director, and a grand time was had by all. From left to right they are: Reginald Denny, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery and Director Sidney Franklin.



Clark Gable poses informally for this magazine. Tall, dark, handsome, thirty years old, a man's man, with an infectious sense of humor, he is the male idol of the screen right now.



Norma Shearer, last year's winner, presents Marie Dressler with the Statuette, awarded by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for the best performance by an actress in the past year. Her role in "Min and Bill" won the award. George Arliss (left) looks on with Lionel Barrymore, who won the award for actors. His role in "A Free Soul," won his award.

for the police. The truck driver called out: "Hey, youse dames, lemme know when you git through your act. I ain't got all day, see?" The crowd was hugely entertained and one bystander was overheard explaining to some friends as follows:

"It's part of a circus picture you know. That's the fat lady in the back seat there. She weighs six-hundred they say. The camera's in that truck just behind. Of course it'll all look different on the screen—they're just practising."

But it isn't only the ostriches that have hardy digestions. The players must possess this asset too for among the demands made on them by soulless scenario writers is the courage to partake of any and every kind of food. Paul Lukas told me that after vowing for years that he could never down chop-suey he meekly consumed two platefuls of the stuff and a dish of shark's fins as well, in the Chinatown sequence of "Working Girls." On the other hand, Judith Wood in the same picture didn't get a taste of the ice-cream she had been looking forward to because it melted so quickly under the powerful klieg lights that before the scene was finished it looked like soup and the director had it whisked away and tea and salad substituted.

"I guess I can eat about anything," Eugene Pallette, the Paramount comedian contributed to the discussion, "since an experience I had back in Kansas as a kid. One fall my mother was to have a big Thanksgiving party and I offered to supply the geese, for they were thick that year. I hid off to a certain lake and blazed away with my gun. At first I had no luck at all but after awhile I sighted two splendid birds. I picked off one very neatly and when the other rose I let him have a shot and he promptly did a nose dive. Well, I got good and wet bringing those birds out and they seemed to weigh a ton or so as I lugged them through the night, back five miles to my home. But I didn't really mind, I was too happy. What a bag. I heard myself telling the boys all about it and listening to their envious remarks. Well, you can realize why I always buy my geese now. Did you ever," concluded M. Pallette, with a shrug, "try to eat a pelican?"

Speaking of wild life, the Hollywood brand may have its attractions but Hal Roach, for instance, prefers the sort he finds in the Canadian wilderness. Recently he journeyed by 'plane into Alberta and British Columbia in search of big game, and the trophies he brought out were three fine black bears. (See accompanying picture.)

THE cameraman took an informal photograph of the popular Clark Gable for us as that young man was about to quit work for the day. Mr. Gable is working on several pictures at once, as these lines are written, and still the fans can't get enough of him, apparently. You'll excuse his hat. He has to wear it practically glued to his head for the femmes have reached that hysterical stage of hero-worship where if he were to set it down for so much as a moment it would be snatched up by some enterprising lady and raffled off for a fabulous sum, believe it or not, as the Strange Facts man would say. It is irritating to be obliged to go home in a borrowed Borsalino,



Sights that Intrigue the Tourist; a Glimpse of Clark Gable, Current Idol; February-Born Stars and Valentine Parties; When Hearts are Trumps in Hollywood; Hard Times Along the Boulevard.

otherwise Mr. Gable's sudden zoom to the heady heights of public acclaim amuses him. He is even given to making sport of it. A good healthy sign. I fancy he will be hard to spoil, for he has a pair of direct blue eyes behind which a twinkle perpetually lurks and life can't hurt people who have a well-developed sense of humor. He has agreeable manners and pleasantly blunt features. I should hardly call him handsome but he appears to have that much-sought, indefinable quality that goes by the silly term "It," and among the young men of the screen he is regarded as the cream of the crop right now. As I had always avoided gangster films I had never witnessed him at the business of batting the heroine around and putting people "on the spot," but I'm assured that when he played these "heavy" roles the eye of the fan used to be deflected from the work of other players to follow his attractive villainy and that such was the power of his appeal he just had to be "reformed" and given the big spotlight. Even restrained critics accustomed to weighing their words have been gurgling with rapture over him in the hero's part and have polished up their most extravagant adjectives in his behalf. He is so solid with even his own sex that none of them has mentioned a dimple he has in one cheek, and if that isn't magnanimity what do you call it? Incidentally, Mr. Gable has a muscular arm capable of a good right swing. Here's luck to him!

Robert Montgomery, co-starred with Norma Shearer in "Private Lives," was telling me about some of the hazards and hardships of their trip among the 8,000-foot peaks of Glacier National Park, where the company went to secure "Swiss" atmosphere. It called for an excellent pair of lungs and the best heart-action, this jaunt, since they climbed jagged precipices most of the time, under the guidance of Jean Hersholt as a yodelling mountaineer, and when they weren't doing that they were all spraining their tonsils in an effort to record dialogue. It developed that the "Alpine" echoes, bounding from peak to peak wouldn't let the sounds register. At all events they all but ruined the expedition till deflecting soundboards were erected.

IN THE early era of pictures California was chosen as the ideal locale for making movies because of the superabundance of sunshine, which was so good for the camera. That it was also good for the players was merely incidental. But watching the youth of 1932 which has flourished on large doses of Old Doc Sol's unbeatable tonic and laved itself in the bracing water of the Pacific, one is inclined to belittle the much-touted Golden Age of the Greeks. The goddesses of Santa Monica for instance, with their satiny-bronze skin and lean-muscled bodies as they swim or surfboard among the breakers—one could wish that more femininity looked like Leila Hyams for example. I greatly prefer Miss Hyams' type of architecture to anything I've seen in a museum of ancient Greek sculpture. She might be called a poem in flesh-and-blood, and there are others. Nor do they regard their perfect physical fitness as anything to blow a horn about. "Why not?" one can hear anyone of them say, while admitting that she is as healthy as a rich uncle. I watched Madge Evans galloping about on a big black horse one day and I wondered if the young Diana so extolled by the muses and Olympians looked anything like she does. I doubted it. Diana was probably overfed and lumpy.

IT HAS become a truism to state that Hollywood is the city where extremes meet, but for almost every up-from-poverty story there may be found one that might be termed down-from-aristocracy. There will always be glamor in the thought of a young man suddenly switched by fate from a park bench to perfumed pyjamas yet quite as remarkable in its way is the career of one who born to the purple and fine linen of life elects to don the motley, or as is sometimes the case, is forced into it by circumstances. There is David Mir, Hollywood "bit" player. He is the son of a one-time Russian governor-general and it seems that he was a prince prior to the collapse of the Romanoff dynasty. At any rate he is supposed to be first cousin to that prince who assassinated the monk Rasputin, while his aunt by marriage was a sister of the late Czar. It is quite a nice little problem in relationships and naturally young David had never been trained to earn a living for being born into a family of great wealth and the heir to enormous estates he was destined to a high post under the imperial government, with

nothing so crude as work involved. At sixteen he entered upon a military career which came to nothing, for the revolution intervened and in it perished his father, the Crimean big-wig, and his brothers. Only after appalling hardships did the youth succeed in reaching Paris. Now he is in Hollywood where a good voice and a certain amount of dramatic talent have enabled him to earn his bread before the "mike."

Not less interesting is the son of an English baronet whom we have in our midst. His name is Gerald Grove and he is one of those technical advisers about whom something was written in a recent issue of this magazine. I am informed that his father is Sir Walter Grove of Sedgill Manor, Shaftesbury, England, and that following upon his education in private schools at home the young man studied for the diplomatic service and went out to Rhodesia where he joined the British South African Police. On the outbreak of war he was transferred to the King's African Rifles, was wounded and later received an appointment as aide to Viscount Buxton. He also served on the French front. After a year spent in military hospital he became chief of staff to the Earl of Stradbroke, Governor of Victoria, Australia, and

next he found himself adventuring in South Sea islands. From this he went to ranching in Mexico and finally—and one might say inevitably—reached Hollywood and a well-paid job as first aid to sick scenarios of the laid-in-England type. Mr. Grove recently completed work on his ninth talkie, "Once a Lady," starring Ruth Chatterton. Nothing in the way of a social slip is likely to get by him and those critical fans who watch carefully to see if the proper number of utensils are laid at table in a dinner scene, or to note who precedes whom in entering the banquet hall, are going to have nothing to carp about.

I DISCOVERED Hollywood's oldest extra yesterday. Oldest in point of years, not service. This is one John Curry, aged colored man who makes a specialty of playing African tribal chieftains and whom you will see in "Tarzan." He celebrated his [Continued on page 34]



Dr. Lanyon (Holmes Herbert) hears Dr. Jekyll's (Fredric March) astounding confession after he has changed from Hyde before Lanyon's eyes.



Some of that Hollywood snow, with Anita Page trying to melt the heart of the snowman.



Hal Roach, noted film producer and sportsman, spent his vacation in the Canadian wilds in search of big game. He returned with his trophies—three black bears. C. B. Brunson, Hollywood sportsman and member of the hunting party, is seen at the right.



The celebrated Garbo bob is entirely covered up in her newest picture "Mata Hari," which glorifies the career of the famed European spy of that name. Miss Garbo wears clothes that demand small head caps of one sort and another.

of one who born to the purple and fine linen of life elects to don the motley, or as is sometimes the case, is forced into it by circumstances. There is David Mir, Hollywood "bit" player. He is the son of a one-time Russian governor-general and it seems that he was a prince prior to the collapse of the Romanoff dynasty. At any rate he is supposed to be first cousin to that prince who assassinated the monk Rasputin, while his aunt by marriage was a sister of the late Czar. It is quite a nice little problem in relationships and naturally young David had never been trained to earn a living for being born into a family of great wealth and the heir to enormous estates he was destined to a high post under the imperial government, with





Robert Montgomery provides musical atmosphere while Norma Shearer makes up for scenes in "Private Lives."



Yes, even love scenes in the movies must be directed. Here we see Director Clarence Brown talking over an episode in "Possessed" with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable.



The way they ride the goat in the Movie Studios. Pauline Moore receives the more or less customary initiation.

Shadowland Oddments

Here and There

British Film of National Interest for Immediate Production

A FILM production of national interest is to be produced for immediate release by British Instructional Films which, in view of the recent crisis, should interest by its theme not only filmgoers in the British Isles but also those throughout the Dominion. "England Awake," which will be made at Welwyn Studios, will tell the story of England's progress throughout the past century, commencing in 1830 at the time of a great national crisis, such as arose last year. A scene depicting the Duke of Wellington addressing a hostile mob, during which he makes an impassioned speech declaring that England had not failed in the face of disaster, and that the country would and could pull through to prosperity, being at its best when anticipating the worst, is the first episode in the film.

From this point the film will deal with the history of the century which followed, through which Englishmen led the way by their work in different spheres of activity to the great benefit of mankind. British administration abroad and British industry at home and the prime factors in their organization together with the moving spirits that brought about their realization, play an important part in the film. Scenes will introduce such great men as Faraday, Stephenson, and Brunel, whose inventions have made industrial and mechanical expansion possible; Lister and Simpson with their discoveries of anaesthetics; and Ross, whose research into the malaria germ made the building of the Panama Canal possible. Incidents abroad are introduced, such as the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway; one of the most thrilling being the quelling of the Matabele revolt by Cecil Rhodes, who unarmed and with only two companions palavered with 20,000 natives and saved Rhodesia for the Empire.

Present-day schemes that go to show that England is awake, and competent of winning through to even greater prosperity form the concluding part of the picture. The latest achievements by land, sea and air are introduced in the form of *Hannibal*, the world's largest flying machine; the *Empress of Britain*, the world's largest liner; Sir Malcolm Campbell's *Miss England II*; the *Cheltenham Flier*, the world's fastest train; and the great electrical and road-building schemes, with recent triumphs in the steel and textile industries. The film will culminate with the performance of the Schneider Trophy machines and it is hoped that a prominent Statesman will be persuaded to conclude the production with a few words of encouragement on future prospects. It is hoped that "England Awake" will both entertain and inspire filmgoers at a time of tremendous moment in our national history.

You May Be An Ardent Movie Fan But Did You Know?

That George Arliss came to America with Mrs. Pat Campbell's troupe to stay six months and has remained twenty-five years?

That Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., is a pal of football players because he "can take it"?

That Richard Barthelmess was the first actor to talk over the radio, and got stage fright when he started?

That Connie Bennett's normal weight is 100 pounds?

That Charles "Chic" Sale was doing old man characters before he was old enough to shave?

That Ruth Chatterton's first starring appearance was a "midnight matinee" at the Cohan Theatre, New York, in "Come Out of the Kitchen"?

That Dorothy Mackaill has one of the most beautiful figures in Hollywood and never diets?

That Lilian Bond went from convent to stage at fourteen in a London Christmas pantomime?

That Joan Blondell played one-night stands in China, Australia and Germany?

That Joe E. Brown was afraid to tell his mother that they beat him in the circus when he trouped in his boyhood?

That Charles Butterworth wrote gags for comic valentines and holiday cards as an assistant to J. P. McEvoy?

That Jim Cagney quit as office boy on the New York *Sun* to take a job as a hoover paying \$17 a month?

That Donald Cook studied farming at college and then went into the lumber business?

That Dolores Costello was an artist's model working for James Montgomery Flagg?

That Bebe Daniels is a second cousin to Dr. Lee De Forest, father of broadcasting?

That Kay Francis was a school athlete and did the 100 in 12 seconds flat?

That Leon Janney was born in Ogden, Utah, on April Fool's Day?

That David Manners is related to the Duke of Rutland and worked as a cowboy on a dude ranch?

That Marian Marsh was taken from a classroom in Hollywood High School to play in a picture and never went back?

That Marilyn Miller was a child toe dancer billed as "Mlle. Sugarplum"?

That William Powell took a job as theatre usher so he could study actors?

That Edward G. Robinson served in the U.S. Navy during the World War and speaks eight languages?

That Ben Lyon prowls around auctions and is a collector of etchings and lithographs?

That Winnie Lightner is ambitious to play heavy dramatic roles?

That Evelyn Knapp wanted to be a newspaper reporter and cooks grand steaks—with onion sauce?

That Loretta Young was taught to dance by Ruth St. Denis and became a screen actress at four with Fanny Ward?

That Barbara Stanwyck wanted to dance like Isadora Duncan and to be a missionary in China?

That Lil Dagover has the most beautiful back in the world and mastered English in five months?

That Warren William became an actor in an A.E.F. troupe in France after the Armistice?

What Color Are Your Eyes?

Girls, if you have blue eyes and a fair skin, your chances of getting into motion pictures are better than four-to-one over your brown-eyed sisters.

At least this is the inference drawn from a compilation of statistics at one of the leading studios, where it is disclosed there are twelve blue-eyed damsels under contract as against three dark-eyed beauties.

Heading the blue-eyed list are Marion Davies, Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo with Anita Page, Joan Marsh, Dorothy Jordan, Marjorie Rambeau, Irene Purcell, Polly Moran, Madge Evans, Charlotte Greenwood and Janet Currie included.

The brown eyes are Joan Crawford, Astrid Alwyn and Dorothy Appleby.

The green-eyed delegation, completing the feminine aggregation of the contract list, is comprised of Marie Dressler, Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper. Karen Morley stands alone with hazel-hued orbs.



A novel effect to be seen in "Bill the Conqueror" is a "log's eye" view of Henry Kendall and Heather Angel. Norman Walker, the Director, and the cameraman, are seen on the other side of the fire conducting operations.





“Around the World in Eighty Minutes”

OUR heartiest “hurrah!” this month goes to Douglas Fairbanks. He has given us a travel picture that is interesting without being too serious, instructive without being heavily didactic, amusing without being doggedly facetious.

“Around the World in Eighty Minutes” is different from any other travelogue I have seen. There is a delightful informality about it, and in a light-hearted manner views of real places are interspersed with fantastic scenes of Mr. Fairbanks floating about on his “Thief of Bagdad” magic carpet or casually driving a golf ball from the Philippines to India.

The beginning of the film shows Mr. Fairbanks in one of his most acrobatic moods, taking his morning constitutional—and what a constitution he must have!—around the deck of a ship bound for Hawaii. He reaches Honolulu with his agility undiminished and experiments hilariously with the native surfboards. Next comes Japan with fine scenes of Tokyo, Fujiyama, intimate scenes of Japanese family life, and Mr. Fairbanks, still energetic, playing golf with a young Japanese lady.

In China we have glimpses of Hongkong and Peking and a visit to the home of Mei Lang-Fang, the famous Chinese actor who played in New York two seasons ago.

There are excellent scenes in the Philippines, in Angkor and Bangkok, and one very unusual sequence shows Mr. Fairbanks at an entertainment given by the King of Siam and his consort, with excellent pictures of the strange games of the country and its beautiful dances.

The trip into India produces some lovely scenic photography, Mr. Fairbanks’ visit to a young Maharajah, and a lion-hunting anecdote that pokes gorgeous fun at such big game pictures as “Trader Horn.” And so home to Hollywood.

Lupe Velez, co-starred with Lawrence Tibbett in “Cuban Love Song.”

Mr. Fairbanks’ running comment throughout the film is amusing—especially so when he is making fun of his own exploits. Nor does he strain after wise-cracks as grimly as do those eternal “voices,” dulcet but more often otherwise, that accompany the regular newsreels. Every moment of the picture is interesting and entertaining and such sequences as the visits to the King of Siam, the Maharajah and Mei Lang-Fang could only have been obtained by a man like Fairbanks who is so well known and so well liked the world over. I am glad—and you will be, too—that he did not forget to take his camera with him when he went on this tour.

I only wish that I had had my camera with me one day some years ago when I was in Rome. My mother, a friend and I were walking about in the old Forum. It was early October, the tourist season was over and the Forum was deserted except for us and three other people: two men and a woman. The face of one of the men seemed oddly familiar to all of us. For a moment we were puzzled. Then we suddenly exclaimed in chorus: “Why! It’s Douglas Fairbanks—and that must be Mary Pickford with him!” Just then it began to rain. Douglas and Mary had no umbrellas and they stopped to consult with their guide about continuing the tour of the Forum. Douglas looked questioningly at Mary’s hat. Probably it was new. It was certainly smart and very becoming. Mary’s gesture indicated that despite the peril to her hat, she wished to see the Forum. Then Douglas solemnly unfolded a white pocket handkerchief and spread it over her hat. They all grinned—and so did we!—and then they went on about their sight-seeing.

But to return to “Around the World in Eighty Minutes” . . . Be sure to see it. Anyone, from eight to eighty, will find entertainment in it.

“His Woman”

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, sloe-eyed and charming, and Gary Cooper, the strong silent hero, are starred in this picture, but the show is stolen from both of them by a newcomer to the films, Mr. Richard Spiro. Mr. Spiro is dimpled and beautiful. One might quibble over his enunciation, for it is not always very distinct, but his gurgles, even his howls, are utterly charming. Mr. Spiro is just nine months old.

The story of “His Woman” concerns a sea captain who, going ashore at a tropical port, finds a baby floating in the water. He decides to adopt the infant and searches for a woman to take care of it. A girl who has a bad reputation in the town applies for the job and not



Ramon Novarro in “Ben Hur.”

Criticisms
Favorable and Otherwise
By Jerome Carver

knowing her but believing her to be decent and competent the captain hires her. The captain and the girl fall in love, but when he finds out about her past, he tries to forget her. Several melodramatic events ensue and finally, because of the baby, the captain and the girl forgive each other and decide to marry.

Founded on Dale Collins’ story, “The Sentimentalists,” the plot is not very effective. Miss Colbert is as attractive as ever, but she does not get a chance to shine in this picture, and Gary Cooper just walks through another strong, silent part. Were it not for Mr. Spiro, who, as I said before, steals the show, the picture would be dull.

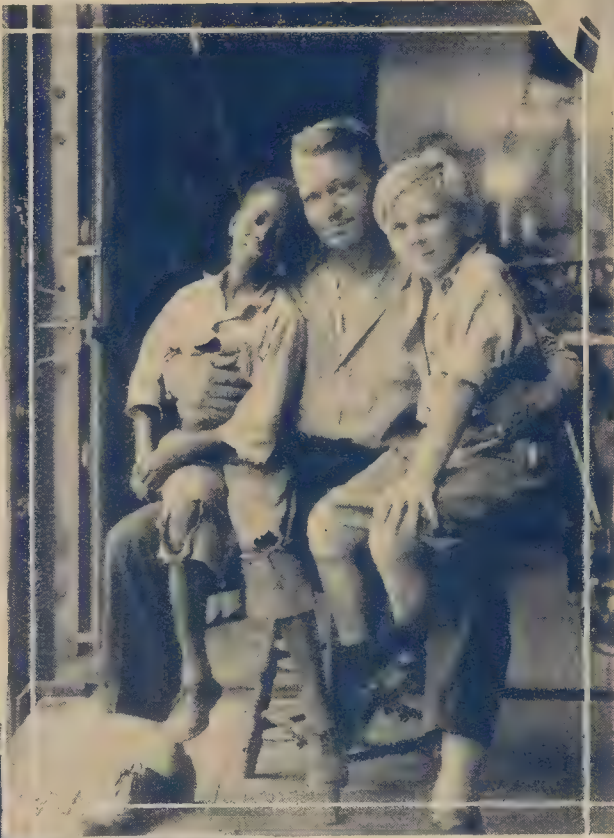
“Cuban Love Song”

HIS director is evidently trying to make Lawrence Tibbett into a sort



Ruth Hall, who plays the lead in “Local Boy Makes Good,” starring Joe E. Brown.

Three pals:—Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper and Jesse Scott, between scenes during the filming of “The Champ”.



of singing Victor McLaglen, for in “Cuban Love Song” Mr. Tibbett plays a rowdy marine in settings not unlike those of “The Cock-Eyed World,” although the coarseness of that picture has been dispensed with and a sentimental gloss substituted. Tibbett, however, still lacks romantic appeal and fails utterly to be glamorous as the two-timing Romeo of the Marines. He sings splendidly, of course, although “The Peanut Vendor,” used as a theme song for the picture, is over sentimentalized and often approaches pathos. Clever Jimmy Durante is amusing in a minor role, and Lupe Velez is well cast as the Cuban girl.

“Possessed”

JOAN CRAWFORD and Clark Gable play the leading roles in “Possessed,” which is about the sappiest picture I have seen in some time. It is supposed to be founded on Edgar Selwyn’s dramatic old play “The Mirage,” but there is not much of the original plot left. It has been produced in the old-fashioned manner of De Mille, with all the hokum of Elinor Glyn and others of the gold bathtub and black lace nightgown school of literature. The really attractive Miss Crawford is wasted on another silly story, and Clark Gable is just as wooden and expressionless as ever.

“The Champ”

HERE is a picture that I can heartily recommend, although its story is rather old-fashioned and often forced. But the acting in it is so good, so sincere and really touching that one forgets the lack of artistry in the plot. Wallace Beery, who has shone in both comedy and heavy villain roles, gives a beautiful performance as an ex-champion pugilist who has succumbed to whisky and

[Continued on page 34]



Douglas Fairbanks in “Around the World in Eighty Minutes.”



Criticisms: Favourable — and Otherwise

Continued from page 33

roulette. The role of his son, "The Little Champ," is played by Jackie Cooper. Young Cooper improves in every picture. In this his interpretation is so delightful in the comic scenes, so moving in the pathetic ones and always so sincere and natural that he makes many of the moving-picture leading-men look like "stuffed shirts"—which is just what many of them are.

The rest of the cast, which includes Irene Rich and Hale Hamilton, are excellent. Young or old, you will enjoy "The Champ."

"The Guilty Generation"

ANOTHER gangster story all about a particularly wealthy racketeer that is jolly with his friends but rather impulsive about shooting anyone he doesn't like. Leo Carillo is clever in the gangster role and Robert Young is attractive in the leading juvenile part.

"Local Boy Makes Good"

"THE POOR NUT," that amusing college comedy written by J. C. Nugent and his son Elliott, makes a good vehicle for antics of Joe E. Brown, the wide-mouthed comedian. Though not remarkable, the film is genuinely entertaining and amusing.

"Frankenstein"

MARY SHELLEY'S famous thriller (adapted by John L. Balderston, who so successfully dramatized "Dracula"), makes a hair-raising picture. It is not a film to be recommended for children, but adults who enjoy a good horror story will find that it perfectly fills the bill. The story, you remember, is about a young scientist, Frankenstein, who manages to make a living thing, a horrible monster who soon gets beyond his creator's control and causes dreadful havoc. Colin Clive, who played "Captain Stanhope" in "Journey's End" in London and New York, is excellent as the almost mad young scientist. Boris Karloff, marvellously made up, is horrifying and unforgettable as the monster. John Boles is good in a minor role. And Mae Clarke is a pretty heroine.

"Rich Man's Folly"

ALTHOUGH "Rich Man's Folly" uses as the basis of its plot Charles Dickens' famous "Dombey and Son," the story has been brought up to date. George Bancroft plays the leading role and, though it is a part that is somewhat unsympathetic



Garden Spot belonging to one of the big studios

and may therefore lack appeal for some of his admirers, his work in it is effective. The picture is moderately interesting.

"Her Majesty Love"

MARILYN MILLER, bright star of musical comedy, has little chance to shine in "Her Majesty Love," which in spite of a fairly good supporting cast, is about the dullest and poorest musical picture that has been produced in some time.

"Ambassador Bill"

WILL ROGERS struggles valiantly in this picture to overcome the poor material with which he was provided. But it is too one-sided a battle and the picture remains dull and rather silly no matter how hard Mr. Rogers tries to mend matters. The character provided for the star is suitable but the situations in the plot are ridiculous; and what at first promises to be satire turns out to be poor burlesque. Better wait for the next Rogers picture.

"Touchdown"

THIS is an excellent football picture, provided with plenty of action, quite a bit of comedy and a love interest. Adapted from Frances Wallace's story, "Stadium," it has more than a word or two of condemnation for coaches of the brutal type and for the professionalizing of what should be amateur sport. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie both give good portrayals in their respective roles.

"Ben Hur"

THIS new synchronized version of the splendid and spectacular silent picture of five or six years ago is well worth seeing. The technique of picture acting has changed considerably since the development of the talkies and the change is apparent in this picture, but "Ben Hur" still has glamor. Many who have seen it before will enjoy this classic with its added sound and dialogue. And children who

are old enough to appreciate it, will find it thrilling.

The cast, you will remember, includes Ramon Novarro as Ben Hur, Kathleen Key, Betty Bronson, Francis X. Bushman and Carmel Myers.

"Over the Hill"

JAMES DUNN and Sally Eilers are the attractive juvenile leads in this old sentimental story and Mae Marsh, once famous as a wistful D. W. Griffith heroine, makes her return to the screen in the role of the mother. "Over the Hill" is clean film fare.

Little Rambles in Hollywood

Continued from page 31

one-hundredth birthday on Christmas Day last. Born near Macon, Georgia, he was a slave in the service of one "Cunel" Jim Coma and fought through the Civil War with his master. He has a son of fifty, a Pullman porter. When I asked him why he worked in pictures when he has a son able to support him the old fellow straightened up and replied with spirit: "I reckon I got a right to a career too! Don't I have to express mahself?" Of course we all wanted to know what he thought was the reason for his long life. He shook his grizzled head doubtfully, then answered with quaint philosophy: "Not havin' too much of anything I guess, an' believin' that everything's gonna turn out all right." And after all, what better summing-up could one ask?

VALENTINE parties will be held this month by or in honor of the following: Ronald Coleman, Ramon Novarro, Ben Lyon, Buster Collier, Stuart Erwin, John Barrymore, Eddie Nugent, Chester Morris, Adolph Menjou, Lew Cody, Bert Lytell, Ian Keith, and D. W. Griffith. These are the men of the screen who were born in February. Among the girls who will find that hearts are trump on this occasion at least are Joan Bennett, Mary Brian, and Dorothy Janis. Red hearts and streamers will form the decorations and a strong flavor of sentiment will prevail. Hollywood never wearies of sentiment, that being its chief stock-in-trade.

In spite of the hard times and the closing of several banks along the Boulevard, the Embassy

and Mayfair clubs are still crowded nightly. This is due in part to a professional desire on the players' part to keep the flag waving, but many a one has been hard hit by the bank failures (hard hit for them) and more than one fine car is now parked in the want-ad column while certain canny merchants have put up signs in their shops which say significantly: "No cheques cashed. Do not ask us."

The average extra secures four days' work in six months and in the mob scene of "The Front Page" there were three well-known ex-directors working as extras and mighty glad of the six dollars per day. Quicker production schedules have been saving the studios an infinite amount of money and salary cuts have caused moans and groans in certain quarters, but the stars still frolic at Palm Springs, Arrowhead Lake and Agua Caliente and at the Mayfair on the last Saturday of each month a crowd of from three hundred to five hundred film folk continue to assemble, dining, dancing, and cabaretting. At the Embassy the cover-charge is ten dollars for the Saturday night dances but it is cheerfully paid, the point being that 'tis better to be seen at these places and pinch on something else. The darkey maid of a certain blonde player disapproves of some aspects of her mistress' economy. She told me she didn't know what the world was coming to when a lady wore the same hat four times and ripped the buckles off one pair of shoes to put on another pair.

"Ah nevah seed sech Scotchness," she declared.



Two Hustons at Universal. While Walter Huston is starring in "A House Divided" his son John Huston is writing the dialogue.



I WENT TO THE DOGS!

Continued from page 26

And so we all filed out with about seven hundred assorted hounds in tow—and everybody looked dejected except the dogs. They displayed various assorted emotions. Some of the trainers figured the thing was a hoax, because we caused a traffic jam and the newsreel boys got some great shots.

But the thing was on the level, and the next day the studio called me.

They said they'd leave it to me to find a dog that would bring on hysterics at one look.

Suddenly I remembered the French sheep dog and I ran out to Universal and located the cowhand that owned him. I bought the dog, and the puncher was kind of glad to get rid of him he said, because the crazy hound had a habit of eating everything in sight.

When I appeared at the studio with the sheep hound everybody laughed, as they were fully justified in doing. Even the expression on the dog's face was a laugh.

Even the director smiled wanly, but they decided not to use the dog—and that decision is characteristic of picture directors. The man in this case said the dog was too funny and that people wouldn't know it was a dog. He said the animal was a travesty of a dog and that the whole picture would be reduced ad absurdum or something. That's the kind of things directors are always saying.

It looked like I was out the ten dollars I'd paid for him, and also plenty of upkeep. That French sheep dog was the biggest eater on the farm and between meals he'd eat grass and shrubs and the bark off the peach trees.

However, the dog later paid big dividends. One of the studios was starting to make a series of comedies based on the comic strip characters Toots and Casper. And they wanted a dog that looked like Spare Ribs.

They phoned me first, because I guess the studios all know they have a better chance of getting just what they want from me. It came to me all of a sudden when I got that phone call.

"Sure," I said, "Spare Ribs himself lives right here at the farm. What time do you want to look him over?"

When I left the phone I went out back and took a good look at the sheep dog. He was higher than a greyhound and had a long neck, and there was fur on him like a polar bear.

I studied him for a minute and decided my hunch was right. One of the boys—Jackie, an assistant trainer that's still with me—came to help, and we clipped Spare Ribs' body and left his legs as they were. The effect was just right. The dog's legs looked bigger around than his body and, well, if you've seen Spare Ribs in the funny papers you know what I mean.

His salary was three hundred dollars a week after that, and as long as they were making the Toots-Casper series.

I used to have trouble on the set, keeping people from feeding him things. He'd eat anything from film off the cutting-room floor to grease paint, and a lot of people used to think it was funny to see him gorging himself out of someone else's make-up box.

Once between pictures the director moved down to the Ambassador Hotel for two days, and took Spare Ribs with him. They nearly caused a panic in the lobby and that night in the Cocoanut Grove, where the movie stars go to be seen, Spare Ribs is supposed to have eaten three trays of French pastry.

Once every day I let all the dogs out of their kennels at the same time, and they all romp together and have lots of fun. One day I noticed Spare Ribs was missing.

We found him later in the storeroom, back of the garage, and he was dying. He'd got into a box of Christmas tree ornaments and eaten them. I guess ground glass was just a little better than his digestive system could go. We did what we could for him but it was too late. And I guess there was one dog I didn't just quite understand until those last few minutes. He was game—and he had a look in his eye that said, "So long, Boss—I sure enjoyed working with you, and life was sure fun while it lasted."

I've always thought I knew quite a lot about dogs, but sometimes I've been forced to admit that there must be something in these old wheezes about nobody being able to understand women.

We've always had from fifty to a hundred dogs at the farm, and yet suddenly one day Mrs. Renfro got the idea that she wanted a dog of her own.

There was nothing else for me to do but to find her a dog, so I began looking around.

I found a litter of Boston bulls that I liked, so I bought the litter. Sure enough, I'd guessed right and Mrs. Renfro had just what she wanted. She picked out a pup with the most expressive eyes any dog ever had, and she named him Oscar.

I gave another of the pups to Monte Blue who wanted it to give to Edna Murphy, and the rest of the litter stayed on the farm and are still doing pretty well.

Oscar however got away to a bad start. First it was tapeworm and then it was mange and then about everything else that can happen to a dog.

From a commercial standpoint, it doesn't pay in this business to try to save a dog that looks bad. As it is, my veterinary bill runs fifteen-hundred dollars a year.

But Oscar was Mrs. Renfro's own dog, and that made him an exception to every rule of the farm. Somehow she nursed him to normalcy, and now, if Buster has a rival, it's Oscar.

Oscar isn't as smart as Buster, but he gets twice as much fan mail and now he's being starred in M-G-M's next dog picture. The story is now in writing and I expect we'll be shooting next week.

Oscar came into the world about the same time as talking pictures. He grew up to be a dog just in time to get his chance in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer barkies, the all-dog shorts in which my dogs are used, all in costume and with human voices synchronized to the mouth movements of the dogs.

Mrs. Renfro nearly always works with me during the making of a picture, and if Oscar is to become a big-salaried canine star, Mrs. Rennie Renfro deserves the credit. She's plugged that pup since the very beginning—and no movie star, canine or otherwise, ever had better management.

THE first all-dog picture was the old eternal triangle thing, done with dogs. Buster was the lead, of course.

The script called for a night-club scene, and we had six dogs in an orchestra—playing violin, accordion, piano, drums and two saxophones.

[Continued on page 39]



Pepsodent announces a notable new discovery

An entirely new cleansing and polishing material has been developed by Pepsodent Laboratories. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Teeth are given higher polish, brighter luster—FILM stains disappear completely.

THE Pepsodent Laboratories announce a new discovery. A revolutionary discovery contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste for more than six months. Pepsodent's policy has always been to improve constantly.

Now once more Pepsodent advances. This time through a notable new discovery that possesses three exclusive virtues:

1. The new cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent stands unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive FILM.
2. The new texture is invisibly fine. As a result, it imparts a higher polish to enamel—a brilliant glaze or luster.
3. The new material is safe—this is most important of all. Safe because it's soft—yes, twice as soft—as polishing materials in common use.

Please note—those who have always used Pepsodent—in taste and in looks it is still the Pepsodent you have always known. In results and safety it is new—brand new.

Keeps teeth lovelier—safely

Pepsodent's new cleansing and polishing

material brings a change in teeth's appearance within a few days' time. Newly discovered, it is different, totally different, from any now in use.

The idea was simple: to combine super film-removing power with super safety. A seemingly hopeless task that has been the goal of every toothpaste manufacturer for the last decade. Pepsodent has solved it!

Pepsodent—Special FILM-removing toothpaste

Removing FILM is, and always will be, Pepsodent's chief duty. Today's Pepsodent performs that duty better than any toothpaste ever has before.

FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It harbors the germs that cause decay and glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is important for beauty and for health.

Get a tube of Pepsodent today. It is safe . . . utterly safe . . . on the softest baby teeth and the most delicate enamel. Pepsodent is today's outstanding scientific toothpaste.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY
SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

LET THE THERMOMETER DECIDE THE OIL BUT GET THAT EXTRA QUART!



● Quaker State Cold Test is the finest winter oil you can put into your motor. Cold cannot make it sluggish. Engine heat cannot thin it out. It starts lubricating with the first turn of your motor. Use it if your winter weather averages 15° above or colder.

● But if your winter is usually warmer than 15° above, then the oil to use is Quaker State Medium or Medium Heavy. Whatever Quaker State Motor Oil you use, you'll get an *extra* quart of lubrication in every gallon!

● An extra quart? Right! And here's why . . . Ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil a quart or more of thin, waste oil that is utterly useless in an automobile motor. This stuff is so light-bodied, so quick to vaporize under heat, that Quaker State engineers have dubbed it "water-thin".

● And they've found the way to throw it out! They've developed special equipment that removes this waste. And they've installed that equipment in every one of Quaker State's refineries—the *most modern refineries the industry knows!*

● By removing "water-thin", Quaker State can and does replace it with rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—not three quarts and one of waste. So you really get an extra quart of lubrication! *And right there you have the reason why Quaker State is the largest-selling Pennsylvania Oil in the world!*

● Every gallon of Quaker State is refined entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it does not require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● One dealer in every four sells Quaker State—and displays the green and white service station sign. Fill up with Quaker State. You will find that it will save you money every mile you drive. The extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State makes it far and away the greatest bargain in oil!

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**THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART
OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON**



Life Insurance in Your Investment Plan

LIFE insurance has an important place in every well-thought-out scheme for the conservation and safe employment of one's funds. In fact, it is so important that, after the accumulation of a moderate savings bank account, it comes next in the building up of the investment structure. As stated in our last issue in treating of the subject of planning investment, life insurance, immediately on the payment of the first premium, creates an estate for you. It thus provides at once for the young man's obligations to his parents should he die before he has a chance to do this otherwise, and also anticipates the family obligations he will incur when he marries. Amid the storm and the strife of earning a living for his family, it consoles and heartens the father and husband with the thought that, should he be taken by death before his family are grown up, educated and in a position to fend for themselves, they will be well provided for. In giving him this peace of mind it is no inconsiderable factor in adding to his efficiency, thus enabling him the faster to build up a competence for his old age and accumulate additional wealth for his family after he is gone.

Life insurance may be described as a device for providing financial protection in case of death. In its simplest form it involves the payment by the insured of a series of small periodical payments to a company which, in return, pays to a beneficiary named by him a much larger single sum on his death. It is based on what is known as the law of probabilities, by which actuaries can tell with exactitude how many people in each thousand of a given age will die annually. This is made possible by observing the death rate for various ages over a long period of years, thus permitting the computation of an average death rate. While no one can predict how long any person is going to live, this law of averages tells with almost uncanny accuracy what the death rate will be for given ages and thus makes possible an actuarial science. Life insurance is not built on chance, but is founded on scientifically acquired facts as immutable as the laws of mathematics themselves. It is thus enabled to provide, with sureness and safety, against the uncertainty that attends the life of the individual.

THE kinds of life insurance policies issued are legion in number; in fact, are so numerous that the average man is apt to become confused in their multiplicity. On examination, however, they are all found to be derived from four distinct types; ordinary life, limited payment life, term and endowment. The various policies evolved from these four types have certain advantages and disadvantages, depending on the circumstances surrounding the person wishing to insure and the particular purpose he has in mind in taking out insurance.

The most generally used and most popular type of policy, because it gives the greatest amount of permanent protection obtainable for the

premium paid, is the ordinary, or whole life, policy. This is sometimes called the "die-to-win" policy because the face amount of it is not paid to the beneficiary until the death of the insured. It derives its name, "whole life," from the fact that the insured has to pay the premiums as long as he lives. For this reason also the premiums are low. It appeals especially, therefore, to the average man of moderate income with a young family and whose limited means does not permit him both to pay premiums and accumulate a fair-sized savings bank account. This kind of policy emphasizes the protection feature of life insurance, which, after all is said and done, is the real justification of life insurance.

The limited payment policy is similar in principle to the ordinary or whole life policy, except that the premiums are paid for a limited number of years instead of for life. Payment of premiums is generally limited to five, ten or twenty years, the last-mentioned term being the most popular. As premiums are paid for a limited number of years, they are naturally higher than when continued throughout the whole life of the insured. The limited payment policy makes it possible to confine premium payments to the most productive years of an individual's life, and this overcomes the objection sometimes urged against the ordinary or whole life plan of having to pay premiums indefinitely. As the payments are usually made during the early years of a man's life, there is little possibility that they will become a burden to him. This kind of policy is suitable for the business and professional man whose business or earning power may diminish after the age of fifty-five.

TERM policies provide protection for a limited number of years only, and are often issued for as short periods as one or two years. The insurance is paid only if the insured dies within the period covered by the term of the policy, and in this respect this kind of insurance differs radically from the other forms of insurance described above. The premiums are very low, and the policies are usually issued to give protection against contingencies that require only temporary coverage or call for the greatest amount of protection at the lowest possible cost. They are frequently used to furnish protection against a temporary business hazard, are taken out by creditors on the lives of their debtors and are used to enable young men to protect the investment made by parents of modest means in their education in anticipation of the time when they can discharge the debt. Term policies are especially useful when heavy family responsibilities have been assumed by young business and professional men just starting their careers when income is so small as to render impossible the payment of premiums for permanent protection. Term policies may be converted into permanent policies and are often taken out with that purpose in view.

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ADVENTURING IN CHINA

Continued from page 4

as perfectly preserved, as if it had not been exposed to the snows and the rains for these hundreds of years.

All this and much more we saw. Then the time came for us to cease being tourists and become again adventurers on our way to a conference in which the warring nations of Japan and China—though technically there is no war—should sit together around a table and perhaps tell us what it was all about.

THE simplest way to get from Peking to Shanghai in these troubled times is to return to Tientsin and from that port take a ship for the southern city. My desire was to see China, not to sail upon the high seas; so by train I set forth and thereby came upon one of the most exhilarating adventures of the summer. For we travelled in comfort all the way and in the most delightful company. Perhaps the dining car was not up to the standard of cleanliness and service which one expects in this land of fine railways. But what did that matter when on the train were Dr. T. Z. Koo, the great internationalist; Dr. W. S. New, one of China's greatest orthopedic surgeons, and his wife who represents the new woman executive in China as he the new man of science; Professor and Mrs. Adams from Oxford, fresh from wide travel in China in the interest of Boxer indemnities applied to education; and Dr. Robert McClure, from Toronto, going back to Honan with the only radium in a mission station in the world. China, old and new, far and wide, happy and unhappy, was the theme of our talk. One came away from those talks feeling that the hopes of the new China are greater than the fears, dreary and sorrowful as the situation of the moment is.

And then at Nanking on the morning of the second day a bit of sheer good luck. For that was the day chosen for the delegates already in Shanghai to come to Nanking to visit the President of China, General Chiang Kai-shek. So we had the opportunity of taking tea with and listening to the man who, having first established himself as a military leader, had been the titular head of 400 million people for two years. He was very different to what we had imagined. Not at all the swashbuckling military hero. Rather a slight, gentle, very much alive person with a most winning smile who received us with the utmost simplicity, and in the midst of some of the most troubled days which China has known, assured us in a gentle voice that it was his inmost conviction that all mankind loved peace.

AS SOMEONE has aptly said, Shanghai is not China at all; it's a gate into China, and a very European-looking gate at that. Grey stone buildings predominate, most of them in the English style, or the American of an earlier period. Well-paved, well-lighted thoroughfares are the rule of the international settlement, and beautiful luxurious residences in "foreign style" abound. Yet close at hand is the old Chinese city and even without straying from the European quarter much adventure may be found.

For us, however, the great adventure of Shanghai was the Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations. It was an adventure in knowledge, for things difficult for the western world to realize were revealed to us by experts. An adventure too in the art of conferring which we of the western world took much to heart. Looking back to 1914 it did not seem

to me that Canadians and Germans could have sat together in conference in the first months of the war telling each other plainly why we disliked and distrusted one another, yet keeping perfect self control and carrying on social intercourse the while. Yet but for one brief interlude that is what the Japanese and Chinese—almost all outstanding men in their own countries—did for two long weeks.

The greatest adventure of all in Shanghai was that into the country of friendship. To speak now only of the Chinese—it was equally true of the men and women of other countries—that adventure was one long delight. To us in Canada who have known almost no Chinese, the cultured educated Chinese of the new day were an astonishment and a joy. All of them young, most of them brilliant, good talkers, good comrades with a bubbling sense of humor, apparently very frank and open, they are full of vitality and actuated by an intense love of their country and a desire to help her to better days. Scoffers in China say that newcomers always feel this way; that the real truth lies in another direction. All one can answer is that they seem to be the new Chinese of a new time; that this is the way we saw.

Even more than by the men, we were impressed by the women, who seem to have inexhaustible energy and great wisdom and skill in organization. Their position is completely changed in many ways. Under the new law of China, daughters inherit equally with sons. "We are now," said Dr. Wu, one of the most highly regarded women of the new China and president of Genling College, "equal and similar to our men legally, morally, socially and economically." One might add that they are also equal politically. Many of us came away with the impression, confirmed by statements made to us quietly by some of the Chinese men, that if China is saved out of her present chaos and disorder, it will in large measure be due to the energy and determination and executive skill of her women.

WITH so many wise, witty, and charming new friends, it may seem a little gratuitous to single out anyone, and yet there is a sense in which getting to know one man was perhaps the greatest of all the adventures that befell us on Chinese soil. This was Dr. Hu Shih, drafted against his will to be president of the conference. Just now forty years of age, he is acknowledged to be China's greatest scholar. More than that he is the scholar who has bent all other scholars to his will and forced them to write in the vernacular, or spoken language, so that they may be understood of the people. Moreover he ranks as one of his country's practical leaders, for his countrymen will bear from him truths which other leaders closer to political office would not dare to utter.

Yet it is not these things which come first to mind now. It is rather his happy human way, his genial smile, his immense simplicity whether speaking to the conference or in conversation. Most of all, profound scholar as he is, he voiced a philosophy which brings comfort to many who plod along the highways of life. To him there are three great immortalities no shred of which can ever be lost. They are "Words, Worth, and Work." There's a priceless gift, surely, from the Orient to the Occident so full of words and work, and, we hope, worth.

MAKE THIS TEST!



Come In, Mr. Rhino
*You can't scratch
this beautiful floor!*

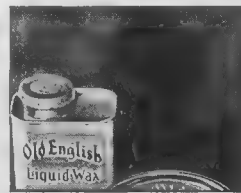
**New Wax Cuts Work in Half
— Resists the Hardest Wear**

TRAMP! S-c-r-a-t-c-h! Tramp! The parade never ends—romping children, frisky pets, heavy feet and scraping chairs punish the floors in the average home. But you needn't worry about yours. You can keep them beautiful—perfectly finished—with very little effort and less expense.

Just wax them with the new super-fine wax compound which is blended and emulsified by a secret process—called the Koric Process—that removes all the objectionable features of ordinary wax. You'll be surprised!

Cuts Work in Half

First of all, you'll discover that waxing a floor is now almost as easy as sweeping. For this new wax compound is not heavy or sticky like ordinary wax. It is creamy-smooth and supple. It actually cuts work in half!



The Only Wax Made by the KORIC Process

Old English Wax
PASTE and LIQUID

Lasts Much Longer

Then you'll see all the shabby signs of wear disappear as the floor quickly regains its original beauty and gleams like new under the lovely, smooth wax surface that stands up under heavy traffic for an amazingly long time.

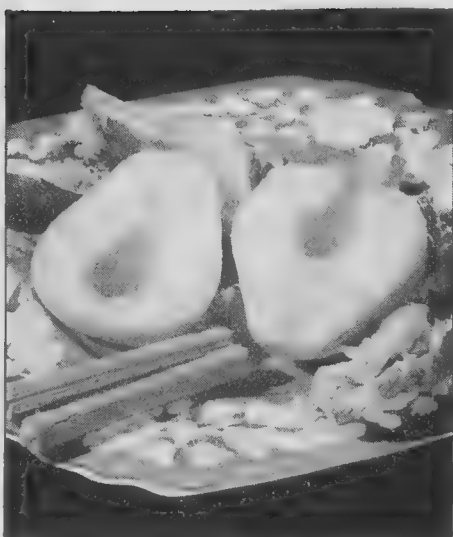
Now dress up your home . . . keep your shellacked, varnished, stained, painted and linoleum floors looking like new! Bring out all the beauty of the natural woods in your furniture. Use this new wax compound made by the secret Koric Process.

NOTE: There is only one wax—just one—made by the Koric Process . . . that is OLD ENGLISH WAX . . . paste and liquid. No other wax will give such satisfaction on floors and furniture. So demand this process wax. Sold by all dealers. Made by The A. S. Boyle Co., Windsor, Ontario.

If it's time
that keeps you from
serving salads . . .
remember Del Monte Pears!

When getting dinner is a race with the clock—it's comforting to know that the meal still doesn't have to go "salad-less." Anyway, not if there are DEL MONTE Pears in the pantry. Surprising what you can do with pears in the way of salads—in practically no time at all.

On lettuce leaves, for instance, with a deft touch of mayonnaise or French dressing, and maybe cheese balls on the side. Or diced pears and marshmallows, with a sprinkle of coconut. Ready in a jiffy. Only make sure they're DEL MONTE! The brand you know—the quality you can always be sure of, even before you open the can.



PEARS

Just be sure you get
DEL MONTE

Crushed PINEAPPLE



And for new, distinctive
flavor appeal

Del Monte Crushed
Pineapple, too!

Maybe you've always thought of DEL MONTE Pineapple as round, golden slices.

Well, here's the same fine pineapple—but *Crushed*, all ready for instant use in puddings, sauces, pies, cakes, fruit cups, and cocktails.

Handy? You'll find it one of the handiest dessert and salad ingredients in the world. And we don't need to tell you how good it is. The DEL MONTE label on the can does that.

Just be sure to look for the red DEL MONTE shield, and you'll always know you'll get the quality you want.

YE REBEL GLORY!

Continued from page 24

cast down, to fashion Him an instrument unto this hour. Paul Revere will ride in time! Aye, for a horse awaits him, a creature all flame and fire, bred to follow the wind—the magnificent triumph of a poor old exile's life. Nay, frown not, Eliza, for all it has a foolish and fanciful sound. Eliza, Eliza! Give me your hand—Kiss me! For tonight shall witness the glory of God's Rebels and the birth of true liberty!"

"Good luck! I hope so—But heed me, Mistress Dorcas, if you're not gone daft, you're certain sure in love!"

NOW, then, to end a tale, the heart and hope of which the whole world knows? No need to tell how Paul Revere's friend "waited and watched with eager ears, till he caught the sound of arms . . . and the measured tread of the Grenadiers, marching down to their boats on the shore." Nor how on the hill, where the dead still sleep, from the belfry tower of the Old North Church, he lit a flame to set the pulse of a nation on fire!

No need to tell how Paul Revere rode, mile on mile through the gloom and the light, crying alarm to village and farm . . . How farmer and plow-boy and Minute Man arose to the call—how they fought and fled and fought again from behind each fence and farmyard wall, till the British Regulars turned and ran . . .

But need enough to tell how Dorcas waited with hammering heart at the edge of the crowd gathered in Boston Commons to greet the hero of that famous ride. A strange crowd, silent, prayerful, rendering at once homage to the living and honor to the dead.

Poor Eliza, heavily veiled, wept beside her fitfully True, John had escaped an hundred deaths, but her only brother fell at Concord Bridge. Adam stood by, chastened and humble. Alas, how blind he'd been—how nearly a traitor to the trust reposed in him by liberty-loving fathers. Praise God for Dorcas! At last he saw her as she was: upright, free-souled, courageous and true.

Dorcas felt anything but courageous. Eliza's grief made her ashamed of hope—the shining hope that somewhere in the little band of tired men drifting down the highroad towards them, Jeffrey made one.

Slowly the ragged column rode, an ill-assorted company without rank or uniform or heraldry of power. Plain men, made forever glorious by a people's gratitude. Riding slowly—suited their pace to the injured . . .

Riding slowly . . . ah, but what is this? Out from the straggling ranks a black thunderbolt hurtles! Paul Revere riding the wind—the wind of their deliverance. Away, then, with regrets. Death lay behind, success ahead! Valor and faith, and righteousness, was theirs—and men like Paul Revere!

"Revere! Revere!" The milling crowd surged forward, wild to sound its gratitude and praise. "Hurrah for Paul Revere—Revere!—Revere!—Revere!"

A merry laugh, a cloud of dust, and the flying centaur came to a miraculous stop! "God love you, countrymen! You've marked your horse but not your man. Revere rides after!"

He got no further. They knew him at last. Paul Revere's friend! Their friend—the mysterious silent partner in this great game of Destiny.

An avalanche of huzzas drowned all he tried to say; a solid band of laughing, weeping, admiring humanity, excluded all escape.

"Blessed idiots!" fumed Jeffrey to himself, the while he smiled and joked, replying to a volley of questions. "The lovely mules!" Why the mischief hadn't he stayed behind with the barnyard cavalry.

Then he saw her. "God love me!" groaned poor Jeffrey, condemned at the moment to receive the eulogies of a shriveled spinster. "'Tis certain sure I'll ride the mob—as once before—unless that nodding gallant, Paul Revere, jogs up to save me!" And so he did.

Straight, then, they sailed, that matchless horse and merry lover, to pretty Dorcas Neff. She watched him circle the little space between them, her heart in her eyes. Forgotten was Eliza, forgotten her father—forgotten the whole world beside. Once again that stop, all dancing curves and straining sinews—and the voice she loved sang in her ears: "Mistress, an may it please you, there's a lane I know—and a horse for your pleasuring—"

The sweet shock of it over, Dorcas remembered her father. She touched his arm timidly: "Father," she explained superfluously, "this is Jeffrey—a gentleman and true."

Adam responded grandly. "Mistress," he said, "that needs no telling!" And to Jeffrey, holding out his hand: "Sir, 'tis more than possible a canter through the wood will benefit my daughter—and whet your appetite for common homely fare."

Dorcas doubted her senses. He couldn't have heard her, couldn't have understood. Determined to leave nothing to chance, she came back bravely: "Father, 'tis Jeffrey Howells—Jed's Jeffrey—and I love him dearly."

"Tut, tut!" Adam's ruddy face turned a shade deeper. "An extravagance yet to be tried . . . and heed you, Mistress, 'tis wondrous poor proof to keep a lover waiting!" Then, because the rapture of her face stung his heart, he bundled her forthwith into Jeffrey's eager arms.

Imperator needed no spur. Away like the wind, on a wind's questing, the great horse sped, a shower of cheers and friendly blessings following after.

Dorcas lay perfectly still, her greedy ear hearing again that serenade of Jeffrey's heart. On, on, past the Green Dragon, past the Second Forks, into a sodden, shadow-haunted lane. Muffled, now, the magic hoofs; silence and shadow everywhere—and a sudden sweet complaining of shallow, running water. A quiver, a dance, and Imperator stood still.

"Mistress," said Jeffrey, in a voice to perjure saints, "there's toll on this bridge."

"Sir! What idiocy is this?—'tis certain I misheard you."

Jeffrey flung back his head and laughed. "Possibly," he exulted, "I but said there's toll on this bridge. By order of Glory Imperator!"

Slowly her dear head turned, the sweet face uplifted, her eyes clear and strong, pledging ineffable joys. "Sir! The voice was scarce a breath to brush his cheek. "I still repeat—howsoever glorious, I will not kiss the horse!"



I WENT TO THE DOGS!

Continued from page 35

Incidentally, this was the most difficult dog scene I've ever worked on. It was hard because all the dogs were doing different things at the same time, and I wasn't able to gesticulate to all at once.

The reason we had two dog saxophone players was that Mrs. Renfro simply insisted that Oscar be in that scene. I've got to admit he just about stole the picture.

You probably wondered, if you saw that picture, how we ever made a dog apparently blow a toy saxophone. It was easy to get them to sit up and hold saxophones in their mouths, and we got the effect of blowing by giving the dogs a good run before shooting the scene. Oscar, for example, all out of breath, complied with my wishes to hold the horn tight in his mouth, and as he was panting after his run, it looked very much as if he was blowing into the instrument.

Another of M-G-M's barkies was the old stereotyped football story, where the hero (Buster in this case, in helmet and shoulder pads) arrives on the gridiron just in time to carry the ball over the line, thus saving the day for his Alma Mater and much to the chagrin of the Spitz College rooting section.

In the picture there was a moving shot of the grandstands, showing what looked to be hundreds of dogs all cheering and waving pennants.

We had actually only one stand with about sixty of my dogs in it. This particular movie magic was done by shooting the stand six times.

We'd rearrange the stand each time so as to avoid an exact duplication.

Mrs. Renfro was a very busy lady on that day, for she managed to change her Oscar's costume and get him into a conspicuous spot in each of the six shots of the grandstand. Six outstandingly appealing dogs were in the finished scene as it appeared on the screen, and all six of them were Oscar.

People have marvelled at such scenes as go into the making of the M-G-M barkies, but as a matter of fact nothing in the series has presented half the difficulty I've had in staging dog scenes for actual talking pictures. In all the dog pictures we shoot without sound and then synchronize voices and sound later. This enables me to use vocal instruction in getting the dogs to act.

Many people claim that we use wires to make the dogs open and close their mouths to get the effect of talking. This is entirely wrong for all of our dog stars have learned to move their jaws and lips when so instructed.

The only exception to this is in a big scene, where we've got fifty or sixty dogs all apparently talking at once. Many dogs can't learn the trick, but we've obtained excellent results by giving each dog a good-sized piece of chewey, sticky taffy. They enjoy it tremendously—and don't seem to mind having it stick in their back teeth.

As they chew, they open and close their mouths; hence scenes like the cheering grandstands in the football picture.

Our critics have also complained that we use wires to support the dogs in scenes where the canine actors cavort about on their hind legs. This too is wrong—and I don't think you could make a marionette out of a dog anyway. They'd pull against the wires instead of letting the wires help them.

The only time that wires have been used in any dog picture I've had anything to do with, was when we were making a scene where the dogs were

carrying heavy bundles in their front paws. We had wires supporting the bundles.

A day never goes by that the studio's mail isn't replete with critical letters, but fortunately there are ten times as many letters from grownups and children telling us they enjoy the dog pictures.

Fan mail of course is not the only way we have of feeling out the public's attitude toward the all-dog pictures. The box office test is the big one, and then often I've gone into a theatre just to hear the remarks of the adjacent audience. Invariably there's the fellow who tells his girl how it's done. He's usually wrong because there's nothing up my sleeve and it's certainly not all done with mirrors.

On the contrary, it's all done with kindness and hamburger, and understanding. First of all, the dog trainer—professional or otherwise—must have the confidence of his dogs. Without that nothing can be done.

The most sensational dog scenes in pictures are often the easiest to stage, and on the contrary comparatively simple scenes have caused me to expend patience in big quantities.

THERE is no question but that the "mutt" dog is much easier to train than any thoroughbred. The dog of mixed breed usually has back of him many generations of hounds that have had to hustle for themselves. Alley dogs develop a resourcefulness that no product of generations of lap dogs could acquire—and so, for training purposes I always choose a mongrel.

In picture work I find the mixed breed better able to perform in the company of other dogs, but of course, all of my own dogs are friends with each other anyway.

Sometimes after a hard day's work in the moving picture studios of Hollywood, late at night I walk out through the peach orchard and walk down through the rows of white-washed kennels, gleaming in the pale light of the California moon.

It is quiet then with the dogs all sleeping a well-earned sleep.

This is a funny business I'm in . . . and yet, I can't help wondering what I might have done, what I might have been if it hadn't been for dogs.

It would be a funny world without dogs in it. It would be for me, anyway.

What else could I have done with my life? Always dogs have been a part of my every thought and action. I think back to my first dog, little Fido, whom I saw crushed beneath the wheels of a shunting freight train, back in Denison, Texas.

Before me in review pass the ghosts of all of my dogs—from boyhood on. I think of Joe, big, ambling stray that he was—and then the collie. The collie was the first dog I ever made money with, when together we'd go out to herd cows. Fifty cents a month for each cow, that's what the collie and I earned. When I look back at those days I realize how happy they were . . . and I guess that's the keynote of the whole thing. It was fun rounding up those cows, with the collie barking and nipping at the cows' feet—and it made me the first money I ever earned. And it's fun now, working with Buster and Oscar and the other dogs that sleep there in those rows of kennels.

Dog man. Yes, a strange way to make a living I suppose, but didn't a poet or a philosopher or someone once say that those among us who were most happy and most successful were those who found their happiness in their work?

The advertisement features a black and white photograph of a woman in a peach-colored, sleeveless dress with a fitted bodice and a full skirt. She is standing and looking towards the camera. A dog is partially visible in the foreground, looking up at her. The background is dark. The text "THE GOSSARD Line of Beauty" is written in a stylized font across the top. The name "MisSimplicity" is written in a large, bold font at the bottom. The text "To have and To hold" is written in a smaller font to the right of the woman. The name "Sasabé" is written in a small font in the bottom right corner.

Slender, feminine curves, is the first requisite . . . if you would be a glamorous fashionable. The one sure way to achieve the lines you desire is to wear Gossard's MisSimplicity. This ingenious design crosses waistline straps to pull flat the diaphragm and "tummy," raise the bust, and slim the waist! The photograph shows a MisSimplicity of peach-colored batiste, fine lace and hand-loomed elastic. Model 6661.

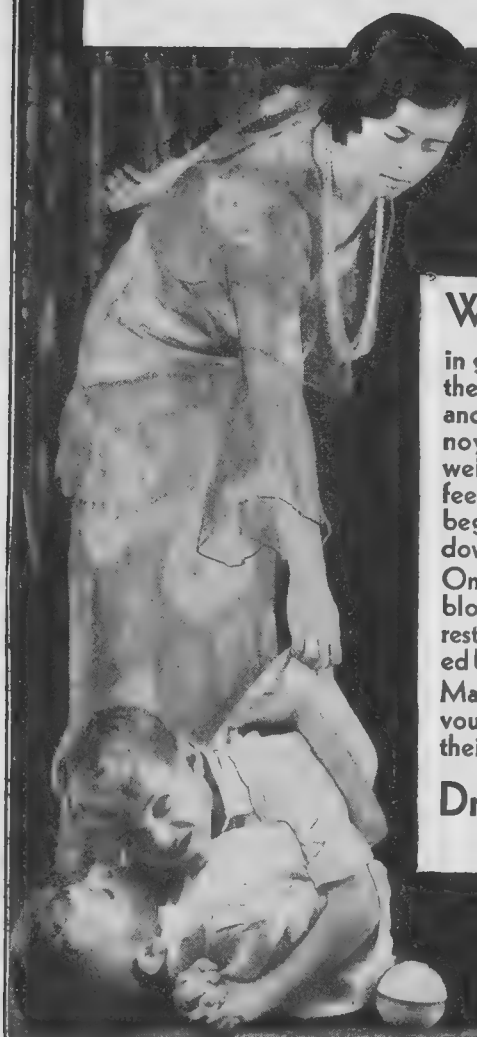
MisSimplicity*

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PHILIP'S "FURNIS MAN"

Continued from page 17

party to a triumphant finish. The strain was already relaxing; the news-boy and Carlotta had forgotten themselves in contemplation of the room, the flowers, the food before them. Not even the presence of two noiselessly padding servants who came and went with the dishes of the first course could hurl them back into their abyss of agonized self-consciousness. Peace fell upon them. They had nothing to do but eat.

At the right hands of Jim and Philip stood tall goblets filled with milk. Near the other covers were bell-shaped glasses which were immediately and expertly filled.

Resting his arms on the table, in the attitude of a Murillo cherub, the host's blue eyes swept the circle of his guests. He drew a breath of deep content. "Ain't it interestin'," he said, "that all of us fr'en's is alone together in this room?"

But Philip was seriously explaining. "You see, I had to ask my fr'en's when I saw them," he began; "so I asked Nurse first, and the Furnace Man next, 'cause I see them every day, and 'cause the Furnace Man has so many en-engagements. But he said, soon's I asked him, he thought he could get out of some of them. An' he did."

The Furnace Man dropped a few words into Anita's ear. "The special engagement today," he murmured, "was Gray's lecture on pragmatism. You see he has cut it, too!"

"Then you are a university student—of course!" Anita wondered why she had not realized this before. She felt a quick relief, a quick disappointment, and swiftly wondered why she felt either.

He nodded. "Working my way through," he added, cheerfully.

"Hence the furnace?"

"Yes. I've a whole string of furnaces on this street. That's how I met Philip. He's an early riser. So am I. I get here at six every morning, and Philip's about the only person stirring. He trots down into the basement and we talk things over. We've settled most of the big problems of life. A few we've had to leave."

"What were they?"

But he had turned an eager ear to Jim, who, under the skilful guidance of Professor Gray, was brilliantly approaching the climax of a vital personal experience which had begun in halting words.

"So when the ice broke you saw the little girl fall into the water," prompted Professor Gray, "and you got her out, and made her run home as fast as she could to keep from catching cold."

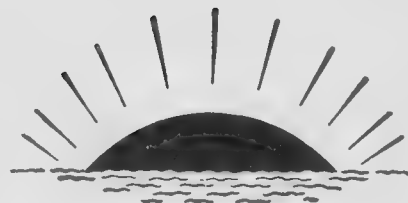
"I run wit her. I made her run like hell," corroborated Jim, eagerly. "I wouldn't leave her speak. We hadn't no time. I dragged her arm, an' we run an' we run—fur miles, I guess. All de time she kep' tryin' to talk, jest like a goil! Den she drops down on de road, sudden, and wot you t'ink she says?" He paused to give his hearers the full effect of his climax. "Says she didn't mind runnin', but she lived in de op'site direction!" he ended in disgust.

Again Anita's eyes met the brown ones beside her, and she and the Furnace Man laughed together. He had pushed up the blinds.

"We aren't hitting it off as well as we should be, are we?" he asked, sympathetically.

"No," she admitted, with regret. "Do you know why we're not?"

[Continued on page 41]



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NOW you can dye wool garments deep Navy Blue . . . perfect Black . . . rich Dark Brown . . . and never have dull or "foggy" looking results.

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PHILIP'S "FURNIS MAN"

Continued from page 40

"Of course. We live on different planets. We have different viewpoints. We speak a different language. It's impossible for you to enter my world. You don't know the way."

"Do you know the way to mine?"

"Try me. Talk to me not as one of 'the deserving poor', but as a man in your own class."

Miss Holloway flushed darkly, and her lips set. The next instant she had turned to him with a new expression—a most unusual one for her, apologetic, even contrite.

"I deserved that," she conceded. "I'm glad you gave it to me. Now we'll begin all over. Tell me," she added mischievously—"tell me what you think of the Russian dancers. I know you're longing to."

What he thought was frequently what Miss Holloway herself thought—and she realized this with surprise. Also she experienced an impulse to change her opinions if they conflicted with his—a most unusual impulse. He really talked extremely well, but he left her restless, discontented. He was playing a part. With every word he uttered she felt herself getting farther and farther away from the real man. Again she was outside of his house—a house warmed and lighted now, but still locked. Resolutely she rang the bell.

"But how have you seen and read and heard all these things? How have you found time—"

"And money?" His eyes twinkled. As if he had kept her long enough on the threshold, the door swung open. "Oh, I have friends in your world. Dick Mason and Bert Houghton take me about a good deal—and Dick's extra evening clothes fit me to perfection. Once or twice a month I leave the furnaces and get into the clothes and gad. I feel that I can accept their hospitality because—" For the first time he hesitated, looking self-conscious. "Well, because Bert's mother is my aunt, and Dick's father is my godfather!"

Miss Holloway studied him in silence. To her seeing eyes he was as completely transformed by his last words as if a fairy wand had been waved over him. His disguise had fallen off. He stood before her an enchanted prince, glowing in the reflected glory of Houghton and Masons. She knew all about him now. Harriet Mason talked by the hour of this eccentric young man who was quite willing to accept the affection of the two families, but declined the slightest help at their hands. He was, oh, it made her blush to think of all he was and had been—this youth she had so calmly patronized. And the Masons and the Houghtons allowed him to be a furnace-man! That thought was the worst of all. It made her writhe, but she told herself she was merely resenting that waste of splendid material.

"But how can they let you work like this?" she exclaimed, impatiently. "Surely they could find a way to make you see how absurd it is! Grubbing over furnaces and tutoring stupid boys—you, of all men!"

His fine lips tightened. "They have nothing to do with that," he said curtly. "That's my affair. They can take me about if they like—it's my only chance to see them, for they're never at home. Besides, it's part of one's education. But that's all I'll let them do. However, it's almost over. I'll take my degree this June. After that they can give me a leg up in starting."

"Will you come and dine with me sometime?"

He glanced at her; then his eyes fell.

"No, thank you," he said slowly.

Miss Holloway stared at him, disbelieving her ears.

"That sounds rude," he conceded, "but of course you understand. I've made it a rule never to accept any invitations but theirs. I will not accept hospitality I cannot return."

Anita gave him her shoulder. A sudden depression settled upon her—a depression as unexpected as it was inexplicable. She felt horribly lonely. The Furnace Man, too, was staring moodily at his plate. The voice of Carlotta from Sweden broke the silence that had fallen upon them.

"I ban go home," she said; "I ban seek for home. I ban so loone-some. It is awful to be loone-some. Yes."

Anita gave a flattering attention to Jim on her right, to whom, as yet, she suddenly realized, she had given almost no attention at all. Under the warmth of her smile Jim detached himself from a rich salad and devoted a margin of his mind to social intercourse. Jim, it soon appeared, knew all about Miss Holloway. He had read of her in the newspapers he sold, and her name was on the brass tablet at the entrance of the big reading-room in the newsboys' home where he lived. But he had been under the impression that she was "one of dem old dames—de kind wit white hair." It seemed a blow to him to find her less than seventy, and Miss Holloway left him to the force of a shock from which he seemed unable to rally, and glanced at her neighbor at her left. The Furnace Man had been listening and smiling to himself.

"Wouldn't flatter you, would he?" he asked, quizzically. "What a nest of barbarians you've fallen into!"

Anita raised an eyebrow. "Do you call that a barbarian?" she asked, with a glance toward Philip.

The Furnace Man's eyes followed hers, growing very soft on the journey. Philip was again talking to Carlotta, his yellow hair an aureole against the dark wood of the great carved chair in which he sat, his big eyes shining into the somber eyes of the girl, his small teeth showing in his shy, adorable smile. Through the heavy rain of the now general conversation a few of his words pattered down on them:

"An' when the flowers is all out in the gardens, and the birds come, you'll like us better. Then you will be happy."

The cloud passed from the brow of Carlotta from Sweden. "I could not like you no better than I do," she said. "I could not, efer."

Philip's response was as eager as a lover's. "Does that mean you like me now—really, truly?" he cried.

Carlotta from Sweden answered under her breath, but both Anita and the Furnace Man heard her. "I lofe you," she said.

"It seems almost indelicate to listen, doesn't it," commented the Furnace Man. "But I know exactly how Carlotta feels."

"Do you?"

"I love him, too," he said, quietly. "I'm simply devoted to the little chap. Once or twice when he has been a bit under the weather and couldn't come down into the basement, I've been almost as disappointed as if the Only One had failed me."

"Is there an Only One?"

Miss Holloway asked the question without compunction. She simply could not help it. Besides, anything was permissible at this incredible luncheon.

"Of course."

"Tell me about her."

[Continued on page 42]

WHY won't my child eat?



COUNTLESS WORRIED MOTHERS ARE ASKING THIS QUESTION

REASONS WHY CHILDREN REFUSE TO EAT

- Desire to be noticed. Refusing to eat makes them the center of attention with worried mothers.
- Wrong suggestions from grown-ups, such as talking about certain foods or about the child's poor appetite.
- Bad health habits—lack of exercise, fresh air, sunshine, rest and sleep; too much excitement.
- A beginning illness.
- Offering too much food, too often or irregularly, or the wrong kind of food.
- Irregular bowel habits.

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If your child refuses to eat, he has a good reason. Perhaps he believes he will gain something by refusing, or it may be a matter of physical condition.

The amount of food a child will take is often largely determined by his ability to handle it—to digest, assimilate, eliminate.

You cannot expect a child to have a healthy appetite for food if his body is clogged with accumulated food wastes.

The important thing is to get lazy little bowels into regular action.

But there's one important thing to remember here. Children's organs are

delicate and cannot stand harsh treatment. They must be gently urged.

That is just what Castoria does. It was formulated, you know, for the special needs of babies and children.

A simple dose of Castoria opens up clogged bowels and rids the system of its excess load of waste. Its gentle regulation brings prompt comfort to a colicky baby. Yet this same regulation is just as effective for older children.

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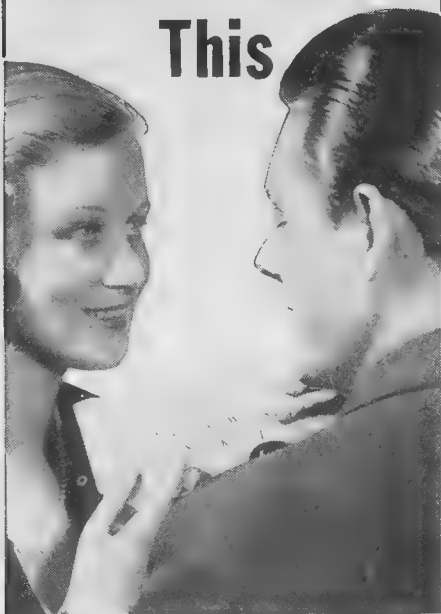
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Mothers are and should be cautious about the medicine they give their children. Castoria is perfectly harmless, as any physician will tell you or as

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How By Doing One Simple Thing The After-Effects of Steady Smoking Can Be Minimized to an Amazing Extent . . . WHAT TO DO

SCIENTISTS have now discovered that the element of reasonable safety, freedom from smoker's fog, head dullness and depression, can now be added to smoking in a very simple way.

Millions of smokers are already doing it. This is what to do:

Simply take two teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning immediately after rising and every night immediately before going to bed.

Or take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets night and morning which gives an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia. This acts to alkalize one's system. And an alkalized system is largely impervious to the after-effects of tobacco. Science has found that it's the acid system that cannot tolerate tobacco.

This small, daily dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tends to neutralize those acids in the system.

Hence, those after-effects one feels now after heavy smoking go. The head is clear. The mouth sweet. One has fewer headaches. Less heaviness across the eyes, at the back of head, across forehead.

Any regular and consistent smoker should at least try this method. Results are often remarkable. For the system thus is largely fortified against tobacco's after-effects.

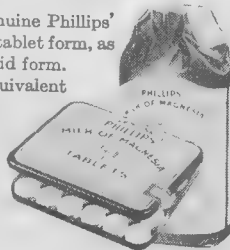
Get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at any drug store. See that you get the genuine, as endorsed by doctors. Comes now in two forms. The liquid form which you already know. And the new, marvelously convenient tablets which you can carry about with you.

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PHILIP'S "FURNIS MAN"

Continued from page 41

"Thank you. There's very little to tell. It's just a piece of madness on my part. She's in your world. The real reason I go there is to see her sometimes—to live for an hour or two the life she lives, to talk to the people she knows, to look at her—from a distance."

Miss Holloway's sense of loneliness deepened into gloom. She resented the emotion. She had been so interested, so content, during that first hour of the luncheon.

"And she—" she asked, slowly. "Does she care?"

"She doesn't know. Can you imagine that I would let her suspect? We're as far apart as if she lived on Mars."

"I wonder if I know her?" Miss Holloway was running over in her mind the belles and debs in the Houghton-Mason sets, ready to hate the right one if her face appeared. It was a hopeless task. There were dozens of them.

He looked indifferent. "No doubt," he said, carelessly.

"Do you see her often?"

"No."

"Then how—"

"Love isn't dependent on meetings. Surely I don't need to tell you that. I loved her the first time I saw her, at the opera—two years ago. It was one of the things one reads about. I had smiled over them. I didn't suppose such a thing could come to me. But, Lord, how it came! I was like a palm in a tropical storm. It shook my very soul. It's shaking me yet."

The brown hand with which he was fingering his glass trembled, and he hurriedly withdrew it and fumbled with his napkin. Looking at him askance, Anita saw that his face had whitened. She felt an almost intolerable pang of sympathy for him, followed by a shock of anger. What right had the Furnace Man to discuss his love affairs with her—to drag her into the quasi-intimacy such confidences implied? When she spoke her voice was curt.

"You'll get over it," she said, "especially as you don't know her well, and see her so rarely."

He seemed not to notice her change of mood, but he answered her words. "I don't see her often," he mused; "that's true enough. But, just the same, I think I know her better than most people do. You see, we have a common friend, she and I—someone who loves her, knows her intimately, and sees a side of her she doesn't show to anyone else. So I, too, know that side. I've been watching it for a year. I know a thousand wonderful things she has done. I know the real girl."

He stopped with an effect of finality. The conversation, so far as he was concerned, was over. Doctor Clark addressed him, and the two chatted for a moment. Anita looked around the room, and as she looked the familiar weight of depression ominously deepened. The charm of the hour was gone. She felt as if a veil of illusion had been torn from her eyes, as if at last she saw her fellow-guests as they really were—Carlotta, a heavy-eyed, stolid servant; Jimmy a precocious newsboy, with a face clean only in spots; Professor Gray, an academic mummy; the nurse, a worthy person of her kind, to be reckoned with only when she passed one's line of vision; the Doctor, a successful physician, with a too-pervasive "bedside manner." There re-

mained Philip, who needed no veil of illusion to heighten his exquisite personality. There remained also this stranger at her left, this stranger she seemed in that moment to have known for a thousand years. He was smiling at Philip—the boyish smile like Philip's own. Her heart contracted with an actual physical pang. Then she knew what had happened. There he was—the man she had unconsciously been seeking—and in the very hour in which she had found him she had lost him again. She had lost him, moreover, in the most maddening of ways. Both his pride and his poverty she believed she could have conquered—but not this vision of his dream. He was mooning over an obsession, and his passion was kept alive by some sentimentalist who fed it on shadows. She could have taken him, perhaps, from a flesh-and-blood rival—certainly she might have tried; but against a thing like this she dared not pit herself.

It was Jim who escorted her back to the drawing-room, for Clark had passed a friendly arm through the Furnace Man's and was deep in a confidential chat. Then, with surprising suddenness, the party disintegrated. Professor Gray had his deferred lecture. Carlotta had promised to be home at three. The Doctor had calls to make. Jim's afternoon papers were ready for sale. The nurse went upstairs. Anita, Philip, and the Furnace Man were left to their harrowing farewells.

With the departure of his other guests, the slight tension on the nerves of their host relaxed; in the companionship of these two intimates he again became a little boy. Grasping a hand of each, and balancing between them, he unconsciously hurled his thunderbolt.

"You like my Furnace Man, don't you, Aunt Nita?" he demanded.

"Yes, dear—of course."

Philip lifted both feet and swung upon their hands. "I'm glad," he said, "cause you see the Furnace Man and me we talk about you a lot. We talk about you the whole time we're together. And when you come here I tell the Furnace Man everything you do."

A groan burst from the lips of the Furnace Man. His dark, brilliant face turned first crimson, then white.

With a gasp Philip flung himself upon him. "I promised I wouldn't ever tell," he wailed, "an' I forgot! Oh, I forgot!"

From the face of Miss Holloway a sudden radiance flamed. The Furnace Man stroked Philip's buried head with a hand that shook.

"He likes you, though," said Philip, after a poignant silence. "I'm most sure he does. But he wouldn't ever say so, 'cause he didn't know you. Don't you think he likes you now? 'Cause I want you to be int'mit fr'en's."

"We're going to be." Miss Holloway drew on her gloves with the little smile her friends loved but saw so rarely.

"Are you perfectly sure?" insisted Philip. "He didn't say so."

"He will." Miss Holloway looked at the bent head of the Furnace Man, and her eyes grew soft. "He hasn't our impetuous temperament, Philip," she added, cheerfully, "so we must give him time. But he's going to take me home now—and say it on the way!"



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CASHING IN

Continued from page 11

IT WAS another six months' work—accompanied by hunger and by the scourgings of Sonya's tongue—for Loris to establish a paying nickelodeon in a more congested quarter of the East Side. But after that everything was easy. The photo-play industry began its upward surge, and Loris Grod was swept along on the wave-crest. His chain of motion-picture houses swiftly passed from dream to golden reality.

There was an odd change in the man—since his interview with Hunter. He had lost his old-time meekly admiring civility toward everything American. His single experience with a representative of millionaireshood had left him with a deathless hate for the man and for his class.

Ten years from the day he was hauled screeching from the presence of Royle Hunter, the Russian was the king-pin—the president—the only visible stockholder—of the Valencia Film Corporation: one of the most successful motion-picture houses in America. The road from sweat-shop to financial rulership, along the movie route, had been a new one and strange. But Loris had not traveled it alone. He had had plenty of company in the mushroom horde of movie millionaires that sprang up in a decade.

America was movie-mad. From a shoe-string catch-penny, the new-born industry had shouldered its way to a height barely lower than the pin-nacles of steel and of railroads and of motor-cars. And Loris Grod was one of the mightiest men in the mighty and amorphous young realm of cinema, which, still undreamed by him, was destined to become still mightier with the advent of sound.

But he was no longer Loris Grod. He had Americanized his name as well as all else about him. "Grod" being the Moscow dialect word for "town" or "city," a non-publicity act of law had changed Loris' cognomen to "Towne" and at the same time altered "Loris" to "Louis."

Sonya—the only person who objected to the change—had obligingly died about the time when her spouse amassed his first million. So, to all intents, Loris Grod no longer existed. Louis Towne reigned in his stead.

When Loris needed some especial "type" he sent forth a flying squadron of scouts to look for it, to find it and bring it in.

Valencia scouts were in a dozen ranks of life. To bring the chief the type he wanted was to reap rich guerdon—and more than one New Yorker who would not have cared to advertise scouting as his profession consented to work, secretly, for the Valencia's president.

SUCH an unheralded scout was Val Croyden, a young man with moderate income and immoderate tastes. By virtue of an uncle who belonged to the old regime of lower Fifth Avenue, Croyden traveled, by fits and starts, along the radius edges of several decidedly worth-while circles of society. Sometimes he profited thereby. It was he, for example, who had secured the needy *grande dame* for "The Opal Woman."

It was he, too, who breezed in on Loris, late one rainy afternoon in December, just as the Valencia's president had dismissed a conference that had been called to consider the final details of a motion-picture merger which Loris had for months been organizing.

"Chief," announced Croyden, "I've found her."

"Yes?" asked Loris, in no way impressed by his subordinate's manner.

"Yes, sir," reiterated Croyden impressively; "I've found her."

"You found her three times before, I think," commented Loris. "Not once did you find what I wanted. Who is she, this time? Another restaurant-cashier whom you have coached to enter a room gracefully?"

"No, sir," hastily denied Croyden—adding in loud self-defense: "And the last one wasn't a cashier either. Her people—"

"Never mind the last one," cut in Loris wearily. "If I remember, she claimed to be very young and to belong to an old family. She got the facts reversed; that was all. And the one before that was so well bred that she said 'Pleased to meet you, sir', when you brought her here."

"But—"

"Before you risk another failure," pursued Loris, unheeding, "let me remind you, for the fourth time, just what I want. Then, if this newest candidate doesn't fill every single requirement for the part, you can save my time by not bringing her to see me. *Lady Molly* is an ingenue. Her father is an earl. That does not mean that she should be gloriously natural. *Lady Molly's* breeding is so much a part of herself that she never notices it. (For one thing, she doesn't say 'Pleased to meet you'.) She needn't have manners, but she *must* have manner. Now, do you want to look further?"

"No, sir," replied Croyden. "I have her."

Loris sat for an instant, tapping his stubby fingers on his desk front. Then he said:

"I don't doubt your knowledge of people of that class. That's why I hired you. That's why I keep you on after you've tried to fool me by palming off restaurant girls and that sort on me because you thought I'd never know the difference. No; I don't doubt you'd recognize the kind of girl I want for *Lady Molly* if you met her. And I don't doubt you've often met such girls. But I do doubt that a girl as carefully brought up as all that would be willing to work in our picture, or that her parents would let her, even if the money made any difference to her. Girls of that class are pretty carefully guarded."

"Some of them," agreed Croyden.

"The girl has more of her own way than she really needs. And can you blame her for running in debt at bridge? Well, that's what she's done. She's afraid to go to her parents for cash, because they scolded her good and plenty last time she overdrew her allowance, and they threatened to cut it down to the bone if she ran in debt again."

"They let her gamble?"

"She's told them it's dressmaker bills."

"H'm!"

"I met her at the Ritz this afternoon," continued the scout. "She got to talking about her debts. The poor kid actually cried. Then it just struck me—she'd be perfect for *Lady Molly*. I was scared stiff to suggest it. But I needn't have been. She jumped at the chance. I told her the same old wheeze—that nobody'd ever recognize her on the screen, and, if anyone did, she could deny it and easily get away with the denial. After that it was all I could do to keep her from dragging me here, to sign her up at once. She made me take her home, on my way, and get one of her pictures to show you. Here it is."

[Continued on page 49]



Why waste money gargling when colds get worse and worse?

3 out of 4 gargle uselessly while sore throats get worse and colds hang on

Don't waste dollars on antiseptics that can't kill germs unless used full strength. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when diluted with 2 parts of water. It goes 3 times as far as other antiseptics. Thus \$1 worth does the work of \$3 spent for ordinary kinds.

STOP gargling for a minute. Please answer this question: Do you add water to your mouth wash? 3 out of 4 do. Adding water robs most mouth antiseptics of power to kill germs. That's how millions fool themselves—but not their colds—and not the germs... nor bad breath.

If you dilute your antiseptic choose one that kills germs even when diluted. Otherwise you haven't any right even to hope for quick relief.

SAFE—yet more powerful

Here is the startling news in this new discovery. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 1 or 2 parts of water, to suit your taste, and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. That's where most other leading mouth antiseptics fail. Yet in spite of all its power, Pepsodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon it is in your fight against colds!

New security against bad breath (Halitosis)

And remember—when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic for colds, you are doing double duty by also fighting bad breath. For Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath due to unhygienic mouth conditions 1 to 2 hours longer! Immediately after use, 95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs is still reduced by 80%.

That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

\$3 worth for \$1—regardless of size

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix them with water is a waste of money. Contrariwise, Pepsodent Antiseptic can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. Thus Pepsodent Antiseptic goes three times as far—saves you \$2 for every \$1 you spend. Pepsodent Antiseptic comes in 3 sizes: 3 ounces for 25c—7 ounces for 50c—16 ounces for \$1. The larger the size, the more for your money.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

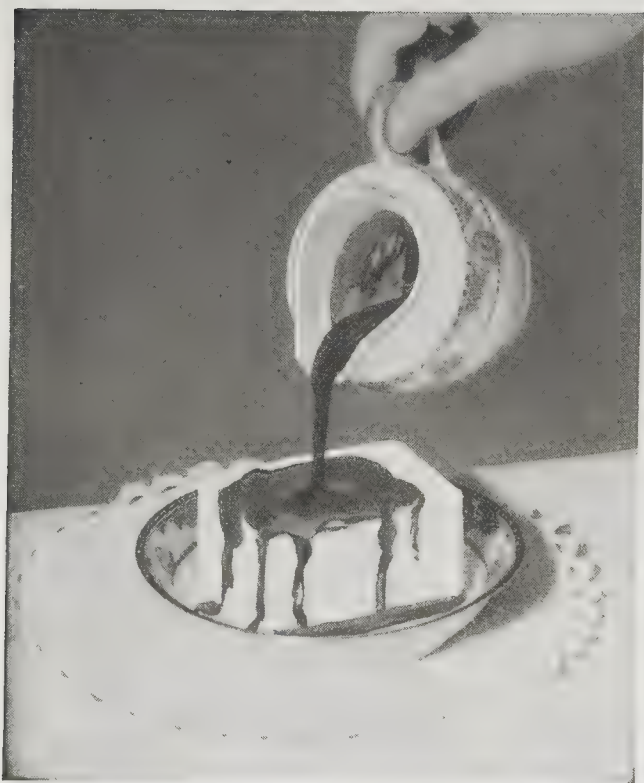
BAD BREATH (Halitosis)

Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when combating colds and throat irritations. For at the same time it checks bad breath. Remember P. A. is 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics... and it kills germs when diluted.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Cold in Head	After Extractions
Throat Irritations	After Shaving
Voice Hoarseness	Minor Cuts
Bad Breath	Blisters
Cold Sores	Loose Dandruff
Canker Sores	Checks Under-Arm
Mouth Irritations	Perspiration
	Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic



*Chocolate Sauce is delicious
with Vanilla Ice Cream*

Better Cookery

By GERTRUDE DUTTON

When We Honor Saint Valentine



— III —

Shrimps a la Newburgh Toast Hearts
Strawberry Mousse
Little Cakes
Coffee

— IV —

Chicken a la King in Heart Timbale Cases
Heart Biscuits, Buttered
Raspberry Ice Cakes

— V —

Queen of Hearts Salad
Sandwiches
Vanilla Ice Cream, Decorated Cakes
Coffee

BAKED HAM WITH PINEAPPLE HEARTS

Simmer a ham for three hours. Remove from the liquor, take off the skin and bake in a moderate oven for an hour, the fat side up, basting occasionally with 1 c. of pineapple juice and 1 c. of water, or of ham liquor if not too salt. Sprinkle with brown sugar mixed with 1 t. mustard, and stick a few cloves in the ham. Continue baking till tender. Serve garnished with sauted slices of pineapple cut in heart shapes. The ham may be either hot or cold.

SPANISH POTATOES

Fold into mashed potatoes, one or more finely cut pimientos.

VALENTINE SALAD

On lettuce beds, arrange hearts cut from slices of beets, cooked and chilled and allowed to stand in the syrup from sweet pickles till ready to use. Across each salad, lay an arrow cut from green pepper, and pass dressing with it.

HEART BISCUITS

Make plain baking-powder biscuits, or to the dough add grated cheese, cut out with heart-shaped cutters, using either small or large ones, according to the occasion.

VALENTINE CAKES

Any favorite cake may be adapted to the purpose.

I—Bake a white or sponge cake in a thin sheet, cut with a sharp heart-shaped cookie cutter, and decorate.

II—Color half the batter for a white cake, a dainty pink, and bake as a marble cake, in a tube pan, frost with white icing, and decorate with pink candies.

[Continued on page 46]

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY is one of the earliest opportunities for celebrating, in the new year, so let us take it, whether for a party, or merely to make a festive occasion of a family meal. Red and pink, or the dainty pastel colors may be used, arrows and hearts, candles, old-fashioned nosegays may all be used in the decorative scheme. Most households have a few cookie cutters of heart shapes in various sizes and some heart-shaped molds for salads or desserts.

An attractive centerpiece may be made by cutting the centre from a large lace paper doyley, placing it in a flat dish, such as a soup plate, and arranging in it, in damp sand, a bouquet of dainty, short-stemmed flowers with maiden-hair fern sprays. At each place may be similar nosegays made of small bright candies, each wrapped in transparent paper, the ends twisted to form stems, which are thrust through the centres of lace paper doilies, three or four inches in diameter. Leaves may be made of green paper, or bits of artificial fern used, and the bouquet tied with ribbon. The soft light from tall candles adds much to the attractiveness of any table.

Color may be introduced in the menu by means of tomatoes, beets, salmon, lobster, pimientos, red jellies, red fruits, or the use of red and pink color paste.

— I —

—A VALENTINE DINNER—

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Baked Ham with Pineapple Hearts
Spanish Potatoes
Valentine Salad Heart Biscuits
Strawberry Bavarian Cream
Valentine Cakes Coffee
Valentine Candies

— II —

Meat Loaf Tomato Bouillon
Paprika Potatoes Beef Hearts
Jellied Valentine Salad
Raspberry Princess Dessert
Cake

BUFFET SUPPERS

— I —

Cream of Tomato Soup
Paprika Crackers
Assorted Sandwiches
Bouquet Dessert Cakes
Coffee

— II —

Hot Rolls Red Rabbit on Toast or Crackers
Ice Cream Celery
Coffee Cake or Cookies



Chicken Salad Sandwich



A MIDWINTER SHORTCAKE

*Chosen by Miss Helen G. Campbell,
Director of The Chatelaine Institute*

“For dependable results, make it with Magic Baking Powder,” *Miss Campbell recommends*



MAGIC BAKING POWDER is the only baking powder that has been tested and approved by The Chatelaine Institute, maintained by The Chatelaine Magazine.

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“GOOD BAKING goes hand in hand with good recipes and good materials,” says Miss Helen G. Campbell, Director of The Chatelaine Institute.

And she illustrates her point with an unusually delicious recipe for Orange Shortcake made with Magic Baking Powder.

For Magic Baking Powder meets all the Institute’s rigid requirements of fine quality. Repeated tests have proved it

absolutely pure, uniform and dependable.

The majority of dietitians and teachers of cookery throughout Canada plan their recipes for Magic. They use it *exclusively* in their baking because they know it gives consistently good results.

REMEMBER—substitutes are never as good. Do as the experts do. Use Magic Baking Powder when you bake at home.

Miss Campbell's recipe for Orange Shortcake

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 cups pastry flour* | 4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder |
| ½ teaspoon salt | 3 tablespoons shortening |
| 2 tablespoons sugar | About ¾ cup milk |

Sift dry ingredients; cut in shortening till very fine; add milk to make a soft dough. Turn dough on to a floured board and shape into a round cake about 1 inch thick. Bake in a lightly greased layer cake tin or on a baking sheet in a hot oven (475° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Split and butter while hot. Place whole sections of seedless oranges, free from skin, between layers and on top of cake. Sift powdered sugar over top and serve with whipped cream or orange sauce if desired.

*When bread flour is used, for best results, replace each cupful of pastry flour specified in the above recipe with ¾ cup of bread flour.

Be sure you have the new MAGIC COOK BOOK to use when you bake at home. It gives dozens of recipes for attractive baked dishes. Mail the coupon for your *free* copy.

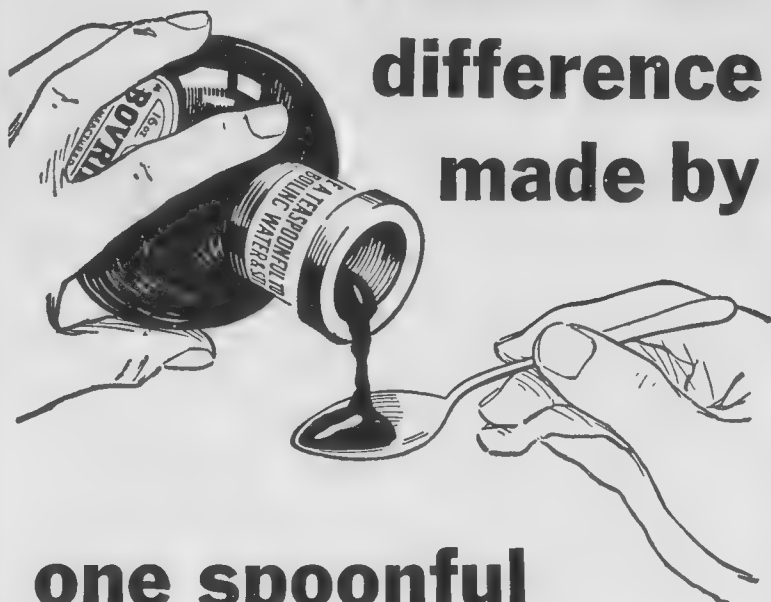


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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



III—Make little cakes in muffin
pans, on top of each put white frosting
and little bouquets made of small
daintily colored candies.

IV—Cut cookies with a heart cut-
ter, and decorate the top with pink,
red or white icing and contrasting
candies.

TOMATO BOUILLON

Tomatoes, 1 can Soup stock, 6 c.
Celery salt, 1 t. Chopped onion, 1 small
Celery seed, ½ t. Bay leaf, ½
Salt and pepper to taste

Simmer for 20 minutes, strain and
serve hot.

MEAT LOAF

Make a meat loaf of veal, beef or
ham, and with the hands mold into
a heart shape, and bake. Remove
to a hot platter with a pancake
turner or large spatula, and surround
with hearts cut from slices of beets,
and serve with it, mashed potatoes,
thickly sprinkled with paprika.

RASPBERRY PRINCESS DESSERT

Set a raspberry-flavored jelly pow-
der according to directions. Put some
of it in a flat dish to the depth of one-
third or half-inch, and let set till
stiff. When the remainder of the
jelly begins to thicken, beat till pink
and fluffy, with an eggbeater. Whip-
ped cream or stiffly-beaten egg white
may be folded in also. Cut the stiff
red jelly in cubes, fold into the beaten
portion and mold in a loaf which
may be sliced, or in heart molds.
Serve with whipped cream.

PAPRIKA CRACKERS

Spread crackers lightly with butter,
warm slightly in the oven and sprinkle
with paprika. If unsalted, a little
salt may also be sprinkled on them.
These are good with either salads or
soups.

BOUQUET DESSERT

Put lace paper doilies on dessert
plates or rather flat sherbet glasses.
On it arrange at least three balls or
spoonfuls or small round molds of
different colored ice cream or of
gelatine dessert, such as Bavarian
cream. Leaves may be made of
Angelica or of slices of green gum
drops or of stiff green jelly.

There is now on the market a most
interesting new food product called
"Puffles," which reminds one of potato
chips. They are made in three flavors,
vegetable, cheese and fruit, and are
to be fried in deep fat, when each one
puffs out to about six times its original
size. A few of these delightful petal-
like dainties arranged around a centre
of ice cream, on a lace paper doily,
make one of the prettiest desserts
imaginable. The puffles come in an
assortment of all colors. The vege-
table and cheese flavored ones are
delicious with salads, cold meats, etc.

RED RABBIT

Heat over hot water, canned tomato
soup and chopped or grated cheese to
taste, and serve on buttered hot toast
or crackers. Or use a well seasoned
tomato sauce instead of the tomato
soup.

SHRIMPS A LA NEWBURGH

Shrimps, 1 pt. or 1 or Lemon juice, 1 t.
2 cans Flour, 1 t.
Butter, 3 tb. Cream, ½ c.
Salt, ½ t. Egg yolks, 2
Cayenne, a speck

Clean the shrimps and cook in the
butter for three or four minutes,
adding the lemon juice, salt and
[Continued on page 47]

**Left-
overs!**

What can you do
with a package of
Knox Gelatine
to make left-overs
appetizing?

Knox Sparkling Gelatine will help you
convert left-over meats, fruits, or
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dishes—delectable salads—and dainty
desserts. Best of all, your family will
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real gelatine—not sweetened, not
colored, not flavored.

Send for FREE Knox Books, "Dainty
Desserts and Salads" and "Food
Economy".



FRUIT RICE BAVARIAN

(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water 1 cup cooked rice
½ cup sugar 1 cup cream or evapor-
teaspoonful salt ated milk
½ cup fruit ½ teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and
dissolve over hot water. Add to hot cooked rice, and
add sugar, salt and vanilla. Beat well, and when it
begins to thicken, beat in fruit. (Cooked pineapple,
maraschino cherries, fresh or canned peaches, straw-
berries or cooked apples. Bananas or preserved figs
with one tablespoonful lemon juice may also be
combined with the rice mixture.) Fold in whipped
cream or whipped evaporated milk. Turn into wet
mold, and chill. When firm, unmold and garnish
with fruit or a few nut meats. With fresh fruit,
additional sugar may be required, and if fresh pine-
apple is used it should be first scalded.

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The coffee you make "in the cup"

"CAMP" COFFEE



cayenne at the last. If canned shrimps are used, they are washed in cold water and cut in pieces, but do not need this preliminary cooking. Skim the shrimps from the butter and seasonings, add the flour mixed with the cream, and when hot, the slightly-beaten egg yolks, the shrimps and if wished, a drop or two of onion juice. When well heated, serve on hot buttered toast cut in heart shapes. Lobster, or chicken, cooked and diced, may be used instead of the shrimps.

HEART TIMBALE CASES

With most sets of timbale irons, there is one which is heart shaped. These may be made and filled with Chicken a la King, creamed chicken, etc., which may be garnished with tiny hearts cut from pimentos.

QUEEN OF HEARTS SALAD

Set well flavored tomato jelly salad in heart-shaped molds, either individual sizes or the required number of larger ones.

CHICKEN SALAD SANDWICH

Cold chicken, cubed, 2 c. Whipped cream, ½ c.
Celery, cubed, 1 c. Stuffed olives
Pineapple, cubed, 1 c. Lettuce
Almonds, chopped, ¼ c. Bread, 1 loaf
Mayonnaise, ½ c.

Combine first four ingredients. Mix whipped cream with the mayonnaise and blend with the salad, reserving part for garnishing. Cut the bread into half-inch slices and cut out rounds with a large biscuit cutter. Use two rounds for each serving and place the chicken salad mixture between and on top. Garnish plate with crisp, curled leaves of lettuce and stuffed olives.

SAUCES FOR EVERY PURPOSE

It is often desirable to add a sauce of some kind to many foods, perhaps for variety, to make a plain food more appetizing, to bring out the flavor of a bland food, as a means of re-heating a leftover, or to extend a small amount of food to make it sufficient for a meal. But it is well to remember that people soon tire of sauces, and they should not be used often enough to become monotonous, especially the mild white sauces.

WHEN WE USE THEM

With Eggs
Cheese, Curry, White, Tomato Sauce.

With Fish
White or Cream, Drawn Butter, Egg, Cheese, Hollandaise, Italian, Tomato, Cucumber, Lemon Butter, Bearnaise, Tartare, Oyster, Lobster Sauce, and Maitre d'Hotel Butter.

With Cereals (such as Rice, Macaroni)
Cheese, Curry, Spanish, or Tomato Sauce.

With Beef
Brown, Horseradish, or Mushroom Sauces.

With Lamb and Mutton
Mint, Caper or Currant Jelly Sauce, or Orange Sauce.

With Pork
Apple or Cranberry.

With Chicken
Celery, Curry, Bechamel, Giblet Gravy, Bread Sauce.

With Vegetables
White, Tomato, Bechamel, Mous-selaine, Hollandaise, and Maitre d'-Hotel Butter.

Many of these sauces are variations of one or two. White Sauce is the most frequently used, and is the basis of

[Continued on page 48]



MACARONI AND KRAFT CANADIAN CHEESE

Heat ¼ cup milk and a half pound of Kraft Canadian Cheese, grated, over a low flame, until cheese melts. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Add 1 cup cooked macaroni, mix carefully with a fork, pour into a casserole and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) until crumbs begin to brown. (Serves 4.)

A cheese ideal for baked dishes

A CHEESE that melts quickly and evenly is just what you want in baked dishes. Kraft Canadian Cheese is ideal for cooking. It melts without a string or a lump!

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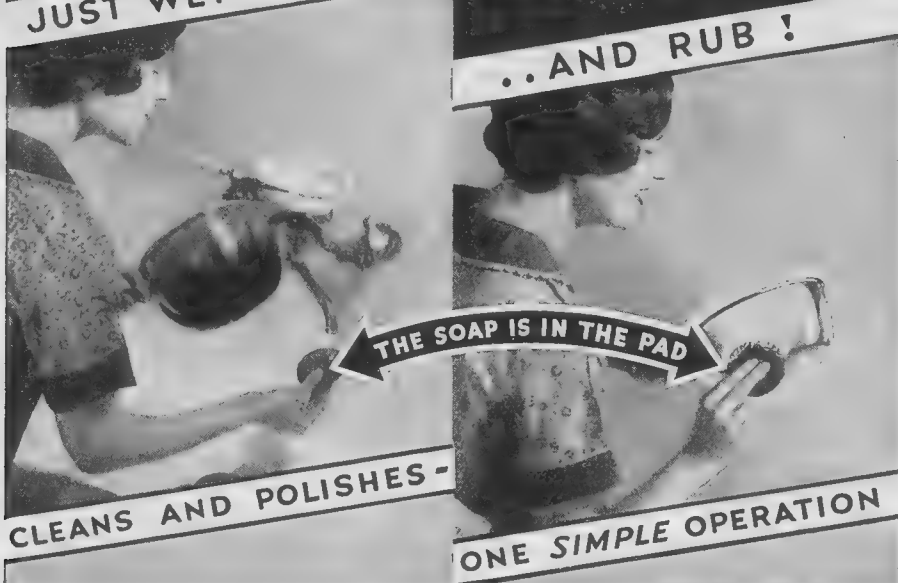
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several others. Everybody has her own favorite method of making it. One of the easiest is to melt the butter, and when it bubbles, to stir in the flour, continuing to stir till smooth and glossy, then adding the milk slowly, either hot or cold, continuing to stir till cooked. Add the seasonings. To 1 c. of milk, we use 2 tb. fat and 2 tb. flour. The seasonings may be just salt and pepper and paprika, or a little chopped onion, celery, bay leaf, etc., may be heated in the milk, which should then be strained before adding to the butter and flour.

BROWN SAUCE

Butter, 2 tb. Brown stock, 1 c.
 Flour, 3 tb. Salt and pepper
 Onion if wished, 1 slice

If the onion is used, brown it in the butter, then remove and brown the butter, taking care not to scorch it. Add the flour and stir till well browned, then add the stock and seasonings. If no stock is available, use water flavored with beef cubes or extract. The larger amount of flour is required as the browning lessens its thickening qualities.

These two sauces are the basis of many others.

CHEESE SAUCE

To White Sauce add chopped or grated cheese. The amount will depend on the flavor desired and the kind of cheese used.

TOMATO SAUCE

Use canned or stewed tomatoes, strained, in place of milk in White Sauce. Other seasonings and vegetables may be cooked with the tomatoes before straining, if a more highly seasoned sauce is wished.

CELERY SAUCE

Make White Sauce using half milk and half celery stock, and add the pulp obtained by rubbing 1 c. of stewed celery through a sieve.

CURRY SAUCE

Add curry powder to taste, to either White or Brown Sauce.

ONION SAUCE

Peel onions and cut in pieces, and stew till tender, in water. If wished to use with old potatoes in the spring time, add to White Sauce; if it is to be used with meat, such as steak or liver, add to Brown Sauce.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

To Brown Sauce add canned mushrooms drained and cut in quarters or slices, or fresh mushrooms peeled, sliced and sauted in butter for five minutes.

EGG SAUCE

Add hard-cooked eggs, chopped, to either White or Drawn Butter Sauce.

CAPER SAUCE

Drain the desired amount of capers from their liquor, and add to White or Drawn Butter Sauce. Capers will keep for a considerable time after the bottle is opened, if all the brine is returned to the bottle. This is particularly good with either tongue or mutton.

PARSLEY SAUCE

To 1 c. of White Sauce add 3 tb. of chopped parsley.

VELOUTE SAUCE

Use white stock, preferably chicken, in place of milk in White Sauce, and season with salt, pepper and celery salt.

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 (Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

CASHING IN

Continued from page 43

He unwrapped an oblong parcel he had been carrying, and laid on the desk a photograph.

Loris took up the full-length likeness and stared at it with cold appraisal. It was of a tall, somewhat willowy girl, whose features were not bad, whose expression was discontented, and who had good hair and hands. The Valencia's president gazed at it for several seconds with no display of enthusiasm, then laid it down.

"She is the type," he said critically. "Not a beauty, but not bad-looking. She will pass—on the strength of her manner. But we'll have to change that expression. It isn't *Lady Molly's*. How old is she?"

"Not quite twenty-two. Over twenty-one, though: so there'll be no legal comeback if her parents turn nasty. Not that they'll hear about it," explained Croyden reassuringly. "I don't suppose they ever saw a movie in their lives."

"I don't like that," objected Loris. "We'll try to get her father's consent."

"You can't!" babbled Croyden, aghast. "Good Lord, *you can't*. He'd rip all New York upside down sooner than have her do it. That's the joke of the thing."

"My sense of humor is defective," returned Loris dryly. "By the way, I notice you speak of her very carefully as 'the girl' and of her parents as 'dad' and 'mama'. What's her name?"

"Her name is Hunter," answered the scout—"Bebe Hunter. Full name's Beatrice; but everyone calls her Bebe."

"What's her father's name?" asked Loris, with suddenly increased carelessness. "His first name, I mean?"

"Royle Hunter," said Croyden. "He's something or other on the Street."

With the same unwontedly careless manner, Loris swung his swivel chair about till he faced his desk. It was his immemorial way of signifying that an interview was ended.

"Have her here at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning," he bade Croyden, without turning around again. "The contract will be ready for her to sign. You get double commission on this. Tell her I'll pay her two thousand a week. Good day."

"Two thousand a week!" gobbled Croyden, all but dumb. "Two thousand a—"

"Good day!" snapped Loris.

AT NOON the following day Loris slouched deep in his desk-chair, reading for the fifth time a contract which the Valencia's lawyer had spent three solid hours, under his direction, in making flaw-tight.

The ink of the signatures on the dotted lines at the bottom of the document was scarcely dry. The bare little office still carried the faint fragrance of sachet. Its unpictured walls were all but echoing to a clear and high-pitched young voice that had thanked the photo-play magnate over and over again for his munificence.

After the fifth reading of the contract, Loris sat back and stared at the white ceiling. His thin lips moved on a queer phrase: "Greasy idiot!"

Then he reached for his telephone and called up the president of the Aaron Burr Trust Company.

"Do you know Royle Hunter?" asked Loris incisively.

"Royle Hunter?" repeated the president, "Why, of course I know him; I've known him for years. We play golf together, twice a month, at Wykagil. And we're both on the—"

"Good!" interrupted Loris. "I'd like you to give me a letter to him."

"A letter? What sort?"

"Introduction. Not the stereotyped kind, but one that will make him drop everything else and see me. Better still—get him on the 'phone. Tell him who I am. Tell him what I can do for him if I want to. Make it strong. Then arrange for me to see him at his office at three tomorrow."

Ring the bell as he turned from the telephone, Loris summoned his boss printer; and there was a rush of work in various departments of the Valencia for the ensuing twenty-four hours.

Promptly at three o'clock next afternoon, Loris, for the second time in his life, stood in the ante-room of Royle Hunter's office suite.

A smile of self-derision twisted a corner of the hard mouth as he realized how absurd had been his momentary fancy that the same offensive office boy who had received him eleven years ago might still be on duty at the outer gate of the citadel.

Another and wholly respectful youth today bore the visitor's card to his employer; and Royle Hunter came out in person to welcome Loris and to conduct him in due and ancient form to the inner office.

"Mr. Hunter," began Loris, "I am about to produce a new picture. It will be advertised as never has any picture in the annals of photo-play. The leading woman's likeness, for instance, in colors, and in all sizes from two to twenty-four sheets, will appear on every billboard fence I can rent, and on every subway and 'L' platform, and on the Fifth Avenue 'buses. A mammoth publicity campaign will make her name and her history as familiar to the public as Mary Pickford's. I expect to spend not less than three hundred thousand dollars in exploiting this woman alone. The exploitation will not follow the lines of the best taste, perhaps. Indeed, I intend it shall be spectacular and even flashy. But it will achieve its purpose."

He unbuckled a thick manuscript case.

Royle Hunter had followed the sense of his guest's words, but their purport was as Greek to him.

"Here," said Loris, drawing from the case a much folded sheet of paper and, with practised speed, opening it to full size on the table—"here is one of my color-prints of her. Rather striking, I think. And here"—with another dive into the case—"here is a specimen of the press matter I am sending out. I intend to buy advertising space in—"

He got no further. A strangled yell of fury from the faultlessly self-controlled Hunter broke in on his speech. Hunter had glanced at the flaring-colored lithograph spread before him. His sole emotion at first had been one of fastidious disgust at its crudely garish blatancy.

Then, in a spasm of horrified unbelief, he had recognized the woman pictured in the kaleidoscope-tinted lithograph—had recognized the likeness, and had remembered the photograph from which it had been reproduced even before he read the scarlet caption that leaped forth at him from its gilt background:

"Bebe Hunter, Fifth Avenue Society Princess—Daughter of Royle Hunter, the Financier—"

"As *Lady Molly in the Daring Valencia Picture 'Cast Adrift'*."

"What do you think of it?" cheerily asked Loris, oblivious of the yell that had shattered his explanatory address.

[Continued on page 57]



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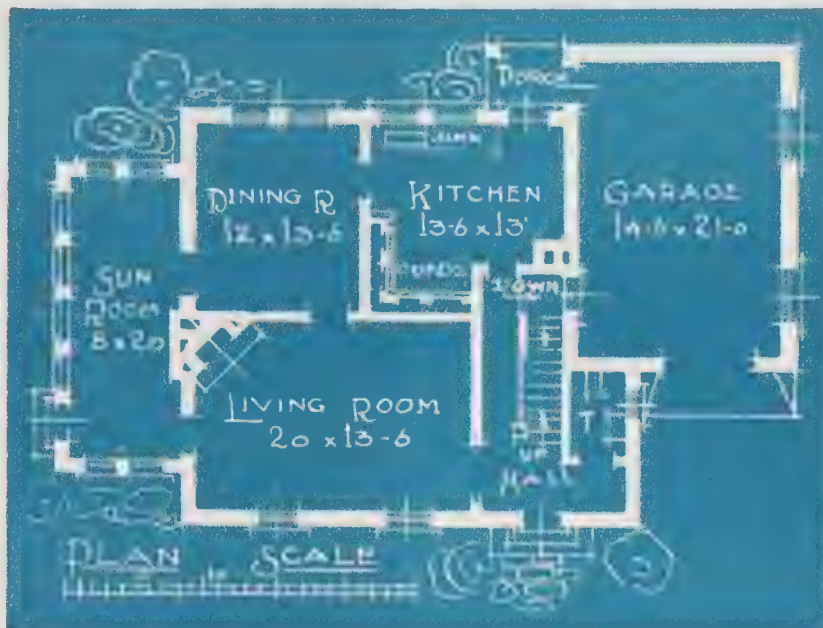
"EAST, WEST, HAME'S BEST"

Continued from page 22

woman in the home planning has transformed the house.

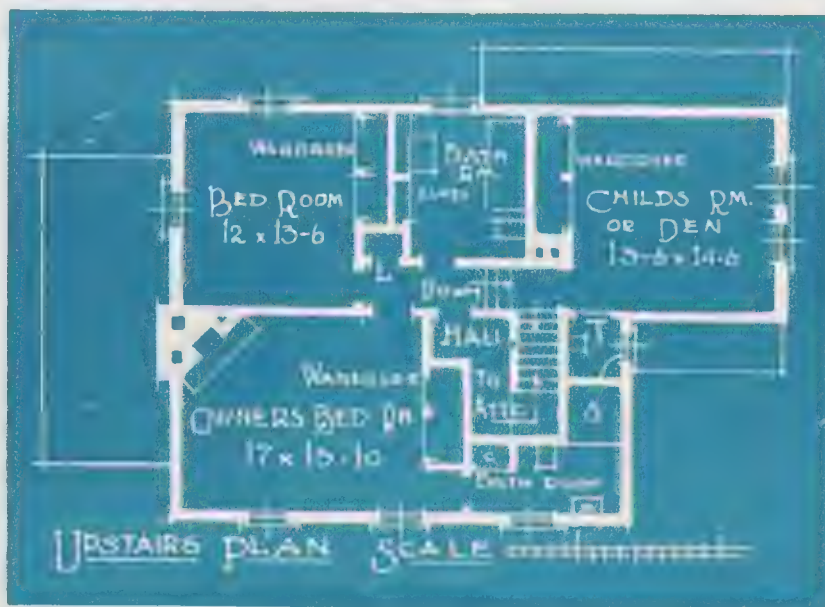
THE Colonial style always had a hallway with a staircase landing out of it. Naturally in a small plan like this the hall must be restricted in size and used more as a convenience—a passage way to the upper story or the different rooms. The original style of those open hallways is a reminiscence of the Queen Anne period. In

IN THE actual construction of this house the question of fire resistance was closely studied. While the cost of building a fireproof house is almost prohibitive to most of us, still there are ways in which the hazard can be very much reduced. Concrete in its many forms gives us the key to the solution. The thickness of the walls is nearly always regulated by local building laws. In this instance I have designed the walls below grade to be



England the history of the hall is practically that of house planning as in the earliest times the hall was really the house, serving for living-room, dining-room and bedrooms. The Owner not only lived in it but ate and slept there with his family and retainers. There were two good reasons for the arrangement. Poverty of the people—or necessity in lawless times for the Master always to have his guards close to be ready for any

of hollow concrete blocks laid in cement mortar and waterproofed outside; the piers being built of hollow concrete blocks filled solid with concrete; the beams being reinforced concrete and the entire ground floor being a cast reinforced concrete slab. In a house of this size this would give a great protection as many fires originate in the basement. If you wished, the fireproofing could be continued to the bedroom floor as the



emergency. Now, as in this house, the hall is purely utilitarian, except as in large homes where the hall is also used as a reception room. We owe the basis of our present house planning to Inigo Jones, who by his study in Europe evolved the block of rooms with hall and staircase in the centre. We have developed home planning since that time but apparently all our history of home building will not prevent absurdities, as in Manitoba, building a bungalow translated from a warm climate without the slightest change in plan due to that climate.

stone construction outside already gives a fireproofed bearing wall. If this was done the interior walls on the plan floor would be of concrete tile construction with the construction carrying it from the basement, and with the lintel over doors reinforced with iron bars. On the outside walls whatever wall construction is used, I would recommend a metal lath on metal studding for plastering, as this will make your plastering almost non cracking. If concrete is used for the sub floor, proper nailing strips for the finished wood floor must be laid on

[Continued on page 51]

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Anoint with the Ointment. After five minutes bathe with the Soap.

Soap 25c.
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"EAST, WEST, HAME'S BEST"

Continued from page 50

them, but I think if the plan floor only is concrete you will have achieved a great deal in fireproofing the house. As the drawing shows, the lower story is of stone. I would use sawn stone, leaving it as it comes from the saw, and using random sizes but keeping wide white joints. Above the stone work the wall projects three inches over the front. The garage must be built to suit local by-laws, some of which do not allow or permit a door directly leading from it into the house. It is suggested that the kitchen door opens into an open porch connecting with the garage.

The garage should be made fireproof, and I would advise using the overhead type of doors. Above the stone work are wide one inch by twelve inch clapboards over the usual wooden wall construction. These clapboards mitred at the corners and painted a dull white, while the roof is of wooden shingles stained red, laid eight inches to the weather. The shutters would give a spot of color on the stonework. As I have mentioned the hall is in this instance a means of going from one room to another, yet its possibilities of decoration should not be despised. As you will see by the upstairs plan, this hall will have a lower ceiling which will take away the boxy look so common in long passages. To write of the finish, first I would panel this hall up three feet in height so that the lines of the furniture would associate the furniture with the panelling. The mouldings are of the recognized semi-Classical or Colonial. If you have a sense of delicacy in shades and shadows ask your architect to design the moulding after the Grecian rather than the Roman style of mouldings. This panelling I would carry around the hall going up the stairs, and including the upstairs hall, the stairs being of the open type, that is the balusters resting upon the treads. In the staircase, beauty and interest can be introduced by having the balusters of the twisted type. The panelling could be carried into the living-room and the fireplace designed to fit in with the panelling. It might be pointed out that the usual theory of proportions banishing horizontal lines from a low room to prevent it from being further dwarfed as a result of optical illusion, can often be abandoned with advantage in designing a fireplace. A broad low fireplace in a long low room gives it a comfortable appearance that more than counter-balances any advantage to be attained by employing a narrow continued chimney piece in order to increase the height. The casings around doors and windows should be detailed with pediments. This detail will lift the proportions of the room.

WE ALL realize how important a floor is, not only from being the foundation from which all your decorative effects rise, but the utilitarian uses to which it is put. As you enter a home one of the first sensations comes up from the floor; unconsciously you register if it is slippery, or splintery, or if it clashes with every decorative motive in the room. In a general way it might be said that a floor should be the darkest part of the room. Oak fulfils these requirements, as dark colors generally suggest the qualities of strength and support. But maple with its golden tones covered with contrasting rugs makes a beautiful combination with

ivory-enamelled panelled walls. I would suggest using a wide maple board as it gives more dignity to the room. This finish I would carry up the stairs making the treads of maple and the risers pine painted ivory, with the handrail mahogany.

In the kitchen over the hardwood floor I would put linoleum, cementing it down on a thick base of felt which is in turn cemented to the floor beneath it and the linoleum felt and wooden floor cemented together by weighed rollers. The position of the kitchen is rather well planned, being convenient to the dining-room, only having to cross it to serve in the sunroom. It is private enough that a guest will not immediately on entering the house discover what kind of soup is simmering.

The entry from the garage will lead you either into the house or down the stairs to a billiard room. With the monolithic reinforced concrete slab and using judicious construction you will be able to make a good-sized billiard-room with a fireplace, and have privacy of entry.

In the bedrooms although cross ventilation could be got in the owner's bedroom yet I considered the wall-space so valuable that only the two windows on the long side are planned. This room has its private bathroom, and over the garage could be utilized as a den with an electric or gas fireplace. It also had a separate toilet. The maid's room is in the attic, the stairs to which go over the main stairway.

AS TO color in the decoration of the rooms it is little understood. It is a peculiar thing how vague most architects are when color is mentioned. Until recently outside of the Beaux Arts and a few private offices with maybe the Massachusetts Institute of Technology thrown in, the Art of Architecture as an art was mainly concerned with construction, and when we see the hundreds of gadgets of construction put on the market every year you could hardly blame us. Outside of the painters and decorators only a man here and there had any knowledge of the general principles which should guide him in the use of color for the adornment of his rooms. There are certain colors, popular colors too, which ought never to be used in the decoration of rooms, simply because they disturb the harmony of others—emerald green! Once for my sins I decorated an apartment in emerald green and get sick every time I think of the result, and there is brick red—and terra cotta. Color harmonies as even the school children now learn are of two kinds, either those of contrast or kinship, colors that match from allied harmonies, but even those that are too contrastive may at times be reconciled by placing between them a neutral tone or bordering of black or gold. If you will notice in stained glass windows that the lead lines make for peace between many discordant tints and hues, and in our variegated decorated bathrooms, gold and black are used very freely for this same purpose. It is still very important to remember that there are two great symphonic chords of color—chords composed not of pure unmixed positive color, but color broken and blended. You may often see this effect where stippling or the painter uses a cloth blending several colors.



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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.





7365

7351

7343

7365. Short coats of fur and fur fabric are in great favor. The style here pictured, has short waist portions lengthened by deep peplum portions. The fronts are turned back to form broad revers, below a new shaped collar. The sleeves are wide below the elbow, and trimmed with deep cuffs. Seal and squirrel, mink and caracul or persian lamb, muskrat and fox, are good combinations for this style. Fur fabrics, and velvet are also desirable.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 if made as illustrated will require 2 yards of fur fabric, 54 inches wide for body and sleeve portions, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard for collar, cuffs and facings of contrasting material. If made of one material $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards will be required. Collar, cuffs and facings of ten inch fur will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The lining will require $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 35 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7351. Fitted lines, a soft collar, and graceful sleeves are attractive features of this style. It is suitable for the soft woollens now in vogue, for printed silk, canton crepe or satin. As pictured it was made in printed crepe, in wine, brown and white mixture, with trimming of egg shell white satin. Black with white, or green with red, is also suggested.

Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of one material 39 inches wide, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view, will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7343. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 if made as shown in the large view requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material. If made without the tie yoke $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards will be required. Price 25c.

Distinctive Daytime Designs

7348. Light weight woollen in a checked design of white and brown is here pictured. This model is also good in satin or flat crepe. The right front overlaps the left, in surplice effect. The back is cut with the waist joining the skirt under the belt, that fastens over the right front. Flare godet sections add pleasing fulness. The sleeve is a popular $\frac{3}{4}$ length style.

Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material. The sleeve facing of contrasting material will require $1\frac{1}{6}$ yard. To finish neck, front and sleeve edges with bias binding will require $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

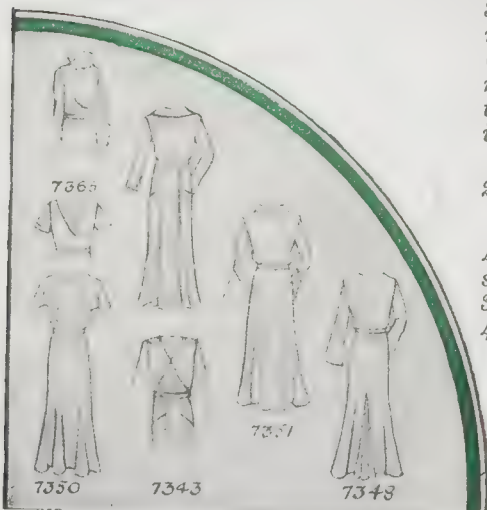
7350. Here is a very pleasing model that will develop well in light weight woollens or in crepe. Satin or velvet is also suggested. The sleeve may be in wrist length and finished with bands as shown in the large view, or it may be in short length, and trimmed with bias banding or piping, as shown in the small front view. The capelet may be omitted as also shown in the small front view. Flare godets at the front and back seams, create low placed fulness.

Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require $4\frac{2}{3}$ yards of 39 inch material if made with long sleeves and capelet. With short sleeves and without capelet, it will require $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards. For trimming bands at neck, hips and sleeves, also belt of contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7350

7348



The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 36

THE endowment policy combines protection with investment. It provides for the payment of the face value of the policy to the insured at the end of a stated period of years if he is then living, or to the beneficiary he names should he previously die. It is a form of policy which does not require you to die to win. The premiums, are of course, much higher than for ordinary life, because the insurance company besides paying you the face value of the policy at its maturity, carries the risk of your dying within that period. This type of policy is used to provide funds for the education of children who will be about to enter college when the policy matures, or it may be used to provide funds to set them up in business. It is also employed to provide a sinking fund to retire a bond issue and to insure at the same time against the death of a partner or business executive. Likewise, it may be used to retire ordinary mortgages, affording protection against death of the mortgagor in the period prior to the maturing of the mortgage. It is essentially a policy of thrift and is often used to promote systematic saving by those of spendthrift habits who recognize their own weakness in that respect.

It will be seen from the foregoing that life insurance may be applied in scores of ways to alleviate the hardships attendant upon the uncertainty of the duration of human life. It is used to protect your family against the consequences of your death during their dependent years; it can be made to protect your home bought on mortgage; it can be utilized to provide funds when needed to educate your children or start them up in life; it may be employed to protect your creditors, to pay the cost of your last sickness and burial, to pay inheritance taxes, to create an estate for your heirs, or to provide funds for your livelihood in your own old age.

Life insurance is therefore a very important institution in the economic and social life of a nation, as well as being of value to the individual; and governments throughout the world have recognized this by enacting laws to govern its proper conduct and to make life insurance companies safe to do business with. The Insurance Act

of Canada prescribes rules for the writing of life insurance by companies in this country and lays down restrictions regarding the type of investments in which companies may invest their reserves.

A QUESTION often asked is whether this company or that is a safe one in which to insure. As all companies are under government supervision and foreign companies doing business here must deposit securities here sufficient to satisfy the government that they can meet their obligations to Canadian policyholders, it may be said generally that all companies doing business here are reasonably safe. Those wishing to get the highest degree of safety should confine their insurance to the older and larger companies with years of successful records behind them and with the reputation of pursuing a sane and conservative policy in the investment of their reserves.

IN CONCLUSION it may be said that a well-informed life insurance agent can be of great help in advising what policies best suits your needs. He will call to your attention and advise you on such policy details as to whether annual, half yearly or quarterly premium payments will be most convenient for you, and as to whether it would be best to have your beneficiaries paid the proceeds of your policies in lump sums or in monthly payments extending over a period of years. It may be he will consider it to your advantage to change from one policy to another of a type better suited to your changing needs.

As to the amount of insurance to be carried, your requirements and financial circumstances and prospects must be your guides. It is not wise to permit a too-persuasive agent to sell you so much insurance that it may be burdensome to keep up the premium payments; on the other hand, the ideal coverage is such that in the event of your death, your dependents will, from the interest at six per cent per annum on the proceeds of your policies, have sufficient to keep them comfortably in the style you would like to see them live, till they can earn sufficient to keep themselves.



Fireside Fancies By Althea Reid

When summer's gone and winter's here
I love to feel the fireside's cheer;
To look into its glowing light
And weave a chain of fancies bright.
Each link within that fairy chain
A year, down mem'ry's rose-hedged lane.
I roll the stone from time cway

And look back to another day,
Or I look into the future's mist
And weave a dream, by fortune kist,
Of hopes fulfilled—of dreams come true,
Of loving friends—skies ever blue.
Oh, fairy chains of fancies bright,
When we look into the fireside's light!



Elizabeth Arden's Lotions

Miss Arden's Lotions are exhilarating...cooling...refreshing...but more than that they are highly important factors in the plan for beauty which she has so carefully made. Theirs is the important task of firming, clearing and healing the skin. From Skin Tonic and Astringent the cells receive their setting-up exercises, the blood its impetus to tingle gaily through the veins. Lille Lotion furnishes a flower-like finish and serves as a superb foundation for make-up. There are also the healing lotions that clear the skin of eruptions. Preparations as vital as these to the skin's welfare and beauty must be absolutely pure. The perfection of the ingredients used in Miss Arden's preparations, and the scientific cleanliness of the laboratory itself, are well known. But there is yet another step to insure the purity of Miss Arden's Lotions: Filtration. Skin Tonic is made to pass through layer after layer of filter paper, from one floor right down to the floor below, before it is bottled. No impurity could possibly survive this difficult journey. The lotions for special purposes are filtered until they are flawlessly pure under the microscope. The powder content of Lille Lotion is sifted as thoroughly as Illusion Powder. Nothing less than perfection satisfies Miss Arden. No product of hers is permitted to touch your skin unless it meets with her standards of purity...standards as incorruptible as her integrity...as sincere as her deep interest in making women lovelier.

Elizabeth Arden's Lotions are on sale at smart shops everywhere

- VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC. Tones, firms and whitens the skin and keeps the tissues healthy. It brings new life to every cell. Use with and after Cleansing Cream
85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.
- VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT. For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin and restores the contours
\$2.25, \$4.
- SPOTPRUF LOTION. A healing preparation that is ideal for daytime use, giving the skin a silken surface at the same time that it soothes and refines
\$3.
- VENETIAN ACNE LOTION. An antiseptic healing lotion which scatters congestion in the skin, thereby freeing it of pimples, spots and eruptions
\$1.25
- VENETIAN LILLE LOTION. Exquisite finishing lotion, mildly antiseptic and good for the skin. A perfect foundation for make-up, and very flattering with evening clothes. Six shades
\$1.50, \$2.50
- VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE LOTION. Use morning and night and after outdoor sports to cleanse and tone the eyes and relieve them of fatigue
\$1, \$2.50

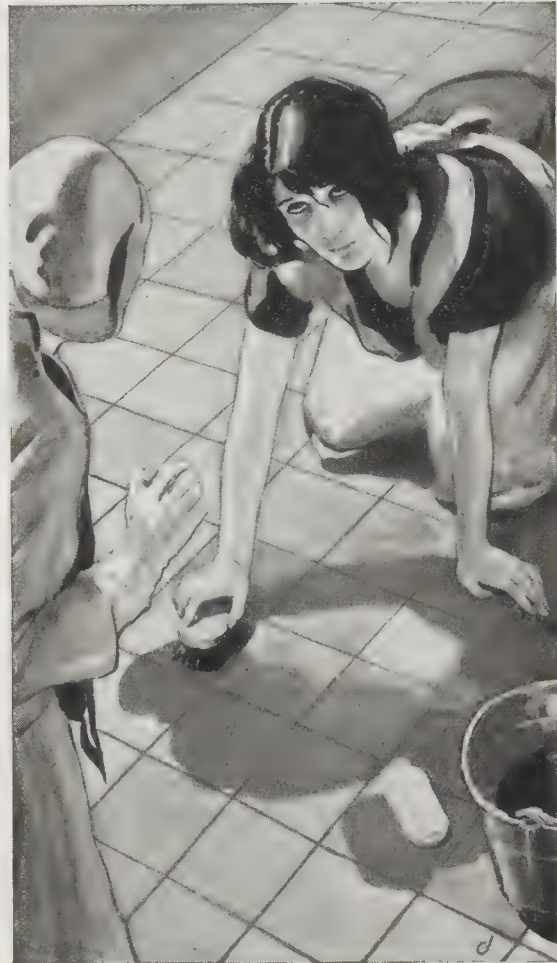
Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK · 691 FIFTH AVENUE

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"I couldn't believe my eyes!
... when I saw Clara in such an undignified position"



One morning last week I found Clara on her hands and knees scrubbing her floor! She was embarrassed and looked so bedraggled.
"Oh how I hate to scrub," she said, "but how else can I keep my floors clean!"
"Why not use Johnson's Wax?" I asked. "It cleans and protects every kind of floor whether varnished, shellacked or painted—and of course linoleum, too. It's so easy to use with the new Johnson Electric Polisher. Push a button and the machine does all the work. Once you've waxed your floors right, they're always clean and lovely!"
Now Clara has sworn off scrubbing for good. She rented a Johnson Electric Polisher from her dealer and was terribly enthusiastic.

Watch for news of the New Johnson Radio Programs, that will be on the air twice every week starting February 16th.

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1. Gets more dirt! Brush forms perfect contact with any surface.
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3. Easy, one-hand movement. No more hard bearing down on handle.

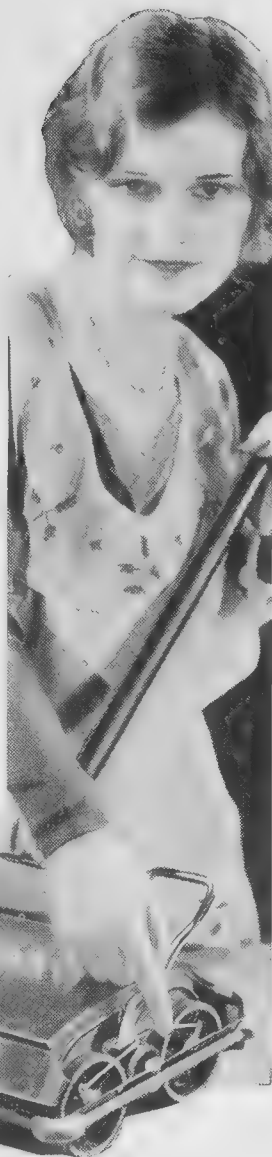
YOU think your old sweeper is good enough—but try the new "Hi-Lo" Ball-bearing Bissell. This invention ends forever the need of hard "bearing down" on the sweeper handle. You use the modern Bissell with easy, one-hand movement over any surface. Linoleum, bare floors, can be swept as well as high-pile rugs. And the new Bissell gets more dirt in far less time! The Bissell has more devoted users today than ever. Modern hotels practically without exception are Bissell-equipped. The rule is: "Bissell the carpets daily; vacuum at frequent intervals." That's a good rule for homes, too.

See the modern "Hi-Lo" Bissell at your dealer's. Prices start at \$5.75 (only 25 cents higher in West). Furniture, department and hardware stores will gladly demonstrate.

FREE

"The Bissell Booklet" tells the whole story of the new Bissell. Write Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company of Canada, Limited, Factory: Niagara Falls, Ontario.

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DO YOU like to read of intrigue, romance, deeds of daring and the inevitable results that follow when two people fall in love with each other while their respective countries are at war?

The two-part story entitled "Dark Seas" by Garnet Weston, which commences in the March issue of "The Western Home Monthly," is replete with exciting incidents. This is a story you must not miss.



CHILDRENS COSY CORNER

BY BOBBY BURKE

GIFTS

The ripple on the water
The whispering in the trees,
The swaying grass upon the hills
And humming of the bees;
The soft curve of the swallow
When beneath the blue it dips,
The dash of black and silver
As on the bright moon slips;
The glory of the springtime,
As life bursts from the sod—
To us God gives these gifts
And all of these give God.

—From "Torch"

Sent in by Donna Doolittle, Aylmer (West), Ont. A gold button goes to Donna, and also to Elsie J. Kent of Riverhurst, Sask., for the poem by Lord Tennyson that follows.

MINNIE AND WINNIE

Minnie and Winnie,
Slept in a shell,
Sleep little ladies!
And they slept well.
Pink was the shell within
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.
Sleep little ladies!
Wake not too soon,
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.
Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell,
"What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"
Started a green linnnet
Out of the croft,
Wake little ladies,
The sun is aloft.

SOMETHING TO DO

Write a short letter and tell us what special thing you did to remember February 29th. Try and have your story here before March 10th and the prize will be awarded in the April number. You've been given a gift of a whole day, see what you can do with it. The first prize will be a story book, and there will be three gold buttons for the next-best stories.

OUR CANDY CONTEST

A lot of the Cornerites have a "sweet tooth" we think, for the nicest recipes came in for candy, and it has been hard to decide who should get the gold buttons, but we are going to give them to the unusual recipes, so that you may all benefit by having something new to make instead of the good old reliable fudge and maple-cream candy.

Anna Haehn of Glenella, Man., sends this recipe for "Kisses"—Take the whites of 3 eggs well beaten, and stir in a cup of white sugar. Put this on the stove in a double boiler until light. Now remove from stove and add 1 tablespoon of cornstarch, 1 tablespoon of vanilla and ½ pound of cocoanut. Put this on a greased paper or tin and pop in the oven till brown on top.

Joan Resto of Esterhazy, Sask., sends in a recipe for "Caramels"—1 cup white sugar, 1 cup brown sugar, ¼ cup syrup, ¼ cup melted butter, ½ cup sweet milk. After this mixture has come to a boil, let it boil for at least 20 minutes, then add 3 soupspoons of cocoa, boil for another 20 minutes and then add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour on a buttered plate to cool. By beating this you make it a fudge.

Norma Des Roches, Kelvington, Sask., sends this recipe for "Tutti Frutti"—2 cups granulated sugar, ¼ cup milk, whites of 2 eggs. Boil the sugar and milk till they form a soft ball in water, add the egg whites and remove from fire, then add a mixture of chopped figs, dates, cherries, nuts, raisins, beat till creamy and pour in buttered pans and place under a weight for 12 hours then cut in bars and dip in powdered sugar.

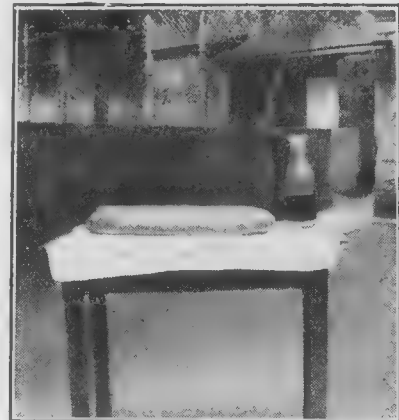
Victor Jordahl of Brownfield, Alta., sends a recipe for "Everton Toffee"—1 lb. of brown sugar, ½ lb. of butter, 1 lb. golden syrup. Boil altogether very quickly until it cracks when tried in cold water. Flavor with vanilla and pour into buttered plates.

Phyllis Mitchell of 340 University Ave., Fredericton, N.B., sends a recipe for "Butter Scotch"—1 cup molasses, ½ cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar. Stir over fire till sugar dissolves; boil without stirring

till it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Flavor with vanilla and pour on buttered pans.

Colin James of 1610-10th Ave. E., Vancouver, B.C., sends in this "Puffed Rice Fudge"—1 lb. maple sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 2 cups white sugar, tiny pinch of salt, 2 tablespoons of butter, 1 cup rich milk, ½ cup puffed rice. Dissolve maple sugar in boiling water. Add white sugar, salt and butter, and cook till mixture forms a soft ball in cold water; stir in milk (Carnation milk will do) slowly, so as not to stop boiling. Cook to soft ball stage again, cool; beat until creamy and stir in puffed rice; mold on a buttered plate.

And I am afraid that's all we have room for today, but cheer up, you who don't appear, and look for your recipes during the winter months.



Bread by the Yard

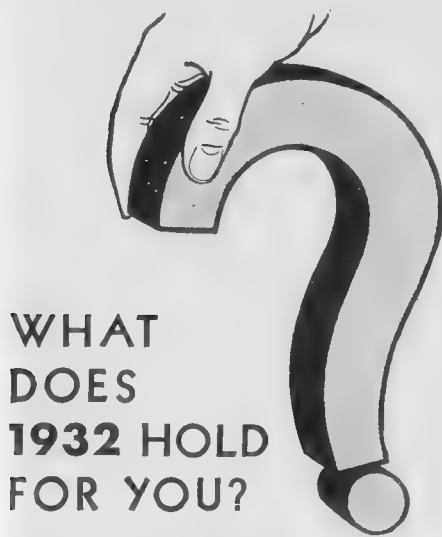
"BREAD BY THE YARD"

Perhaps some of the Cornerites have heard that bread is sold by the yard in France. This may happen occasionally but it is not usual; the reason for such a statement being made is because the French loaf is so long. Look at the one on the table in the picture and you will understand. The shape of the loaf makes the bread get stale very quickly, so everyone eats new bread in France. Beside the loaf you will see some wine; this is the ordinary red wine that is taken by everyone in France. Mixed with water it is even given to children in boarding schools, so you will understand that it is not a strong wine. Bread and wine are two essentials on a Frenchman's table. If he is poor, soup will probably be the only other thing on the table for supper, but the bread and wine will always be found.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

Letters, jolly ones from such a lot of Cornerites, and more poems, many of which will appear later on in the Corner, so watch for them, you never know when yours will come. So many of you ask about an age limit. I think we'll set eighteen as the age limit for the Corner, but if any of you over that age would like to write us occasionally and show your good will, we will always give you a warm welcome. Of course in competitions we take age into consideration, and the young ones have just as good a chance as the older members.

Adele Stokes of Halbrite, Sask., wishes to join our Family, and she tells us all about herself, a very bright interesting letter. We are delighted to have Adele in the Corner, and hope she will win a gold button in some of the competitions soon. Della Grenier of Hesketh, Alta., loves her gold button. We are so glad. Our old friend and prize winner, Ruth Scouler of Vancouver, won an alarm clock in the summer competition, and she says it gets her up every day without any trouble at all. Isn't that splendid, I am sure Ruth feels as if the whole Corner were calling her each day when she hears her cheery clock. Doreen Anderson of Sturgeon Creek, got a star on her gold button; smart girl. Grace Morrier of 4920 Grosvenor Ave., Montreal has sent us some pretty verses, and would like to have Cornerites write to her. She is twelve years old, and has black eyes! Percy Thompson, R.R. 1, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., sends us a nice letter, and a verse which we will print very soon—and Percy will get a gold button for it.



WHAT DOES 1932 HOLD FOR YOU?

1931 was an unusual year—and most of us are glad it is gone! Our minds are fixed on brighter days. But don't deceive yourself! A change in conditions will not necessarily mean a change for you. Prosperity is still an individual challenge!

In this period of economic transition, success is not more difficult—it's more exacting! It doesn't come—you go after it through careful training!

You can blame the year, curse your luck, wonder what's wrong—one year is like another if you do not make them different! Don't you know hundreds of men who never knew a "good" year?

1932 is new! You can make it the most profitable year of your life. You can lay the groundwork for a career which will furnish more satisfaction and more money. Indeed, 1932 is a golden opportunity for you!

How can you do it? That's easy! Acquire more training—do your job better, prepare yourself for the next job. But doing it is not so easy. It takes courage, sacrifice and hard work. Quitters should continue wasting their spare time. Thousands of fighters, to get the training they need, are enrolling for International Correspondence Schools Courses. They are going to make 1932 a good year for themselves. So can you! This coupon is a beginning. Mark and mail it—today!

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DON'T HAVE GRAY HAIR

Avoid the embarrassment of gray, faded, bleached or streaked hair. Tint it easily and instantly to its natural shade, from lightest blond to deepest black. Just comb through harmless, odorless Brownatone. Guaranteed results. Does not prevent perfect waving of the hair. At all dealers, 50c. Or send 10c for trial bottle.

Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. O-35, Windsor, Ontario

BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

THE BLANK WALL

Continued from page 9

ultimate gesture of hopelessness. He was beaten. He closed his eyes.

From the veranda he heard Grandma Muller's voice.

"Ach, well!" she was saying in answer to someone who mumbled his words; "It ain't never so bad as it might be, yet. The Lord will provide already. Yes!"

Mr. Muller raised his head and opened his eyes. He scowled now; vexed. His mother's placid decision that all would always be well irritated him. The mumbling voice outside mumbled again.

"Ach, so!" Grandma Muller said. "Old bottles I ain't collecting like some folks yet, but two bits don't kill anybody either."

"It's worth half a dollar, lady," Andy Muller heard the mumbling voice declare, but Grandma Muller was firm.

"Twenty-five cents, you can take it or leave it," she said. "For twenty-five cents you could get five hot dogs already, and nobody don't starve in this country anyway yet awhile. Old bottles I don't need much."

Evidently it was a sale for a moment later Grandma Muller's voice cried "Andy!" and, when her son did not answer, "Andy! Come out once!" and Mr. Muller got wearily out of his chair and went out to the veranda.

"You could give this boy a quarter dollar, Andy," Grandma Muller said. "He sells me a bottle; maybe I start collecting bottles like folks, yet."

Mr. Muller looked at the youth. He knew the type—a hitch-hiker living off the country while he begged rides.

"A quarter, boss," the young fellow said, and Mr. Muller shrugged his shoulders. This was a fitting climax to his troubles, giving his last quarter for a bottle the fellow had doubtless picked up on some rubbish heap, a worthless bottle his mother did not really want. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out the quarter and the cent.

"Here—take it!" he exclaimed, and gave the boy the two coins.

"Thanks, boss," the young fellow said, and grinned. "I eat now. Good luck to you!"

Grandma Muller held the green glass bottle in her lap and the hitch-hiker tipped his hat and stepped backward. His heel rested on the end of one of the decayed veranda flooring boards and it gave unexpectedly. He grasped for a post but missed it and his foot came down on the second step below and the thin worn board cracked and caved in. He saved himself by a twisting leap to the walk two steps below, but his foot struck old Bruno and the old dog struggled to his feet and walked resentfully to the street.

"Sorry, mister," the young fellow said, and he went. Andy Muller laughed bitterly. He bent down and removed the loosened broken board of the step and there, in the dust below the board he saw a yellow glittering coin. He picked it up and looked at it. It was a five-dollar gold piece. He was still staring at it when a scream of brakes in the road made him turn his head. There was no yelp of pain, no cry of agony, but old Bruno lay in the road against the fore-wheel of a gorgeous limousine, as dead as any dog could be.

Mr. Muller's first thought was that now he would not have to shoot the poor old beast, but people began to erupt from the limousine. First the liveried chauffeur got down from his seat, then two men got out of the car, and two women followed. Will Messick, the bank cashier, came across from

the bank, and Herman Ruck, the butcher, came from his shop, and Lormer Dayton, the builder, stopped his car and got out. Others gathered, and while the chauffeur knelt beside the dead dog, one of the men from the limousine asked a question or two, and Will Messick turned and indicated Andy Muller. The man from the limousine strode up the walk, followed by his companion and the two women. He walked straight to Andy Muller.

"My man out there killed your dog," he said, "and I'm sorry. I want to do what's right; I don't want any trouble. How about fifty dollars?"

"Fifty dollars?" repeated Andy Muller. "Fifty dollars?"

"I know he was a family pet—the fellow out there told me—but he's an old dog; he was about through anyway. Will you take fifty dollars?"

He was a short red-faced breathless man, and he had his wallet in his hand. He counted out two twenties and a ten from the wad of money in the wallet, and held the bills toward Mr. Muller.

"Yes," said Mr. Muller in a subdued, almost frightened voice; "I'll take fifty dollars," and he took them. "That's the way to do business," the owner of the limousine said approvingly. "Know what you want and take it without a lot of fuss. Come on, folks."

But the other stranger, a lean youngish man with shell-rimmed spectacles, had spied the green bottle in Grandma Muller's lap. He had, more particularly, spied the label on the bottle, and he was beside Grandma Muller in a moment, taking the bottle from her hand.

"I beg your pardon; if I may see it," he said, and he turned the bottle, looking at its back. "Is it for sale?" he asked quickly.

"Well, maybe yes," said Grandma Muller. "Twenty-five I paid for it—"

"I'll give you thirty-five."

"It's a nice bottle," said Grandma Muller. "A nice green one yet."

"Oh! the bottle!" exclaimed the youngish man. "You can have the bottle. All I want is this stamp on the back. Let me soak this stamp off and you can have the bottle. Yes, I'll give you forty dollars."

"Forty dollars? Dollars?" asked Grandma.

"Know what you want and take it without a fuss, mother," Andy Muller quoted. "She'll take it. You'll take it, mother; forty dollars."

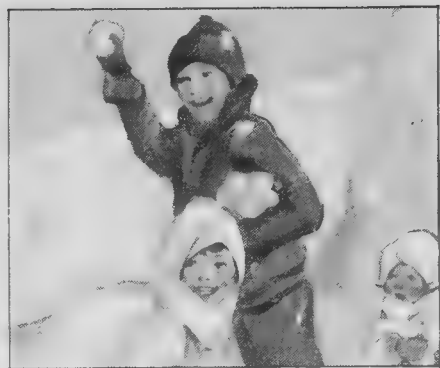
"Yes, I take it," agreed Grandma, and as the youngish man counted out the money he explained to one of the women.

"It is an old Stillmetz Bitter Cordial bottle, Ann," he said, "and it has a perfect specimen of the Stillmetz 1864 medicine stamp, imperforated on blue paper. Scott lists it at seventy-five dollars. It would be a bargain at fifty."

"And I throw you in the bottle yet," said Grandma Muller.

"No; the bottle is mine," said the woman called Ann. "I'll give you a dollar for the bottle. Wrap it up carefully, Edgar; you can soak the stamp off when we get home."

Will Messick, the bank cashier, came toward the veranda. He feared that Andy Muller and the stranger were not coming to terms amicably over the dead dog, but as he reached the veranda the strangers were departing, Edgar carrying the green bottle as if it was a precious thing. Messick seated himself on the step above the broken one. [Continued on page 56]



WHAT IF THEY DO CATCH COLD!



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Did You Ever Take An INTERNAL Bath?

For Those Troubled With Constipation It Is
Indeed Invaluable

By T. A. BALLANTYNE

This may seem a strange question.

But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor-edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common-sense and facts.

What Is An Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by the stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an aeroplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure warm water, sterilized by a marvellous antiseptic tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Porges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—Thus: U. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horse-shoe"—or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take An Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten

persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits.

Taken just before retiring, you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone—but those of 800,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that 15 minutes worth while?

Send For This Booklet.

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There's a chapter in "Why We Should Bathe Internally" by Dr. Tyrrell that is a revelation. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below. Tear off and mail at once.

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THE BLANK WALL

Continued from page 55

"Andy," he said, "my bookkeeper just called my attention to your account over at the bank. You've only got a couple of dollars balance in it, Andy, and we like to have a man carry at least twenty per cent of his loan in his account. Sort of rule we have."

"Well—" said Mr. Muller.

"Yes, I know it has been a rotten season and so forth," Messick said. "I was going to ask why you don't borrow another thousand or so? I've made out a new note for two thousand, and you can keep four hundred as a balance on your account—"

"Suits me," said Andy briskly. For the first time that day he smiled. Six hundred dollars! He could pay Polly's college bill! "Give me the note, Will," he said, "and I'll go in and sign it now."

The blank wall had melted before his very eyes. A road opened ahead of him. He could see daylight beyond.

"I guess you know I'm good for a few hundred more or less, Will," he laughed. "Nobody could buck against weather like this year's. There's money in the hotel business yet."

"Yes," Will Messick said, "that's what I think. If you and Herman make the improvements he was telling me about—"

"Herman? Herman Ruck?"

"Yes. Say, maybe I'm giving away a secret! Hasn't he said anything to you yet?"

"He asked me once what I would take for a half interest in the hotel."

"Well, Herm is wise; Herm came to me to talk it over. Oh, Herman!" he called, "Come here, will you?"

The butcher came heavily up to the veranda. He was a stout man, ruddy faced and good natured.

"They got a joke on me out there," he grinned. "Lorm Dayton has it I'm figuring on buying the dog for sausages. What you want, Will?"

"I let loose to Andy that you'd asked me what I thought of your buying a half interest in the hotel, Herm," Messick said. "I said that if you made the improvements—"

"Only," said Herman Ruck, "five thousand dollars is too much for a half interest, like we both thought, Will. Four thousand we think is plenty, Andy. I put in four thousand, and of it we spend three thousand fixing things up modern and making it a first-class cottage hotel. And if that suits you, you can have my check for one thousand dollars in ten minutes, and Will is our witness. Yes?"

"Show me the check!" Andy Muller laughed. "If Will says it is fair, I'm satisfied. I wouldn't want a better partner than—"

Lormer Dayton came up to the veranda laughing.

"I told them you'd have a new stock of sausages tomorrow," he laughed at the butcher, "and here you are closing the deal! Well, if you've got the dog sold to him, Andy, maybe you've got time to talk business with me. What'll you take for those lots of yours in Hillside Addition?"

"What do you want them for, Lormer?" Andy asked.

"I've got a client wants me to build him a house," Dayton said. He owns the two corner lots."

"Judge Whipple," said Andy promptly. "All right; I'll sell. I'll sell if the price is right."

"I'll give you four hundred dollars over and above your contract," said Dayton, "and that's more than you can get for five years to come. If Judge Whipple didn't own the corner lots and want to have a big lawn around his house—"

"You've bought the lots, Lormer," said Andy Muller.

LATE that afternoon Andy Muller and his wife sat on the veranda. Andy, hand hanging over the arm of his chair, clasped his wife's hand and his wife rocked gently, and both were happy. He had money in his pocket, he had money in the bank, he could pay all his debts and, better than all else, he would not have to tell Polly, when she came home, that her college career was at an end.

"This morning, Alma," said Andy Muller, "I did not know which way to turn. I thought we were at the end of our rope."

"The Lord provides," said Grandma Muller placidly. "Ain't it so, Andrew?"

"I worried," Andy Muller said. "I couldn't think. I couldn't see anything to do. It broke my heart, Alma, to think of telling Polly about college. Five hundred and eighty dollars, and nowhere to get a cent!"

A jaunty little two-seater stopped suddenly in front of the hotel, and Walter Wilson tooted his horn needlessly but in salutation. From the car Polly waved her hand at the veranda. She opened the car door and got out, and Walter got out on his side and followed her to the veranda steps.

"Father," said Polly, "I hope you won't be awfully mad at me if I don't go back to college; Walter and I are going to be married instead."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Muller cheerfully. "Well, this is news! Come up and tell us about it. And look out for that broken step. Tomorrow," he added, "I am going to have it fixed."



The waterfall at Port Dufferin, Nova Scotia

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A WORD TO THE WISE

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CASHING IN

Continued from page 49

Hunter, lurching, mouthing, bore down upon him. Loris did not flinch. He stood his ground nonchalantly and with an air of mild boredom. He let his host yell himself speechless. Then, calmly, Loris took up the tale once more.

"I am sorry you are not pleased, Mr. Hunter," he said, with gentle suavity. "But, really, there is nothing you can do. Miss Hunter is of age. I have her contract. Would you care to see it?"

He took from the case a paper. Hunter seized it and rent it to atoms.

"I was afraid of something like that," said Loris, in mild reproof. "So I prepared for it. That was only a certified copy. Here is another. Tear that too, if you choose, for I have three more. If you leave one of them unturned, take it to your lawyer. He will tell you it is iron-bound. I shall leave this second copy of the contract on your table here. If you are so babyish as to tear it, 'phone me and I'll mail you a third copy."

HAVING read and re-read the paper, Hunter rushed home. Bebe was just leaving the house when her father arrived.

The olden artist, who painted the great picture of Iphigenia's sacrifice, dared not depict the face of Agamemnon as the stricken father raised the sacrificial knife to slay his own child. A like reticence can not be amiss in skirting around the far more hideous scene between Royle and Bebe Hunter—and its sequel between the same two protagonists, enforced by hysterical Mrs. Hunter and the hastily sent for family lawyer.

"He's got you, Royle," decreed Willis, the lawyer, as he and his client sat together, after tearful Mrs. Hunter had conveyed the weeping Bebe to the house's upper regions. "He's got you hard and fast. You've made Miss Hunter see how rashly and foolishly she's behaved, and I think you may be certain she will never set foot in the Valencia Building again. But that is only half of your trouble. This clause in the contract, now, entailing a forfeit of fifty thousand dollars cash upon either party who may default in fulfilling every portion of the agreement—he's got you on that."

"It's blackmail!" fumed Hunter. "Of course it is," agreed Willis. "Blackmail, impure and simple. It's blackmail. But only morally. Legally, it's as sound as the Rock of Gibraltar. He's got you. You'll have to pay. You can't stand a suit against your daughter and the publicity the Valencia's people will be sure to make of it."

"I'll pay!" groaned Hunter—who felt at once that his none too rugged nerves had endured everything they could for one day. "Fix it up as best you can for us. I'll leave it in your hands."

Two days later the lawyer bounced into Hunter's office, in a state of garrulous excitement.

"The man's crazy!" he declared. "I went to him myself, with your certified check for \$50,000 and the form of release for him to sign. What d'you suppose he said? Told me he wouldn't accept the check unless you bring it to his office, in person, this afternoon. In person, mind you. That's what he said. He must be—"

"Phone him that I'll do nothing of the kind!" barked Hunter, in sudden heat. "I'll see him rot first. You have tendered him my check for the forfeit. If he refused it, that is his lookout. Our hands are clean. I know enough of law to—"

"I'm afraid not," contradicted Willis. "I knew how you'd feel about it, and I told him you wouldn't humiliate

yourself by coming to his office with the money. What d'ye think he said?"

"It doesn't interest me," answered his client heavily.

"But it does!" insisted Willis. "He said the Valencia had never disappointed the public by promising anything it couldn't perform. But it was going to make an exception now. He realizes Miss Hunter won't fulfil her contract, he says. But, unless you hand him that check, in his own office, this afternoon, he's going to placard the city and fill the newspapers, tomorrow, with pictures and announcements of her appearance in one of his photo-plays. And—the deuce of it is, I really believe he'll keep his word. He's not a blackmailer, Royle. He's a paranoiac. Better humor him. He's dangerous."

PROMPTLY at four o'clock, the ragingly apoplectic Royle Hunter entered the outer office of the Valencia's president. An office-boy took his card in to Loris. Then the boy returned to the scowling visitor, and, in the manner of one repeating a hard learned recitation, growled:

"Mr. Towne can't bother with you now. He's busy. Wait out in the hall and he'll let you know when he wants you."

Hunter's gray face went purple. His mouth flew wide open. But, before he could speak, his eye fell on a flaming lithograph of his daughter hanging from ceiling to floor of the otherwise unadorned room. With a gulp that had tears in it, he stalked out into the windy hallway.

There, alternately swearing and snarling, he waited for exactly forty-two minutes. At the end of which time the same office-boy stuck his head out of the door and bawled:

"Come along! You can see him now." Into the cell-like private office marched Royle Hunter, his head high, his throat contracting, the check in one gloved hand.

Loris sat at his desk. He too was holding a bit of paper, and toyed with it. Hunter guessed aright that it was the "release" he was to receive in return for his check. The sight of it did queer things to his brain and eyes.

Putting fearful restraint on himself, Hunter advanced within arm's length of the impassively smiling man at the desk. Then, folding the check double, he flicked it contemptuously toward Loris. The check fell short of the desk-edge and drifted to the floor at Loris' feet.

"Pick that up and hand it to me."

For a moment Hunter stood gulping, irresolute. Loris' slanting, deep-set eyes never left the visitor's. Behind their Oriental calm seemed to lurk some strange quality that gripped the other man's gaze and will-power.

Hunter bent down, picked up the folded check, and handed it to Loris—at the same time snatching the release from the sitter's unresisting fingers.

He made as if to go. Then he faltered—held now, not by his opponent's eye-grip, but by what Loris was doing.

For, very deliberately, Loris was tearing the fifty-thousand-dollar check into infinitely small pieces. As the last of them fell into his cupped palm, he tossed them all into the wastebasket at his side.

Then a dull red light glinted somewhere far behind his stolid eyes, as he looked up once more at his dumfounded visitor. Seeming to be aware, for the first time, that Hunter was still in the room, Loris scowled and pointed to the door.

"Get out of here!" he thundered. "You greasy idiot!"

TOO FAT AT 22

Lost 19 lbs.—And Backache

"I am 22 years of age, and I weighed 163 lbs. I had pains in the back and head I didn't care about anything. When my friend told me to try Kruschen Salts, I would not at first—I was sick of taking stuff. But since I tried Kruschen Salts, six months ago, I have lost 19 lbs., and feel a different woman, so I am very thankful to Mrs. — who recommended Kruschen Salts."—Mrs. P.

The condition which caused this woman to put on weight was also the cause of her backache and headaches. The whole trouble was due to the internal organs failing to expel from the body, regularly and completely, the waste products of digestion.

The six salts of Kruschen assist the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes—but surely. The backache and headaches disappear. You feel wonderfully healthy, youthful and energetic—more so than ever before in your life.

Dragging Days and Restless Nights

Lack of pep is frequently caused by clogged-up systems. Feen-a-mint is thorough, dependable yet gentle in action. Effective in smaller doses because you chew it. Modern, scientific, safe, non-habit-forming.



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To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Orlex will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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There's no easier way to save money during the winter months than to prevent sickness expense. At the first sign of a cold, headache, dizziness, biliousness or constipation, take an NR—Nature's Remedy—and clean out your system. Restores normal functioning and builds up resistance, preventing costly sickness. Get this pure, mild, vegetable laxative at any druggist's, 25c.

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Civilization Goes Forward

NOTHING is easier than to misread the significance of current events. We are too close to them. In all great times of change few wise men, if any, have understood fully what was going on and fewer have prophesied correctly what was ahead. Any such era of severe testing of humanity has always been regarded as an era of disaster by the people then living. We Canadians have been having our own enmeshing net of material difficulties to hamper us. We look across the international boundary and see our neighbors gripped in the clamps of commercial embarrassment and unemployment distress. In Europe nation after nation has been jolted and upset by economic troubles. We see a seething nationalism in India and a chaos of conflict in the Far East. Nowhere are there tranquil conditions. We feel the strain imposed by all this, because it has been going on in our own time and we know more about it all than anybody in any preceding age ever knew the actual day to day history of his own time. This is not the first time civilization has been in distress. This is a better world today, for all its troubles, than it was in the nineteenth century. Civilization has been under strain and stress all the time it has been developing. And the eighteenth century, to go no farther back, was better than the seventeenth, as the nineteenth was better than the eighteenth, and as the twentieth will be better than the nineteenth.

Mystery

WITH his own veritable ears The Philosopher has heard in Winnipeg within the past two months speeches and music from Ottawa, Washington, New York, San Francisco, London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, Manila, Tokio, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, has heard the rumble of Niagara Falls, has heard the ringing of a church bell on Christmas morning in Bethlehem (it was Christmas Eve here in Winnipeg) and on the Monday after Christmas has heard the actual roar of the volcano Kilauea on its far island in the South Seas. True, he has heard, too, many cracklings and squeaks of static. He marvels at the mystery of it all. He feels what it was that made Samuel Morris use the words "What hath God wrought!" as his first message over the electric telegraph eighty-seven years ago. The first cable message was sent across the Atlantic fourteen years later, in 1858, and now we have ether-borne transmission of voices and other sounds all round the globe we are living on. Our life is a mystery and surrounded by a mystery. Nevertheless a child can easily manipulate the knobs on a radio set, though ninety-nine out of a hundred of us can only wonder at it all, without in the least really understanding it.

Can Spring be Far Behind?

IT HAS been true heretofore that the greatest lesson taught by history has been that humanity has not learned the lessons taught by history. But surely we have come to a time in this era of enlightenment when we may

believe that this is no longer true. Every thinking man and woman knows that we are living now at a new beginning of world history. The people now alive have in their hands the shaping of the world's future. This is the greatest age of transition the world has yet come to. Transition always means more or less discomfort. At times when the sky has been dark with clouds it has always been foolish to pretend that we have been enjoying sunshine. But it has never been foolish to remember at such times that there were times before when the sky was blacker with clouds and to remember that even then the sun was shining behind the clouds and is always shining. It would have been cold comfort to tell the workmen starving in the "Hungry Forties" of ninety years ago in England that things were worse when the Black Death was sweeping through Europe. For a well-fed, comfortable person in any era to talk philosophically in such a way to a fellow-mortal suffering hunger, or torturing bodily pain or mental anguish would be so cruelly heartless as to deserve a punishment as severe as it could be made. But it is true, nevertheless, that even taking into account the widespread disaster caused by flood and famine in China, the average human being today is living in a better time than if he were living in the average conditions in past centuries of human history. The river of civilization flows on and broadens as it flows. Its flowing is not checked because it encounters some obstructions in its course, which churn it into rapids. It flows ever on, as the seasons flow. And the lesson its flowing has for us is expressed in the poet's words: "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

In Regard to Happiness

THIS is an era of large thick books, each of which announces itself as containing between its covers all you need to know of some main department of human knowledge—history, science, religion, philosophy, literature, art and so on. Glancing into one of the latest of these books. The Philosopher read that now, for the first time in history, happiness is within the reach of everybody. This is a large and interesting statement, any way you look at it, about a large and interesting subject. What is happiness? It is as hard to define as it is easy to define many kinds of unhappiness. The first sentence of one of the most famous of all novels, Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," says that there is a similarity in the happiness of all happy families, but that every unhappy family has its own peculiar unhappiness. There is a good deal of happiness in the world, often in conditions where it might not be generally expected to be found. The strangest thing about happiness is that people seem often not to know and realize fully that they have it. Have you never looked back to a certain time in your life, and said to yourself, not without surprise, "Why, I was happy then!" Some of those writers who write those books that profess to tell us so much should write a book to help us to know when we are truly happy.

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THE Trans-Canada Telephone System is now in operation—a direct, all-Canadian telephone network, extending 4,263 miles from coast to coast.

The Trans-Canada Telephone System puts Canada in the van of world telephone progress. It links east with west more closely than ever before. It provides adequate long distance facilities; direct, instantaneous communication from Halifax to Vancouver with the convenience and clarity of local calls; accurate connections: more reliable service; all at moderate cost to the user.

Ten years of planning, of unremitting effort by the seven telephone systems which serve Canada from coast to coast, have made this Dominion-wide network possible, and have given to Canadian subscribers a long distance service adequate to meet both present and future needs.

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Bell Telephone Company of Canada
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New Brunswick Telephone Co.
Saskatchewan Government Telephones

322

● Day Rates as quoted apply from 4.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Lower rates apply after 7 p.m.

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



"The janitor makes a swell fourth hand in a pinch—so we can't complain about the heat!"

Without Spilling The Beans

Here's hoping that 1932 will bring home the bacon.—Brandon Sun.

It Often Sounds As If Suffering Badly

A musical authority in New York says that jazz is dying.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Sounds Like An Invitation To Burglars

"Appropriate Gems," we read in a jeweller's advertisement.—Quebec Telegraph.

Hasn't He The World Already At His Feet?

Charlie Chaplin, it is reported, is now planning to play Napoleon.—London Sunday Pictorial.

Made From An Arabian Nights Magic Carpet?

Mr. C. A. Butler, in his flight to Australia, wore carpet slippers.—London Times.

Is His Breakfast A Roll On The Floor?

A New York physical culture expert says he never sits at a table for his meals.—Toronto Star.

Most So When There Are Roars Of Static

Nothing has done more to put the home on a sound basis than radio.—Portage la Prairie Graphic.

Also, At Times, By Turning It Off

One can satisfy one's musical instinct these days simply by turning on the radio.—Radio News.

It Is Seldom Done More Than Once

In Russia it is not considered the proper thing to criticize the Government.—Victoria Colonist.

An Elastic Band, So To Speak

"Dance orchestra open for engagements. Five, seven or nine players, as desired." Advt. in Winnipeg Tribune.

Nothing So Extraordinary In That

A Baltimore girl who is seeking divorce says she was hypnotized when she was married.—Niagara Falls Review.

Sam Weller Pronounced It "Vestcut"

In the new waistcoat the V is to be less pronounced, writes an authority in men's fashions.—London Observer.

One Reason Why He'll Never Be Dictator

Dean Inge has stated that if he were a Dictator, he would abolish all lip-sticks and rouge.—London Saturday Review.

Others In The Small Of The Back

"Some people get cars on the brain," said a Toronto magistrate recently.—Hamilton Spectator.

No Poles In The Middle Of The Road

Nine times out of ten people who get into trouble have gone out of their way to find it.—Neepawa Press.

A Thing Pedestrians Often Have To Do

The new principle of free wheeling enables an automobile driver to shift without moving his feet.—Ottawa Citizen.

Some Writers Produce At Almost That Rate

A library assistant tells of women who read three novels a day, or more than one thousand a year.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The One She Kept Her Husband Under?

A woman in Los Angeles who lost her thumb in an automobile accident is suing for \$20,000 damages.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Do They Have Black Towels, Too?

Black soap is now on sale for those who desire color harmony in their black marble bathrooms.—Los Angeles Examiner.



Waiter—"There's most everything on the menu today, Sir."

Crabby Patron—"So I see! Bring me a clean one, so that I can read it."

With Plenty Of Chinks In It

It might have been different if China had only had a great wall, in the ancient Chinese fashion, very thick and very high, along the Manchurian border.—Vancouver Provinces.

A Case Of Thinking It Over

A jockey says that the mental picture he forms of his horse taking a jump makes the jump successful.—London Sporting Life.

We Know Of Singers Without Voices

There is a pianist in Peterborough, England, who has only one hand and yet gives creditable public performances.—Toronto Globe.

Wants To See What Is Going On

Can you imagine a modern girl who does not find it necessary now and then to use the mirror in her vanity case?—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

They've Been Up To No Good, You Might Say

The New York police have discovered a gang of criminals making regular use of an aeroplane in their operations.—Montreal Gazette.

Who Ever Saw A Measle Flocking By Itself?

It is a fundamental fact of bacteriology that disease germs, like all other microscopic germs, quickly form groups.—Canadian Hospital.

Educational Note

All but 5 per cent of the population above ten years of age can read everything but those "Go slow" signs near schools.—Brooklyn Eagle.

He Doesn't Know When He Is Safe

A man who has hunted lions and tigers has decided to go on the stock exchange. He will now be among bulls and bears.—London Daily Express.

A Chinese Highlander

We noticed in a news despatch the other day that there is a Chinese general named Mac Han Shan. So they have them there, too.—Regina Leader.

A Charitable Explanation, In Some Cases

A complexion specialist writes that "a red nose in a ghastly white face is often the result of going suddenly from a warm room into a cold wind."—London Morning Post.

And Sometimes Not Much More On The Back

Since women's clothing became less restrictive, avers a London doctor, girls who dance seldom have a stitch in the side while indulging in that exercise.—Dundee Courier.

Must Me Some Buoy All Right

The bachelor who undertakes to advise his married friends about navigating the sea of matrimony is like a lot of other advice-givers.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

If Possible

One is almost driven to conclude that there is a kind of man who, in marrying, should choose a girl who is intellectually his inferior.—Calgary Herald.

But Not The "Swanee River" Crooners

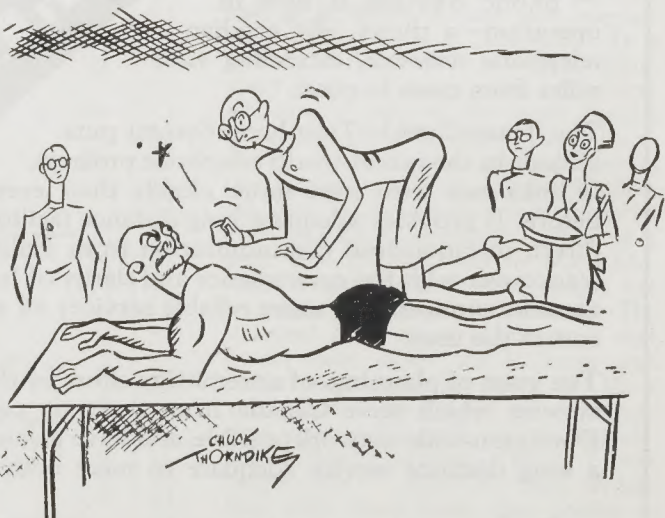
The State Forestry Commission reports that the Swanee river, on account of the deforestation of the region of its head waters, is drying up.—Washington Post.

Secondhand But As Good As New

Some of these days there will be opened on that main boulevard in Hollywood a shoppe in which titles slightly used by film actresses may be obtained.—New York Tribune-Herald.

Ye Ed In A Reflective Mood

Looking at Grandma and considering what she got for Christmas, we cannot help thinking of the time when Santa Claus used to bring a Grandma not silk stockings but an easy chair.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.



Wrestler (to chiropractor), "Hey, just a minute—what's my cut on de gate receipts?"

These *TASTE* expensive...

but They Cost only 20¢ to 49¢

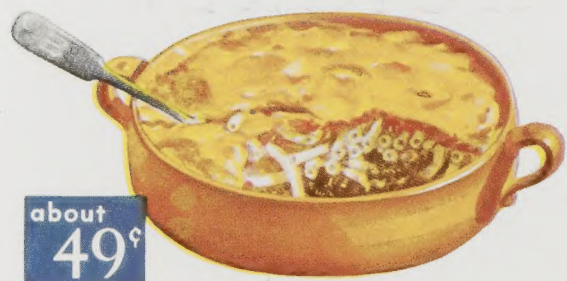


about
21¢

PIGS IN POTATOES
(two left-overs meet happily)

2 cups left-over mashed potatoes 1 egg beaten lightly with
¼ teaspoon onion juice 1 tablespoon cold water
1 tablespoon minced parsley dry bread crumbs
1 egg yolk Crisco for deep-frying
6-8 cooked sausages (small links)

Add onion juice, parsley and beaten egg yolk to potatoes. Beat thoroughly. Cover sausages with potato mixture and shape into croquettes. (If sausage links are large, cut in two.) Roll in bread crumbs. Dip in egg and water mixture. Roll in crumbs. Fill saucepan two-thirds full of Crisco, the pure, wholesome fat that makes fried foods digestible! Heat Crisco slowly. When it browns an inch cube of bread in 40 seconds (390° F.) deep-fry the croquettes. When brown, drain on absorbent paper. Then strain your Crisco back into a can, for the same Crisco can be used for frying, over and over again!



about
49¢

ROMAN HOLIDAY
(a grand filler-up, with left-over spaghetti)

¼ cup Crisco 1 teaspoon salt
1 onion, chopped ½ teaspoon pepper
2 cups cooked spaghetti 1½ cups canned tomatoes
1 pound hamburger ¾ cup grated cheese

Fry onion in Crisco, the digestible cooking fat. Add meat and seasonings. Cook 5 minutes. Make a layer of spaghetti in baking dish. Add meat mixture and its drippings. Then add another layer of spaghetti. Pour in tomatoes. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Cover dish. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 minutes. Remove cover. Bake 10 minutes longer.

All Measurements Level—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

MY, but I've been having a wonderful time in my kitchen lately, working out these thrift recipes for you!

How do these sound?—two dainty desserts that cost under a quarter! Disguised meat left-overs—one, a tasty all-in-one-dish meal that will fill up your family for less than fifty cents!

Not one of these foods tastes scrimpy. Like you, I want every ingredient to taste *good*! I've used Crisco in all these recipes because Crisco *does* taste *good*, all by itself . . . as sweet and fresh as new-churned butter!

And I've another important reason for favoring Crisco. I know that—

**"Every spoonful of Crisco
is digestible!"**

Every time I spoon white, creamy Crisco out of its sanitary tin, I feel safe. I know my food will be digestible because Crisco is a *pure, digestible fat*.

I couldn't bring myself to put a spoonful of heavy, greasy fat into anything I make. And I wish you'd ask yourself, "Can such a fat be digestible?"

You can feel sure that Crisco will keep sweet and fresh and digestible . . . to the last bit in the tin. That's why I wouldn't think of being without the convenience of the handy 3-lb. size.

Do send for my new booklet called "Good Things to Eat from Out of the Air". Address me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-22, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

CRISCO IS
MADE IN
CANADA



about
22¢

APRICOT DAINTIES
(a delicious way to use stewed apricots)

Crisco pastry: Sift 1½ cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup of creamy, digestible Crisco. Add just enough cold water to hold ingredients together (4 to 6 tablespoons). Roll out ⅛ inch thick. Cover inverted muffin pans closely with rounds of pastry. Prick bottoms and sides. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

Custard: ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1 cup scalded milk, 2 egg yolks (beaten), ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add hot milk, stirring constantly. Cook until slightly thickened. Add yolks. Cook 1 minute. Add vanilla. Cool. Pour into Crisco pastry tart shells. Cover with—

Apricot Meringue: Mash thoroughly ½ cup of drained cooked apricots. Stir in 3 tablespoons sugar and ½ teaspoon lemon juice. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Add apricot mixture. Beat until meringue holds shape. If necessary, add more sugar.



about
20¢

COTTON TOPS
(18 delicious little chocolate cakes)

5 tablespoons Crisco (the digestible shortening) ½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar 6 tablespoons cocoa
1 egg ½ teaspoon cinnamon
1½ cups flour ¾ cup milk
2½ teaspoons baking powder halved marshmallows

Blend creamy Crisco with sugar and egg in one easy stirring. Crisco blends so easily because it comes to you *creamed in the can*. Sift the dry ingredients and add them alternately with the milk to the Crisco mixture. Pour into Criscoed muffin pans until they are two-thirds full. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) about 20 minutes. Just before removing from oven, place a halved marshmallow on top of each cake. Leave in oven only until marshmallows melt slightly.

Why does Crisco digest easily? Its pure, sweet taste will tell you



F L O O R S

O·D·C CLEANS THEM QUICKER

What a wealth of charm lovely floors add to a home. Thoughtful housewives never endanger the beauty of their floors. They welcome O. D. C.—Old Dutch Cleanser, of course—because it's thorough and safe... doubly welcome it because it also Cleans Quicker.

The modern O. D. C. way is quicker because the flaky Old Dutch Cleanser particles are natural cleansers. They get all the dirt. None escapes. Prove it to yourself; sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the floor; rub lightly with a damp mop, cloth or brush; the results will amaze you. The O. D. C. way is the perfect way for cleaning all floor surfaces—wood, tile, marble, linoleum.

Old Dutch thoroughness brings Healthful Cleanliness—sanitary, wholesome cleanliness, which is helpful to the healthfulness of your home.

Equally important, Old Dutch keeps lovely things lovely... your hands included... because it's free from harsh grit and doesn't scratch.

Adopt the quicker O. D. C. way in your home—for all your household cleaning. It's all you need. Keep Old Dutch handy in kitchen, bathroom and laundry in the new holders. Send for some today, using coupon below. For each holder mail us 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch label.

Cudahy Soap Works, Dept. 106, 64 Macaulay Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Please find enclosed cents and labels for which
send me Old Dutch Holders.
Colors: IVORY ☐ GREEN ☐ BLUE ☐

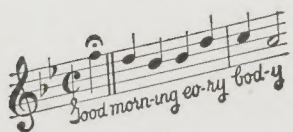
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